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TRANSACTIONS AND REPORTS
OF THE
NEBRASKA
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
—
VOL. IV.

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VOLUME IV.

LINCOLN, NEB.:
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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, June 1, 1892.

To the Hon. James E. Boyd, Governor of Nebraska:

SIR—In accordance with the provisions of law, we herewith submit our report of the proceedings of the State Historical Society for the past year.

Very respectfully,

J. STERLING MORTON,

President.

HOWARD W. CALDWELL,

Secretary.

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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The above officers, by the new constitution, constitute the Board of Managers.

I.—HISTORICAL PAPERS.

FROM NEBRASKA CITY TO SALT CREEK IN 1855.

Read before the State Historical Society, January 13, 1892, by Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska City.

During the Mexican war the site of Nebraska City was a military post, called Fort Kearney. Among the non-commissioned officers of the garrison was Sergeant Hiram P. Downs, and when the government abandoned the military occupation of Fort Kearney, all the buildings on the reservation, consisting of log barracks for the soldiers and officers, a block house, and a hospital, were placed in charge of Sergeant Downs. And when his time of enlistment expired he filed his claim as a pre-emptor on the 160 acres of land which embraces the principal business portion of the Nebraska City of to-day.

But in 1854 and 1855, he transferred his claim to the Nebraska City Town Site Company for the sum of \$2,000. Therefore when I came to know Sergeant Downs (who, by the way, became subsequently major of the First Nebraska Volunteers), I, being only twenty-two years of age, looked up to him as the primary pioneer of Otoe county, and, in fact, of Southern Nebraska, to whom alone I could apply for reliable information as to the agricultural possibilities of the country lying westward of Otoe county. During the winter of 1854, and in the early spring of 1855, I became quite intimate with Downs, and asked him a great many questions as to the probable area of arable land south of the Platte river in Nebraska. Downs was an uneducated man, and, therefore, very dogmatic, and especially so in his decisions as to the inhabitability of any part of the western country. During the early summer of 1855 I was busily engaged in constructing my first cottage at Arbor Lodge, residing meanwhile in my log cabin. In the evening, my wife being absent at Detroit, I often whiled away an hour at the Downs hotel, in company with a young man named Oliver Perry Mason, who subsequently became chief justice of the state, and whose recent death brought sorrow to his immediate family, and elicited eulogy from every section of this great

commonwealth. Together Mason and I examined and cross-examined Downs as to the agricultural value of lands in this vicinity. Mr. Downs had the voice of a stentor, and when he denounced, as absolutely sterile, all the land west of Salt creek, by declaring in strident, nasal tones, with here and there a profane interjection, that "it wouldn't raise white beans," his utterances became so vehement that they might have been mistaken for a fog-horn on the coast of his native state of Maine. But the more Downs said relative to the Great American Desert's being bounded on the east by Salt creek, the more Mason and I desired to visit this region of country. Therefore, we managed to secure a covered lumber wagon to which were attached a horse and a mule, and to procure as co-explorers with ourselves, Mr. William B. Hall, Mr. D. F. Jackson, and Mr. M. W. Moore, making, with ourselves, a party of five, whose purpose it was to penetrate the American Desert by going to and crossing Salt creek, and camping on its western bank. Besides the wagon and its team, Mason and I had each a saddle horse.

It was a bright beautiful morning in August, 1855, when this equipment left Nebraska City on its tour of exploration to the land where, Downs said, white beans could not be raised. We followed the California trail, and, four miles west of Nebraska City, passed the last claim cabin, and between the site of that cabin and the Rocky mountains there was not a single human habitation belonging to civilized beings. From that point to the Mormon valleys of Utah there was not a single plow furrow on the plains, where now there are millions of acres under cultivation, and tens of thousands of contented homes.

About half past four in the afternoon, as we were ascending from the valley of the Weeping Water, Mason and I riding on horseback in advance of the others, he called my attention to some dark looking knobs which were just visible, now and then, above the crest of the acclivity we were traversing, and, in a most tragic manner, informed me that those were the heads of Indians, whereupon I expressed my doubts, as I was fully aware that the imagination of my friend was quick and vivid as lightning. He, however, reiterated his opinion originally expressed, that the knobs were the heads of the aboriginal possessors of these prairies, and he did it with great vehemence. And before I had time to argue the negative, sure enough there sprang out of the crest of the hill and over it, and on horseback came plunging

towards our party, somewhere between fifty and a hundred howling, yelling, whopping Indians. When about 200 feet from the wagon they stopped, and sent out two of their men to meet Mason and myself before coming up to the wagon. We would have given all our interests in Nebraska and the possibilities of its future to have been back on the Missouri river listening to the condemnation of these lands by Major Downs. But the politeness of the prairie compelled us to shake hands with these unexpected breech-clouted proprietors of the plains. They could not speak English, and we could not speak Indian, so the parley began in sign language, where hands, thumbs, fingers, eyes, shoulders, and all the features of humanity become volubly vocal. While we were engaged in this silent but neither satisfactory nor soothing conversation, the whole band of savages had quietly gathered around us and the wagon. By signs we were informed that they wanted sugar, flour, in fact anything edible, and also that they wished powder, lead, and smoking tobacco.

In the meantime our entire party, by universal consent, were looking very expectantly down the trail leading to Nebraska City, and informing the Indians, by holding up fingers, of a great number of people who were to follow us immediately. There was no doubt a good deal of wicked deceit as to the immediate concourse that would follow our then subjugated and depressed procession. But the millions who have followed our footsteps since then may be cited in extenuation of the symbolic lies which, under duress, and in great fear of bodily harm, we then so fluently gave to our aboriginal captors. Really, they were professors of the protective tariff philosophy, and were merely taxing us for their own benefit, and against our will. In demonstration of this theory the head man of the band handed me a piece of paper. Upon it was freshly written, being dated the day before, "If you are a strong party, whip this Indian and all his band. They made us give them a steer before they would let us cross Salt creek." The signatures to the above we could not make out. In fact, the handwriting was not very good, and, besides that, the sudden presence of so many strangers was quite embarrassing.

Meantime our party had so intensified the expression of expectancy on each face, and had become so skilled in looking honestly, hopefully, down the eastern trail for our imaginary followers, that the Indians seemed really to believe a large number of people were close upon our

heels. So the entire band left us and started northwards towards the Platte. Not a tear was shed, nor a regret expressed at their departure. They were a bad lot of predatory Pawnees.

Left to ourselves we pushed forward, resolved to make Salt creek that night or perish in the attempt. We wanted to see the American Desert. Just as the sun began to grow red in the western horizon, and the scorched prairie to glow in its declining rays, like a vast sea of molten gold, the alert and vigilant Mason, pointing eastward down the trail, called my attention to a lonely horseman, who seemed to be leisurely keeping us in sight. He was not the stereotyped G. P. R. James style of horseman, which the modern novel depicts as riding in the sunset glow, but a pusillanimous Pawnee Indian on a pony. He was watching to know where we camped. Mason declared that he had been detailed for the purpose of locating our stopping place, and reporting to his superiors so that they might steal our stock that night.

Finally, the last ray of sunlight had gone out, the aboriginal spy still in sight, when darkness enveloped the plain, and we found ourselves not yet at Salt creek. But between nine and ten o'clock we got into the valley of that stream, of which, metaphorically, I and many other democrats have since become experienced political navigators. During the day we had killed quite a number of prairie chickens, and your narrator had been awarded the honor of cooking them for supper. Therefore, while Mason and the other members of the party were taking care of the horses and getting out the dishes, the same being tin plates and cups, I was frying the prairie chicken in a skillet, and boiling the coffee for our evening meal. The chickens received the commendation of the entire party; and the cook was so proud of his achievement that his palate remembers the flavor of that meal and the zest of that appetite, even down to the present moment. But in our happiest moods there are always flitting shadows of sorrows, in our highest triumphs memories of defeat; thus, while the chickens were commended, the coffee was denounced. It had been made of salt water; its caffeine properties were subdued, but its saline merits were pronounced. The meal being over, pipes were lighted, and, extended upon the grass, or sitting on the wagon pole, the party was enjoying itself in the utmost tranquility, when Mason said, "I do not hear the horses; we must look for them. Those Indians are about and will steal them." At once all hands were searching for

the animals, which had been loosened to graze, just around the point of a little bluff where we were located. But it was an hour before they were found and brought back to camp. An Indian, placing his robe or blanket over his head, and his extended arms, and then getting on his knees, silently moving his arms up and down, looks like a huge bat waving its wings. In that guise and attitude, without making the slightest sound, an Indian could stampede an entire herd of horses toward the point where his co-laborers were waiting to catch or corral them. Knowing this fact, cognizant of this cute custom, we concluded to move camp at once and go over to the west side of Salt creek up on a high point, which was dimly visible against the evening sky. This was accomplished with great alacrity, Salt creek having been forded meantime and our camp made on the very summit. Then it was arranged that two men should stand guard while the others slept, and the night should be divided into three watches. Our animals were all tied fast to the wagon.

Towards day-break the mule became uneasy, and gave that peculiar snort which is said to indicate either fear or irritation; but Mason said that it indicated Indians, that the American mule disdainfully smelled and disliked them whenever they came into his immediate vicinity. And, sure enough, again Mason was right in his premonitions and perceptions, for we had not finished breakfast before a dozen or more Pawnee Indians were standing about us. We were not particularly pleased with their presence, but were inclined to treat them as kindly as a lamb would behave toward a wolf which he did not feel competent to fight.

It had been suggested before the Indians came up, that the point where we were camped would make a good town site, and that, as the land seemed just as good as it was on the Missouri, there might be, sometime, quite a village built up there. In accord with this view, Mr. Moore had taken out a tripod and compass and set it up with the purpose of running some lines and, possibly, staking off 320 acres for a town. Mr. Moore was a millwright by profession, and he said there was good water power for milling purposes right at that point on Salt creek.

As soon, however, as the Pawnees saw the compass, they flew into a great passion. They ordered it taken down and put into the wagon, and told us, in sign language which was vehement and actually ex-

pressive, that if we were found on that spot the next day when the sun was in the zenith, we would all be scalped. Their assurance of the certainty of that event was so hearty and sincere, and our credulity was so sensitive, that we had full faith that they would perform the exquisite surgery that they promised. Their urgent invitation for us to go home was so pronounced, and so in accord with our desire to see home once more, that we accepted it with unfeigned felicity.

While, however, we were packing our traps in the wagon and gearing up the animals, seven white covered wagons loomed up on the prairie a mile or so to the northwest, coming our way. Never before or since have wagons or vehicles of any kind, coming my way, appeared half so beautiful, half so benignant, so benevolent, as those ponderous prairie schooners appeared. They soon reached us. They were in command of a French trader from St. Joseph, Missouri, named Edward Moran, who had been hauling goods to Fort Laramie for the sutler, and also making a few exchanges on his own account with the Indians about that post. We soon informed Mr. Moran of our experiences with the Indians that morning and the day before. He told us that the Pawnees, while professing friendship for, and having treaties with, the whites, were really a treacherous and revengeful tribe; that they were continually committing depredations and charging them to the Sioux. He therefore said it would be unsafe for us to remain longer at that place, and that we had better proceed at once to Nebraska City with his outfit as our escort.

The fact that Moran and his party had for some weeks been entirely out of salt, and the avidity with which they partook of ours, impressed upon my mind that the difference between a delicacy and a necessity of life is dependent entirely upon environment and conditions, for to those men that salt was a delicious luxury. Before mid-day we were all under way, eastward bound, having left our camping ground, where now stands the village of Ashland, and the high point upon which we slept, and upon which the high school of Ashland is now established, quite a distance in our rear, and in undisputed Pawnee possession. The animals belonging to the Moran train were so footsore and weary, and we made such slow progress, that the Weeping Water crossing was not made until after dark; then we camped.

The fire was kindled—the coffee boiled, the bacon sputtered, and the heavy bread fried—while we, with keenest appetite, anticipated

the feast. It came, we devoured it. Pipes were lighted, and we calmly disposed ourselves for a tranquil smoke. I shall never forget a faintly nauseating odor which, borne on the breath of a south wind, just then assailed my nostrils. I was seated on the tongue of a wagon, and one of the Moran party next to me. I asked him if he detected that peculiar sickening smell.

He replied promptly, saying, "O yes; that is the dead man in this wagon. He was killed by the Indians up the Platte; so we wrapped him up in a wagon cover, and put tar all over the outside of it, and covered the tar with Platte river sand, and then rolled him in another wagon cover; and we are taking him home to bury at St. Joseph." Before that terse and ghastly narrative was concluded, I had given up my seat, and was standing at quite a distance from the vehicle which contained the silent passenger.

By ten o'clock Mr. Moran and party had graphically described so many skirmishes with the Indians—ambuscades, massacres, and slaughters, so many burnings-at-the-stake, and other tortures by the Pawnees and Sioux, that it would have taken all the opiates in the territory to put our party to sleep. Even our mule and the horses seemed to have had their imaginations fully aroused, and to have become infected by the fear of Indians, which, I am free to say, saturated my personality with profound dread. Even Mr. Moran himself, who had been the most vivid, constant, and entertaining relator of Indian assaults and barbarities, became restless and uneasy to such a degree that he declared it unsafe for us to remain there until morning. Therefore, by midnight our caravan was again moving along the California trail toward the Missouri river and the little settlement thereon, called Nebraska City.

Finally, the sun threw the first gleams of dawn along the eastern horizon, and then came the red light of the early morning, and, at last the full effulgence of a glorious new born day, a day which, in the Pawnee presence, I had seriously thought our eyes might never behold. But by eight o'clock that morning we were safe at the hotel of Major Downs, engaged in a controversy with that garrulous pioneer as to "whether white beans could be raised anywhere west of Salt creek on the Great American Desert in the territory of Nebraska!"

Thus, thirty-seven years ago, that party of five men followed the California trail from Nebraska City to the Salt Creek crossing, where

Ashland now stands, through an entirely unsurveyed, uninhabited, and unknown country. Four out of the five have followed the short trail from the cradle to the grave, along which, for centuries, the laughter and groans, the songs and sobs of humanity have been ever sounding, and have crossed another river into another unknown land; and a great multitude is following them now, as it followed them then. And as that lone Indian scout watched for, and finally found our camping place for the night, though he vanished from our sight with the setting sun, so, at last, I shall find their silent tents of green. The sun of my life is already declining, and soon I shall be going out into the darkness, perhaps to be remembered and recalled only, like the Indian, to adorn a tale, told on a winter evening like this.

Arbor Lodge, January 9, 1892.

OLD FORT ATKINSON.

AT OUR CAMP ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY: At the instance of Mr. Secretary Howard, some time last July, I agreed to prepare and deliver an address upon the most obscure subject belonging to the occupation, settlement, and development of our Nebraska country, at the old frontier post on the Missouri river now known as Fort Calhoun, and within the present confines of Washington county, of this state.

The first mention of this beautiful place, after the Louisiana purchase, is that made by Captain Meriwether Lewis, who, with his sail boats and two horses, traveled from the ancient Iowa village, near the mouth of the Boyer river, in a westerly direction, on the 30th day of July, 1804, and landed at the foot of the high river bank, now due east of the present Fort Calhoun railway station, a distance of three and one-fourth miles from his starting point. This was probably at that time the mutual meeting place of the Indian tribes who lived in that vicinity. Describing this place he says, "The land here consists of a plain above the high-water level, the soil of which is fertile and covered with grass from five to eight feet high, interspersed with copses of large plums and a currant, like those of the 'States.' Back

of this plain is a woody ridge, about seventy feet above it, at the end of which we formed our camp. Still back of this is a prairie, with grass ten or twelve inches high, extending back about a mile to another elevation of eighty or ninety feet, beyond which is one continued plain." This place is further described as being situate one day's journey from the Otoes, one and a half from the Great Pawnees, two from the Mahas, two and a half from the Pawnee Loups, convenient to the hunting grounds of the Sioux, and twenty-five days' journey from Santa Fé. It was to this lovely spot that the name of Camp Missouri was applied by the engineers of Major Long, and the army of General Atkinson, and which, for a period of eight years, was the busy home of some twelve hundred men, in the uniform and under the banner of the United States. It was the greatest western outpost of our little regular army during the administrations of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, and continued for a period of eight full years to be the advanced guard of our government against the turbulence of Indian tribes and of British aggression. Mr. Wilson Price Hunt and his party, and Mr. Manuel Lisa and his foreign trappers and *voyageurs* alone had touched its shores, spread their tents, and admired its beauties.

Seventy-three years ago Chariton, Missouri, was the nearest post-office to Nebraska, and it was the address of the officers and men of this army of occupation during its stay on Nebraska soil.

The administration of Mr. Monroe, admonished by our experience with Great Britain in the second war with that power, early in 1817, began preparations to establish a line of posts from lake Michigan westerly to the mouth of the Yellowstone river. Black Hawk and his bands of British Sacs and Foxes had been both uniformed and armed, enlisted and arrayed, and had actually participated in the battles at some western posts during the war of 1812. Many hundreds of Indians along the forty-ninth parallel then carried British fusees, and hunted the buffalo and the elk with British powder and ball. This continued, notwithstanding the treaty of peace with that power, and our citizens were overpowered and driven from our hunting grounds by unfriendly menaces from the subjects of our adversary power, who were also reaping the rich profits from the Rocky mountain fur trade upon American soil. It was to re-assert American supremacy to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, and our own Nebraska land,

that appropriations were made and two expeditions fitted out under the action of congress, at the instance of Mr. President Monroe and Mr. Calhoun, his secretary of war. One under Colonel Leavenworth, following the Mississippi river, resulted in the occupation of Rock Island, Prairie du Chien, and the falls of St. Anthony on the Mississippi; and the other, under that superb veteran, Gen. Henry Atkinson, following the Missouri, was known as the Yellowstone expedition.

The movement of the army under General Atkinson was commenced in the year 1818, but the riflemen from Col. Talbot Chambers' regiment proceeded no farther than Cow island in the Missouri river, south of the fortieth parallel north latitude. Here the companies of Captains McGee, Martin, and Riley of our rifle regiment constructed Cantonment Martin, and waited for the advance of General Atkinson the following season. This Captain Riley was afterwards the distinguished Gen. Bennet Riley, the founder of Fort Riley on the Santa Fé route, who, by personal merit, rose to his rank from the shoemaker's bench, and who was as brave as a lion and a true pioneer soldier.

The government went into the steamboat business in the year 1818, and not only chartered Colonel Johnson's line of steamers for this expedition, but constructed that neat little sidewheel craft named "The Western Engineer," capable of making three miles an hour, and under command of Major Long and his engineers. Colonel Johnson not only furnished the steamboats for the expedition but purchased the commissary stores, and entered into a contract to transport the troops, the commissary and quartermaster's goods, and the ordnance and munitions of war from Pittsburg to the mouth of the Yellowstone river. This contract also authorized the expenditure of large sums of money, amounting to about one-third of a million dollars, and an equal amount for his own services and transportation. The ordnance and stores weighed nearly five hundred tons, and some sixty-three thousand dollars were advanced Colonel Johnson by the government. The steamboats furnished by him were named The Expedition, The Johnson, The Jefferson, and The Calhoun, and reached St. Louis just in time for the June rise of the Missouri river. After serious delays, on account of drift-wood and injuries to his boats, General Atkinson and staff finally embarked about the 5th of July, 1819, but did not pass St. Charles until the 11th. None of these boats reached their destination; the Calhoun was so weak in her machinery that she was unable to go

beyond Boone's landing near the present railway station of Washington on the Missouri river. Two of the boats reached the little French settlement opposite the mouth of the Osage, and the fourth failed before she reached the mouth of the Kaw river. General Atkinson's men were compelled to assist the contractor in transferring his goods from the boats to barges and keel boats, which were cordelled up the stream by human strength, by the use of ropes and pulleys attached to the trees on the low river banks. It was a weary march of great privations to the men, and resulted in the loss of Colonel Johnson's entire fortune, his bills for transportation being refused by the action of congress. It was not until late in September that the army reached the Council Bluffs, still one thousand miles short of their destination. The delay was providential, as the presence of an army was never more greatly needed in the Dakota country until the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway, many years afterward.

The troops of this new expedition consisted of the rifle regiment commanded by Colonel Chambers, the Sixth Infantry, under Major Wooley, and three detachments of artillery, in all about twelve hundred men, the whole being under the command of General Atkinson. The Sixth regiment marched altogether, or rather tugged, as history now shows, on foot and on barges a distance of 2,628 miles from Plattsburg, New York, to their new camp on the Missouri river; and their endurance was only less remarkable than the debates in congress upon the Missouri compromise. The riflemen came from Philadelphia, Prairie du Chien, and Baton Rouge.

Upon a September morning, worthy of a poet's pen, and in which Nebraska stands alone by reason of her temperature and scenery, a small body of horsemen rounded the Rockport hills from Lisa's trading house (known in after years as Cabanes fort), climbed the ascent to the undulating lands of the Garryowen settlement of Washington county, as it is now known. In this cavalcade was General Atkinson in his regimentals, his adjutant, orderly, Colonel Chambers, Dr. Gale, Governor Clark, of Missouri, then ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs, Major O'Fallon, with other officers and servants, and a small body of footmen. The procession proceeded by the foot-hills of Fort Calhoun, crossing Turkey creek and following the beautiful semi-circle of hills until the scene of this sketch was reached. When they reached the present vicinity of the Calhoun depot, they filed to the right and

advanced in an easterly direction until they reached the Council Bluff so well known to Governor Clark, who sixteen years before was the "Red-hair" at the Indian council held there by himself and Captain Lewis. From this bluff, where for years the Indians had driven the buffalo to destruction in their annual hunt, was located the new camp of the little army, and the eight years' occupation began. There was not a mile of railway in all the United States. There was not a white settler in the state of Iowa, excepting Julian Dubuque and a score of French miners on the Mississippi river. The wild bees had not yet reached the Linden bloom, nor sucked the golden rod of this far-off land. In a short time the Sixth regiment reached this same point and the Yellowstone expedition began to construct its winter quarters. It was at once christened with the name of Camp Missouri, and its log houses soon demonstrated the industry of American soldiers.

General Atkinson, notwithstanding the popular misapprehension and newspaper abuse of this expedition, was a real hero upon this occasion, and suffered many privations. His little army and his colored servant were his admirers and friends. His invention to propel flat-boats, which consisted of a long unwieldy crank, had served only to blister their hands as they tugged not in vain against the current and drifts of floating timber. Notwithstanding this they loved him. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, but not a graduate of West Point. His greatest achievement was in after years, when he won the heart and grasped the hand of Miriah Bullet and led her to the altar as his bride. He continued at this camp, in command of these forces, until October 21, 1821, when, by promotion, he was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Henry Leavenworth, while he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and placed in command of the department of the Mississippi, with headquarters at St. Louis. In 1822 he visited the camp again, but returned in the autumn by Fort Smith to St. Louis. At the close of the Arickaree war in 1823 he visited the camp again, returning to St. Louis in November. His fourth, and last visit of which we have any record, was in the year 1825, when fitting out his army for an expedition into the Crow country, from which he returned in November. It was upon this expedition that the wild Crows came near outgeneraling him. While in the act of writing his treaty they filled the touch-holes of his cannon with dirt and then raised a tumult, which by good fortune was quelled in time, and his life and army were saved.

After the promotion of General Atkinson, in 1821, the place was no longer called Camp Missouri, but all correspondence from it thereafter is dated Fort Atkinson. From that time Colonel Leavenworth was in command until December 1825, when he was made colonel of the Seventh regiment and went into the Indian territory to take his command. He was succeeded by Colonel Wooley, who commanded the post until its evacuation in June, 1827. Fort Atkinson, however, was always in the department and under the general command of its old commander.

The rifle regiment remained until the fall of 1821, when the post was occupied wholly by the Sixth until some time in 1823, when it received reinforcements owing to the Arickaree war which was conducted from Fort Atkinson under the command of Colonel Leavenworth. It numbered at that time 371 officers and men, present and absent, and received seven new lieutenants from West Point who traveled a new route to their post of duty, going up the Hudson river following the great lakes, then crossing over to Prairie Du Chien, thence by St. Louis to the camp.

When the whole army arrived in 1819 it numbered 1,120 officers and men besides the servants and laundresses. We do not believe that this number includes the three detachments of artillery accredited the post. The camp as laid out is located upon an elevation with the Missouri river upon the east, Hook's Hollow on the south, a deep ravine on the west, and covered a tract of land about 1,320 feet square. The north was commanded by a strong stockade; and in the center of this enclosure was the jack-pole upon the color line which extended east and west, and is about the center of Madison street of old Fort Calhoun as surveyed in 1855. The block lying southeast of the jack-pole was chosen by Governor Izard when he was taken into the old Fort Calhoun Land Company, and his name is now so marked in ink upon the original plat. About fifty feet east of the jack-pole is an old cellar walled with brick and overgrown with vines, where probably stood the building occupied by the commander as headquarters. About twenty feet to the east of the jack-pole and running thence north about three hundred feet, are the ruins of one line of barracks, still plainly marked, and probably occupied by the officers as officers' quarters. From the north end of the officers' barracks, running thence west about three hundred feet, is a row of soldiers' barracks consisting of log

houses without foundations. From the west end of the soldiers' barracks, running thence south about three hundred feet, the cook houses without brick foundations probably stood, and here the kitchen wastes were afterwards found in great quantities. South of the color line some thirty feet and extending from the south end of the kitchen for a distance of near five hundred feet, was another row of soldiers' barracks, in the middle of which were constructed large fire-places, attested by piles of ashes and brickwork to show their exact location. South of the east end of this row of barracks was situated the old Trading Post of Major O'Fallon, and a road was dugged down the bluff from that point to the mouth of Hook's Hollow and to the steamboat landing, altogether not farther than a thousand feet. Still further east of this south row of barracks were the commissary buildings; these ran out to near the edge of the river banks, near a bluff thence north about three hundred and forty feet; east of the jack-pole, and upon a line with the south end of the officers' barracks, stood the hospital building; some of the brickwork still remains there. A little northwest of this are the ruins of an old well, and beyond it is a steeper road leading down the bluff to the boat landing. The remains would indicate that this latter road leads from the boat landing to the artillery park, and a line of stables is indicated as having been constructed north of this park on a line with the original survey of Court street. A large number of caves, or caches, were digged in this bluff, the remains of which show for themselves, and then extended for seven hundred feet along the bluffs. These were possibly the winter quarters of the soldiers when pressed with cold weather to seek shelter from the terrific storms of the northwest. The sufferings of our soldiers at this camp were intense. The timber was cottonwood and elm, and stoves were not in use at the time. North of the soldiers' barracks and within the rifle pits stood the stockade, the dimensions of which are now forgotten. It was constructed of logs and was large and well-nigh impregnable. These works were constructed early in the fall of 1819 and are mentioned in the report of the secretary of war to congress, of date November 30th, as being ample for the protection of one thousand men.

The cannon numbered nine six-pounders, one four-pounder, and five twenty-four-pounder howitzers, four hundred and twenty fusees, six hundred and forty-five muskets, and six hundred and twenty-five

rifles. It was supplied with 89,400 musket cartridges, twenty-two pounds of slow match, six cartridge paper reams, and twenty-two thousand five hundred and sixty pounds of pig lead, seven thousand seven hundred musket flints, sixteen hundred and ninety pounds of cannon powder, four thousand eight hundred and twenty-six pounds of musket powder, and the necessary accoutrements to aid in holding the position rendered strong by nature.

The presence of Governor Clark in the Indian country was the first step taken by the government to reduce our Nebraska aborigines to agency Indians, which, after three-quarters of a century of expenditure and suffering, is a partial success. Right lustily did Big Elk and White Cow with their four hundred Omahas shout its praises. Upon invitation they reached the camp on the 14th of October and were addressed by Major O'Fallon, Mr. Dougherty, and other white men. Both chiefs spoke upon this occasion and the whole band joined in the revelry which followed. Not long after this the Pawnees came also, and the festivities were extended to the camp of Major Long's engineers, who were encamped on the land now owned by the Union Pacific Railway Company at the northeasterly point of Rockport hill. Big Elk was lionized by the white people and assumed to go where he pleased and to do what he liked with impunity. Near midnight he pleased to attempt an entrance into Manuel Lisa's trading house but was promptly knocked down at the door with a whisky keg by the owner or one of his clerks. This laid him out flat, and the offense was afterward atoned for by the keg and its contents. The eight thousand dollars appropriated by congress were used in presents distributed to the chiefs and in the construction of an agency building.

The hunting was good and game was plentiful in September, but the presence of a thousand Indians and more than a thousand soldiers and hunters soon banished the buffalo and all larger game, so that by December it was impossible to find a hoof in less than about one hundred miles, although in February the hunters killed twelve bison near the Big Sioux river, which were given to the camp in honor of the day.

More than one hundred deaths occurred by March 8, owing to the scurvy which broke out in the camp, due to the want of fresh meat and antiscorbutics. Three hundred men were sent down the Missouri river in barges bound for the hospitals at St. Louis. Major Long's engineers fared better, although their camp was only five miles to the

south and east of Camp Missouri. They were under a less exacting discipline, were better provided with hunters, and were allowed to kill the rabbits with musket balls, of which Corporal Norman killed twenty-seven in one day. The death rate at Fort Atkinson was always high, owing to the sickness of the soldiers, the arduous duties they performed, the exacting discipline they were under, and the homesickness and privations to which they were subjected.

The fort proper is not a matter of mere conjecture; many marks yet remain to show where and how the soil was broken and the structures erected. Stone in large quantities was used, and brick was moulded and burned at the point of the hill south of the boat landing; a lime kiln was erected near the blacksmith shop, and a paved way was constructed from these brick along the main wagon road; brick and mortar and stone were used extensively in the construction of foundations of houses and of old-fashioned chimneys and fire-places, and in the powder magazine, the remains of which stood until a few years ago.

The government also went into the farming business and established an experiment station, providing abundance of seeds of all kinds, excepting seed corn. This they bought from the Omahas as it was considered best adapted to the climate. A large tract of land was put in a fine state of cultivation, a farm was enclosed and stocked with horses and cattle. Vegetables abounded, and the camp was made almost self-supporting the last few years of its occupation. The farm extended to the northeast corner of the old Paddock place, east and north, one mile square. A large cottonwood tree still marks the corner of this traditional tract. Thousands of bushels of corn were grown upon this farm and ground at the government grist mill. A good saw mill was also constructed and the native walnuts and elms, with other timbers, were turned into lumber. The pioneers of Platt county, Missouri, came to the Fort Atkinson mills with their grain and marketed their meal along the river to St. Louis. An account is given by some one in which it is stated that one barge load was marketed in New Orleans.

During the occupation of Fort Atkinson it had many eminent visitors, besides those already named, among whom were Major Long and his engineers, and Dr. James, his surgeon and the historian of his explorations. Gen. John E. Wool, inspector general of our armies, and

Lieut. Jefferson Davis, afterwards president of the confederacy, were also there upon detached duty. Gen. W. S. Harney visited the place, and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, as a brevet second lieutenant, served his apprenticeship here. Lieutenant Van Swearingen, and other martyrs of the Florida war, first learned to be soldiers at Fort Atkinson. Old Ben Riley studied the Indian character here, and the accomplished Col. William Davenport and his estimable lady rode in the fashionable circles of Fort Atkinson, among the wives and daughters of other prominent pioneer officers. The last distinguished visitor was the veritable Maj. George Croghan, at whose name the western Indians had often trembled. This was in the year 1826. He was inspector general of the army at the time, and it is probable that his report determined the government to abandon the fort, which it did in the June following. Fort Croghan is the name given to a camp on Cutoff island, some distance east of the present lead works, where a boat was snagged and the troops cast ashore. The army could not have wintered at Camp Croghan, as narrated by Mr. Sorenson in his history of Omaha, for the reason that upon the 1st of October, 1827, the Sixth regiment was at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, and numbered eighty-four sick, nineteen on extra duty, thirteen under arrest, and two hundred and twenty-one present for duty. No mention is made in the army register of the division of this regiment at that time. Fort Atkinson was evacuated about the 27th of June of that year.

During the occupation of the fort some ten courts-martial were held of minor consequence, the reports of which are not before us.

After the abandonment of the fort it was never again occupied by the troops, and only occasionally visited before the extinguishment of the Indian title to the country. Lieut. G. K. Warren mentions having camped there when on his way up the Missouri river to make the survey of the Northern Pacific railway. Neither Nicollet nor Fremont mentioned the place in their survey of the Missouri river, but it is certain that they took observations there and also tried to find the engineers' encampment, in 1839.

The location is never mentioned by General Atkinson other than as our "Camp on the Missouri river." Upon the other hand it is always mentioned by Colonel Leavenworth and other officers as Fort Atkinson, in their correspondence with their superiors and with the secretary of war. With reference to the name of Fort Calhoun, it is

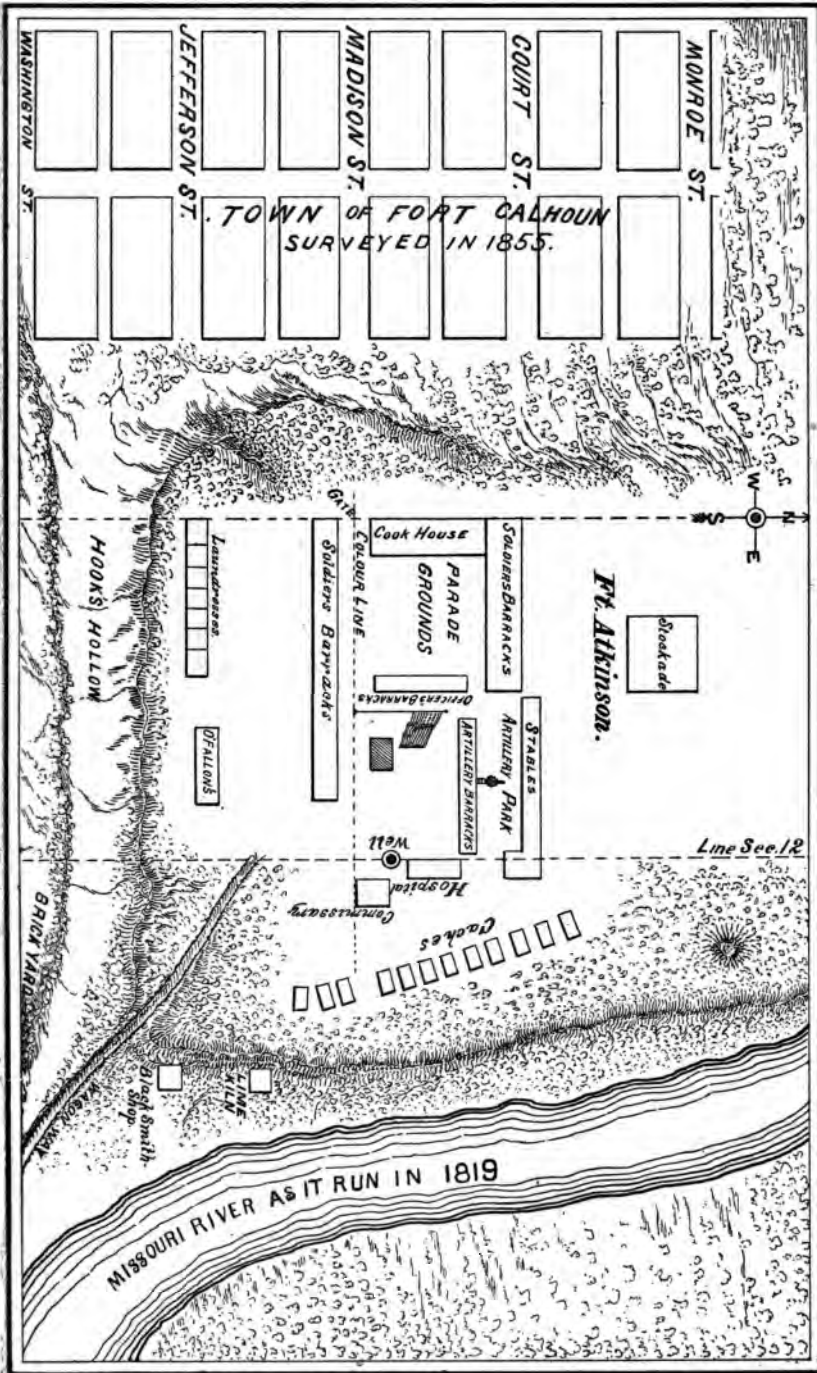
nowhere to be found in the reports prior to the year 1833, at which time General Jessup recommended its reoccupation by the government; and inasmuch as the government was engaged during the years from 1819 to 1827 in constructing Fort Calhoun, Virginia, it is hardly probable that this place was called by the same name at the same time; in fact it was not a fort, although strong by nature, and somewhat entrenched.

Having now given the society the benefit of my researches, I place on file with this paper a plat of Fort Atkinson, as nearly as I can fashion it from the remains, landmarks, and information at my command. I have personally visited and inspected the ground with Mr. A. W. Beals, its owner, and with Hon. E. N. Grennell, who himself saw it when still in a state of nature. About one-fourth of the entire plot still remains unbroken prairie land, extending north and east of the jack-pole. I was also able to find an old gunflint, some buttons, and balls, and one small silver coin, which are the property of the society. Above all I have for years enjoyed the pleasure of knowing Capt. Benj. Contal, the son of the drum major of the Sixth regiment, who was with his father at old Fort Atkinson from the spring of 1822 until its evacuation, and who rose from a drummer boy of the Sixth regiment to the rank of captain of cavalry in a fifteen years' service, whose reminiscences I have presented this society, and to whose memory I would dedicate a volume were I able to write one.

W. H. ELLER.

The ten sheets of paper forming this address are fastened with clasps exhibiting buttons from the coat and cape of a rifleman's uniform.

W. H. E.



THE INDIAN TROUBLES AND THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE.

Read before the State Historical Society, January 13, 1892, by W. F. Kelley.*

It may be said that conflicts with Indian tribes have been features of American civilization from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The natural progressiveness and constant extensions of the white race have made Indian wars unavoidable. Enterprise has gradually deprived the red man of his former domains. Many times he has not relinquished his possessions without a bitter strife. Although vanquished habitually, the struggle has left enmity deep and enduring within his breast. From the Indian's own peculiar nature, in his opposition to the modes of civilization, and in the ever trespassing tendencies of the whites, were found the sources of these constant conflicts. In brief, it has been the old tale of energy and thriftiness, in combat with ignorance and idleness. In not a few of these many struggles has the Indian proven a foe formidable to his more civilized pursuer. Though conquered for the moment, the struggle was not in vain in the lesson left behind. Unable to be the victor, the Indian, to men at least, has proven the prowess of his kind; at the mention of his name and cruelties, women speak with trepidation.

Tardy legislation has often urged the Indian to perpetrate unmentionable cruelties and crimes, in hope of redress. Indian officials have been men without character, who have pilfered and abused him, or have not been solicitous as to his needs. The Indian's fiery nature has again broken from all restraint, upon trivial pretext, inaugurated a strife that has cost many lives and the destruction of much property. In quarrels begun without adequate cause, in effect the Indian was of course the loser. Military regulations were more strictly enforced; his confines became more and more limited; but the instincts of his nature were not subdued. The prospect of an Indian war is an object to be dreaded by those most directly concerned. It is productive of great damage, not only during the period of the conflict, but for an indefi-

*The writer, Mr. W. F. Kelley, was present on the battlefield of Wounded Knee.

nite time succeeding. Visions of the Indian's anger and ferocity haunt the people in the surrounding country. This is sufficient to put a check upon progress and development, and is detrimental to commerce and trade. No safety for man or property is felt in his vicinity. The Indian's enmity when aroused is not soon suppressed; time is needed for it to slumber into extinction. Therefore an anxiety, warranted by past experiences, was felt throughout some of the western states during the summer, fall, and winter of 1890, on account of the threatening cloud of trouble with several of the Indian tribes.

During the summer months, rumors, both many and varied in character, and sometimes thrilling in detail, were sent over the country, indicating an uprising of various Indian tribes, within the states of Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and Utah Territory. So incessant were these reports of that which the Indian was doing, or about to do, that gradually a feeling of alarm and fear became definable and took possession of settlers in these various states nearest to the different Indian reservations situated therein. That these apprehensions were needless and almost causeless, appears now to be true except in regard to the several Sioux tribes in South Dakota. These latter had some real and some fancied grievances, that sooner or later, diplomacy or force of arms would have been compelled to meet and adjust. The ghost dance was the immediate cause of these disturbances. A few words as to this almost universal infection, for so it may be termed, are necessary to an understanding of the subject. An increasing excitement for months had been visible among the tribes over the supposed coming of the Indian Messiah. It was suspected, and became well known subsequently, that the best informed and most intelligent among the Indian chiefs placed no faith in this novel doctrine; still they awaited in silence, or from ambitious motives; while many, aspiring to as yet a secret result, encouraged their more credulous brethren in this belief. The Christ was reputed to be coming in the form of a buffalo; it was said that he would cause the vast herds of buffalo and deer again to inhabit the plain and mountains; that he would renew the youth of the aged; that the Indian dead would be resurrected, and that the white man would disappear. Again would the Indian's home be the whole of the north and west, whose eastern boundary would be the great river, the Mississippi. These promises were all very alluring to the Indian's heart, and well calculated to arouse In-

dian sentiment to an extraordinary degree. It is difficult to comprehend that the Indian could sincerely believe in such promises, and that such events as these predicted would take place ; but it is nevertheless a fact that in them many Indians had implicit faith. So old and experienced a chieftain as Red Cloud himself sent two couriers to the far west to ascertain any news of the Messiah, as well as to investigate the authenticity and sources of information concerning the Messiah, of which he had heard so much.

The report soon became general that the Messiah had been seen in Washington, then in Oregon, and finally in Utah ; that he was moving eastward, visiting the several Indian tribes. Representatives were sent from the Sioux at Pine Ridge and Rosebud, the Cheyennes at Tongue River agency, the Arapahoes, Shoshones, and other tribes, to behold and to converse with the Messiah, at a designated point in Utah, among the mountains, where he was reputed to be at that time.

A few of these messengers returned and reported that they had seen the Messiah at a distance, and generally at night ; but they became frightened and dared not approach him. Others, through various adverse circumstances, were unable to reach him ; but were more firmly convinced than ever of the reliability of his near approach. As a consequence the excitement increased rapidly ; agency business of all kinds was at a standstill ; progress was retarded or forgotten ; schools were abandoned wholly or partially ; and other undertakings beneficial to the Indians' daily welfare were sacrificed to this popular idea and idol of the moment.

Among the different tribes, and about their reservation, this agitation had thus far been harmless, as far as any actual danger to white men and their families was concerned. Some of the less courageous settlers had been seized with fright and fled, but it must be said such hasty actions were without sufficient cause. Ghost dancing was being freely indulged in and becoming more attractive to all the Indians. It was said the Messiah had commanded them to dance six days and nights at the beginning of every new moon. The dances at these times were always largely attended, so many enthusiasts were created. These prolonged dances were usually followed by feasts, while at other times the dancing went on when desired. The dancing Indian would continue the monotonous tread, until in exhaustion he fell to the ground in a fainting condition. While in this state he was to hold

communion and receive revelations from the Christ. No weapons, other than a knife, perhaps, were allowed by the Indians themselves to be on their persons during the progress of the dance.

As nothing of a serious nature developed from the dancing of the various tribes, except the Sioux, we shall confine our attention wholly to them. The agent and his Indian police soon had under control the Cheyennes and other tribes, but the Sioux were by far too numerous and excited to be thus restrained. The demoralizing influence of the craze increased among the Sioux with great rapidity when once it had obtained a start. The first indication of what the craze was leading to was exhibited on August 22, 1890, by their demeanor and defiance of authority. A large number of Indians met on White Clay creek to hold a religious festival. Agent Gallagher, of the Pine Ridge Agency, with a few of his Indian police, went to the appointed place to reason with the Indians and disperse the dancers to their homes. Upon the agent's appearance, many fled, others ran to their tepees for their arms and stripped themselves for a fight, ordering the police and agent not to approach. The agent, being greatly outnumbered, and seeing a fight likely to ensue, thought discretion better than valor, and with his force withdrew to the agency. The incident is trivial, otherwise than as it illustrates the dangerous spirit prevailing in thus bidding defiance to the government's agent. Sometime afterwards Dr. Royer, who had succeeded Gallagher as agent, was openly assaulted, without provocation, by a few Indians at the agency proper. A mob gathered which threatened to burn the government store houses. This feeling was with much difficulty quieted and peace restored.

At Pine Ridge the situation was becoming perilous to life and property. The agent with a small force of Indian police at his command was unable to maintain order. At this time the Standing Rock Agency Indians and those at the agency on the Cheyenne river (Big Foot's band) were beyond police control, as were also the Brules at the Rosebud Agency. They refused to discontinue dancing and the agent's orders were treated with contempt in all other matters. Royer at once took prompt measures. He called for troops to protect the government property, and stated to the department that they were needed at once. The leaders of the young men were sublimely passive when appealed to by the agent for assistance in quelling these disorders. These young chiefs were at that time using this dance as

a cover under which to plan an outbreak, and also encouraging the dance as a means of uniting the turbulent into a common cause. As the young men advocated these popular measures, and were determined to be the leaders, the older men among the chiefs were more or less compelled to give a tacit assent, or see themselves and their power set aside. It should be remembered that from first to last these disturbances were instigated and animated by the young chiefs.

The Indians were assuming an impudent attitude at all the Sioux agencies toward the government and its representatives; committing some petty depredations; but the spirit of the hour was not on the wane. The dancing was causing them to become wilder as each day passed. The Indian police were frightened and afraid to cope with them.

In accordance with instructions from the war department, General Brooke, with five companies of the Second infantry and three troops of the Ninth cavalry, arrived at Pine Ridge on November 20th. Several companies were at and near Rosebud. Reinforcements were sent to Standing Rock and vicinity, the home of Sitting Bull's band. That wily chieftain had not as yet committed himself to any act of hostility. While he was too intelligent to be a ghost-dancer himself, yet he openly encouraged it among his band and friends, though often requested by his agent to do the contrary.

Upon the arrival of General Brooke and his troops, an order was sent to all the Indians scattered over Pine Ridge reservation to come and camp at that agency. Those who complied would be considered as friendly, the others would be treated as hostile. Whether friendly or hostile, soon an immense camp was established about the agency, consisting of several thousand Indians and their families.

More troops were constantly arriving at Pine Ridge. The government, through the war department, evidently intended to assume no half-hearted attitude. Five more companies of the Second infantry, and eight troops of the Seventh cavalry were soon in the field; also some batteries of artillery arrived, with Hotchkiss and Gatling field pieces and a few rifled cannon. With these additional troops affairs began to look reasonably secure about the agency for the first time, notwithstanding the immense numbers of Indians around Pine Ridge. These Indians were much divided in regard to their position and intentions toward the government. The principal source of trouble it

was supposed would be at Pine Ridge, on account perhaps of the number of Indians at that place. But no sooner had the greater number of troops begun to concentrate at that point than news reached them that more than two thousand Brules had worked away from the Rosebud agency under the leadership of Two Strike, Short Bull, and Kicking Bear; the latter was a prominent and noted young warrior, and the high chief of the ghost dancers among all the Sioux. These Brules made direct for the Bad Lands, situated north of the White river, and destroyed everything in their path to that place. The greater part of the damage to property during the entire trouble was done by these Brule Indians on their flight to the Bad Lands. They had too great a start to be overtaken, and any attempt made to check them would have been futile. Small bands circled out from the main body and pillaged the country on every side, wantonly destroying all that could not be carried away with them. No white settlers were in this region; the country through which they passed was the reservation of the Ogallalas. The property, consisting of domestic effects and Indian annuities, was unprotected, or in the charge of squaws, whose husbands were at Pine Ridge and friendly, obeying the order of the authorities to camp there for the present. The stock of ponies and cattle was largely the property of squaw-men and half-breeds.

In all the United States there could not have been found a better spot for these hostiles to select than these Bad Lands. They were wholly inaccessible except in one or two narrow places. There was a scarcity of water; it was found in one place only, in a group of springs about which the Indians were camped. If the troops should be successful in entering, horses and army conveyances would be unable to traverse the country, owing to the steep declivities, the narrow gullies, and the rocky nature of the ground. At this place these Brules spent a month, holding a high carnival, having a merry ghost dance each day and constantly receiving small accessions from their Ogallala sympathizers. They maintained a semi-military discipline about their camp, no Indians being permitted to leave the same. One or two peace embassies only of the many sent to them were allowed to enter the limits of the camp and depart; usually they were forced to remain on the outside, and were but the bearers of insolent messages to the commander of the troops in his endeavors to have them come to Pine Ridge, or to return to their own reservation. As

a diversion soon after their arrival, these Brules confiscated a herd of nearly two thousand government cattle grazing in the vicinity; and killed a faithful herder, named Miller. Thus these Brules lived in the midst of such luxury and abundance as they had perhaps never before experienced, and such as it is probable they will never experience in the future. It may well be supposed something more than vague and uncertain promises as to the future and in regard to what would be their punishment, was necessary to tempt the Indians to abandon this easy and comfortable life. Some more definite conditions than the commander of the troops was authorized to make them, was needed. The one condition that the Brules on their part always *did* insist upon was that the troops be taken away from Pine Ridge before they would consent to leave the Bad Lands. Evasive answers were of course the reply of the military authorities. Peace parties of friendly Indians were continually sent to the Bad Lands. Those that succeeded in entering the limits of the hostile camp, passed through an experience they did not wish to have repeated. Fanaticism was king of the hour. The most successful of these peace commissions was that headed by Father Jutz, a most estimable Catholic priest, who has devoted his life to mission work among the Indians. He prevailed upon Turning Bear, High Hawk, and some other leaders of the young men to come in and hold a council with General Brooke and officers. When all had spoken, the council adjourned with many promises on the Indians' part, which in the end availed nothing, if we except, on the Indians' behalf, immense quantities of crackers and tobacco, which they induced the military commander to give them to vary their daily diet, after their return to the Bad Lands, during their deliberations over his propositions.

While matters were thus progressing at and near the Pine Ridge Agency, an episode of a startling nature occurred near the Standing Rock Agency which culminated in the death of the famous Sitting Bull and some others. Sitting Bull with his small band was on the point of setting out to join the Brule hostiles in the Bad Lands; his arrest was attempted by the Indian police and, in the melee, his death took place. It was thought this death would prove an unfortunate event, but in the Indian world he was a man of less power and influence than was generally supposed. Clothed as he had been by numerous writers with all those virtues and characteristics that ap-

proach the idyllic in manly character, his friends among the white people in the country—and he had many—had become fascinated by this so-called patriot of his race. His supposed leadership at the Custer massacre gave the fame and lustre to his name, as did also to some extent the subsequent retreat of the Sioux over the border into Canada pursued by a large military force. That his influence among his people was much overestimated by the American public, is best shown, perhaps, by the fact that at his death no more emotion or sensation was aroused among the Sioux than would have been by the death of a chief of humbler pretensions. The sudden death in this manner of any one of a dozen chiefs would have caused extreme commotion or violence, but of these Sitting Bull was not one. He was not a warrior, neither was he a leader at the Custer fight as is popularly supposed. He was present with his tribe but not in any sense a participant on that day. Sitting Bull was a crafty and shrewd politician. He used every device at all times to fix public attention upon himself. He was successful to a degree that speaks well for his ability as a politician. Those who knew him best say that he was a genial, manly companion. His death marked no change, as was apprehended by the country at large; it was a benefit to the Indian and white man alike; his bitter hatred of the whole white race was well known; he was an uncompromising opponent of every measure advocated towards civilization for his people; he was a born agitator whose mind was never at peace; his nature demanded it, and because of it he came to an unexpected death.

Life at Pine Ridge was varied by the arrival of a man, Hopkins by name, who appeared among the Indians, claiming to be the long awaited Messiah. His advent in the friendly Indian camp was not known for some days, during which time he lived quietly, praying among the Indians constantly. His presence becoming known, his arrest by the Indian police followed; he was finally conducted to Chadron and dismissed. The Indians treated him with consideration and respect, as is their custom to the demented. That he was not the Christ was best proven to them in that he was wholly ignorant of their language. The man was modest, genteel in bearing, an attractive man in person. In conversation he was singularly well versed in natural theology, philosophy, and the sciences. He modestly but firmly maintained that he was the Messiah. The unfortunate man soon disappeared.

The troops heretofore mentioned extended across the country from Pine Ridge to Rosebud agencies, and to the northeast, as a protection, and to prohibit any raids being made toward the south; while on the north and northwest were stationed infantry companies at various points, but the Sixth and Eighth cavalry in detachments of troops or battalions were the effective forces of guards in these directions. Some citizen soldiery of South Dakota, under the command of Colonel Day, on the staff of Governor Mellette, did some service in patrolling the country across the South Fork of the Cheyenne river, which is on the northern and northwestern side of the Bad Lands.

It will thus be seen from the positions of all these troops, that each detachment of troops formed a segment of a huge military circle, or nearly so, extending on every side of the hostile Brules in the Bad Lands. General Miles established his headquarters at or near Rapid City, South Dakota, and the operations and movements on the north were under his direction, while those on the south were under the immediate supervision of Brigadier General Brooke. It was Miles' intention not to permit them to break through or be upon the outside of this military cordon. If there was to be war, to keep them in one large body was his purpose. The advantage of the idea consisted in the practical prohibition of small raiding bodies of Indians, whose excursions have always been so destructive to life and property in Indian wars. To the successful completion of this project, General Miles threw all the energy of his character, and all the ingenuity derived from a successful military education in wars with many Indian tribes. To hold the Indians on the reservation at all hazards, was his aim, for then no settlers' lives could be endangered. To prevent them from crossing the South Fork of the Cheyenne River, into a region where there are so many ranches and thousands of cattle, as there are also to the west of the Bad Lands in Wyoming, was another important part of his plan. Should the hostile Brules have escaped from the Bad Lands, they would unquestionably have gone in one or both of these directions, for then they would have found all the conditions favorable to Indian warfare; cattle for food in abundance, and a mountainous country in which it would have been difficult for soldiers to pursue them. This was surely General Miles' conception of the situation, when he came to the seat of hostilities and located at Rapid City, where he remained until after the fight on Wounded Knee creek.

At no time was there any danger of raids to the south, along the Elkhorn railway in Nebraska, except in the minds of a thoroughly frightened people. Surely there was no plausible reason to tempt the Indians southward. The country is fairly well populated, at least much more so than the country to the north and west of the Bad Lands. Towns of considerable size are found and but few miles apart; the country is open and presents no places for concealment; and finally, the Indian would place himself between the troops extending east and west between the Pine Ridge Agency, and the various towns in Nebraska. Some time previously Big Foot's band, which was reputed to be a desperate body of Indians, all implicit believers in the Messiah craze and the infallibility of the ghost shirt, had left the Cheyenne River Agency. It was supposed that it was their intention to join the hostile Brules in the Bad Lands. Soon after, they were captured by Colonel Sumner—from whom they subsequently effected their escape—near a small town called Smithville; now they were supposed to be heading again for the Bad Lands. On the afternoon of December 24th an order was received from General Miles ordering a cavalry force to be at once despatched to intercept Big Foot. Within an hour Col. Guy Henry, with four troops of the Ninth cavalry, and three Hotchkiss guns strapped to the backs of mules, were on the march. Their haste was such that they marched forty miles over the desolate prairie before day dawned. The command scouted over the country near the Bad Lands without success. They were unable to find the Indians. This force returned to Pine Ridge Agency on the morning of December 30th, the morning after the battle at Wounded Knee, arriving in haste, to protect the agency from a threatened and anticipated attack. It is worthy of mention that these troops marched over eighty miles in the twenty-four hours, preceding their arrival. These negro cavalymen constituted one of the very best regiments in the United States army. Its degree of excellence in soldierly qualities and duties was high. Several of the colored privates of this battalion of the Ninth cavalry were the fortunate possessors of gold medals voted to them by congress for bravery in action and distinguished merit, which they proudly bore at all times pinned to the breasts of their uniforms. This mark of distinction is a rare one among the privates of the army. Exciting events were now to be the destiny of each day. Thrilling rumors concerning the surrounding

Indians were so plentiful as to seem to be floating on the air, inhaled by the inhabitants of the agency. The Indians about the agency were becoming decidedly hostile in spirit and in demonstrations. The war-cloud which had hung apparently suspended for some weeks seemed now about to break. Notwithstanding the increasing hostility of the Indians about the agency, on December 26th, four troops of the Seventh cavalry, commanded by Major Whiteside, left Pine Ridge in a terrific sandstorm, in an endeavor to intercept the band of Big Foot. Success was destined to be the fate of the brave soldiers of this veteran regiment.

For some reason, the military authorities were fearful of the presence and influence of Big Foot's tribe, and for a week had been making every possible effort to learn his location and destination. During the afternoon the Seventh cavalry removed to the northeast twenty miles; at evening, as dusk approached, some scattering Indians were encountered; but they could not be overtaken by the troops who rushed hotly in pursuit. A camp, on Wounded Knee creek, was established for the night. Attempts were made all the following day, by means of numerous scouting parties, to learn some tidings of the much-wanted Indians, but without avail. On Sunday the task was renewed, and about mid-day they were discovered—about ten miles distant—by Little Bat, a noted half-breed scout. The Indians were marching over the prairie, carelessly enough, in the direction of Pine Ridge Agency, and evidently wholly unaware of the near presence of the troops. The troops, upon this report, in haste set out from the camp on a gallop. As they neared the vicinity of the Indians, they moved stealthily and with caution. The troops were formed into line and, with a Hotchkiss gun in the center, they dismounted and lay quietly upon the ground, concealed near the top of a high ridge running across the plain, waiting for the Indians to approach, which they soon did, men, women, and children straggling along in an indifferent manner. An order was sent forward demanding an immediate surrender. Astonishment and consternation took possession of the Indians at the appearance of these unexpected cavalymen. Joy and exultation seemed to fill the breasts of these veteran troopers at the prospect of combat. The Indians soon recovered from their surprise, but were at a serious disadvantage to make any resistance incumbered as they were with women and children. After some delay spent in

parleying, during which a considerable number of Indians sought to congregate about the Hotchkiss piece, also, in a casual manner, to flank both ends of the line of troops, which maneuvers were promptly and sternly checked by the commander, Big Foot and band were prisoners of war. For once the Indians had been taken and overcome by surprise. The command was at once put in motion toward the camp on Wounded Knee, the Indians closely watched by the cavalrymen. Stringent measures were taken to guard them through the night. They still were in possession of their arms. Sullen anger was depicted upon each countenance. Their tepees for the night were pitched within the camp line of the troops. A chain guard encircled them. Loaded Hotchkiss guns were trained upon their camp from a slight elevation near by.

In the band were one hundred and forty bucks and some two hundred and fifty women and children. Many of this band were outlaw Indians, and with their reputation for desperateness, it was thought inadvisable to attempt to disarm them with the present number of troops, a number but few more than the number of male Indians. The mere presence of a larger body of troops was deemed to be a better insurance against any disturbance in disarming them. An Indian values his gun almost as life itself, and parts with it only from urgent necessity. A courier brought General Forsythe, with the remaining battalion of the Seventh cavalry, from Pine Ridge.

Soon after reveille in the morning most of the troops were mounted and massed about the Indian camp at varying distances. The Indian men were ordered to come from their tepees and stand in a line a few paces forward from their tepees, which, after considerable hesitation and demur, they were persuaded to do, one hundred and thirty-one in number. Every man of them was decorated in full war paint and clad in their hideous ghost shirts. About their shoulders was folded a blanket, under which was concealed a rifle or carbine, unknown to the soldiers about them. That they were on the eve of a bloody conflict entered the mind of neither officer nor private. Absolute safety was felt from attack or opposition by the superiority in numbers of the troops; and yet every precautionary measure was observed to produce an effect upon the Indians. Eight troops of cavalry and a few artillerymen were there present—nearly four hundred men. Two dismounted troops, one hundred in number, were placed within ten yards

of the Indian line. For one hour and more did these troops there stand, and yet not a suspicion was aroused as to these hidden guns. Twenty Indians were counted off and the order given to them to go to their tepees and turn over their arms. The designated Indians withdrew to the rear, and returned with two or three worthless guns. A search of the tents, women, and camp outfit was at once begun by a detachment of troops, ending by some forty pieces being found, nearly all of which were valueless as weapons. Surprised at this scarcity, when but the day previous all the Indians were seen to be well armed, the command was given to search the Indian men in the line. A detachment moved forward for the purpose, the order was about to be executed, when at this critical moment, without a word, a cry, or symptom of warning, a shot was fired and a soldier fell. The medicine man had reached forward to the ground for a handful of earth; he tossed it high above his head, threw back his blanket, and fired. Almost instantly, with hardly perceptible pause, was he followed by his comrades. So rapidly was this done, that the whole line of Indians had fired ere the soldiers realized and comprehended the situation.

But these veterans of our army, Custer's old command, were not for a moment thrown into confusion, unexpected as the assault was; it was an unexcelled instance of discipline. They stood their ground bravely, and soon a bloody carnage was ensuing. Single handed combats were many. Knife and Indian club wounds were numerous; but the fire was too close, too severe, to endure long at this short distance. The Indians stood heroically for a time, until fifty-two of their comrades were dead upon the spot, and then retreated back among their tepees, firing as rapidly as possible the meanwhile.

When the Indians had moved away from the troops, the Hotchkiss guns, not fifty yards distant, began sending their destructive little shells among them; this quickened their pace, causing them to run to the adjoining hills, or to take refuge in a neighboring ravine. The Indians were soon followed by the mounted troops, and as they refused to surrender in almost every instance when overtaken, very few Indian men lived to tell the story of that bloody day's treachery. As the Indians stood forward from their tents only a few yards, about which were the women and children, a large number of these latter were accidentally struck by the fire of the soldiery, before they could seek

shelter in the ravine or flee to the bluffs from the open prairie where the conflict was taking place. The results of the fight were disastrous to both sides. In reality, the brunt of the battle was borne by the two dismounted troops. Of the troops twenty-five were killed on the field, and thirty-five wounded; many of the latter died soon after from the severe character of their wounds.

Captain Wallace was among the dead, a man beloved alike by his brother officers and by the men of his troop. Wallace had acquired a reputation in the army, in a previous Indian war, equaled by few young officers, for bravery and skill in his profession. His death was deeply lamented by the whole command. Lieutenants Hawthorne and Garlington were among the severely wounded; the latter of arctic fame, who made an unsuccessful attempt to rescue Greeley in the frozen north.

The Indian loss was one hundred and sixteen dead, including Big Foot; and among the women and children, sixty or seventy killed and about the same number wounded; among the latter, a sister of Sitting Bull. The death and injuries of the women and children were much deplored, but, from their position, it was certainly unavoidable. No one could have shown them greater kindness than did these soldiers afterward when the opportunity was presented them in the hospital at Pine Ridge Agency.

The casualties were appalling, considering the numbers engaged, the most disastrous that had occurred in any Indian battle for thirty years, if we except the last fight of General Custer. It was indeed a severe lesson to the Indians. While nearly all the Indians had guns under their blankets, it is difficult to believe any large number contemplated engaging the troops. Subsequent consideration of many trifling incidents, not attracting attention at the time, seemed to confirm the supposition of some, that a considerable number did have that intention rather than give up their guns. But when the first gun was fired, owing to the close proximity of the contestants, there could be no opportunity to distinguish friend from foe. If there were those whose intentions were pacific at the onset, they seemed instantly to comprehend that their only chance for life was to fight—and to fight desperately. In their position that chance was indeed a poor one. Their misfortune, however, was brought on by the foolhardiness of some of their own people. Before night the Indians had set the

prairie on fire in every direction toward Pine Ridge Agency; miles of prairie were a slumbering mass of fire, and it was with much difficulty that the column hastened to the agency at night to the protection of that place with their dead and wounded. The Indians were left where they had fallen.

Upon the Seventh cavalry's arrival at Pine Ridge after midnight, they found the people gathered at that place panic-stricken and convulsed with fear. But few infantrymen were guarding the agency, and the Indians had occupied the afternoon shooting into the agency from the surrounding hills. The return of this force restored peace and order for a time. The following day a wagon train but two miles from the agency was attacked by a body of Indians. Two colored troopers were slain before assistance arrived. The Seventh cavalry pursuing the Indians for some miles brought on an engagement which lasted for several hours. The troops were unable to get near the Indians, who were scattered about, and estimated to be from six to eight hundred in number. As evening approached, the Ninth cavalry came to the relief of the Seventh, who were in a difficult position and surrounded by Indians. As the bugles sounded over the hills, denoting the coming of the Ninth, the Indians hurriedly fled. Less than a dozen were killed and wounded upon each side, the Indians keeping well protected during the combat. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Mann, the remaining officer of ill-fated troop K; he died soon afterward. After these two days of fighting, affairs began to assume a serious aspect. General Miles and the First infantry at once came to Pine Ridge Agency from the north. A decided change was at once manifest as to what would be the policy of the future. No more time would be spent in the endless coaxing; the hostile Brules were to be answered with decision. While this experienced officer made *another attempt* to tempt the hostiles from the Bad Lands, General Miles, with his accustomed energy, began making preparations and taking vigorous measures for a winter's campaign. Fortifications of earth and logs, behind which were mounted cannon and Gatling pieces, were placed upon the highest hills around the agency proper, while rifle pits were scooped out across the top of nearly every small knoll, within these outer breastworks. These signs did not pass unnoticed and unheeded by the Indians. It was the remedy needed. The Seventh cavalry was camped to the south of the agency, and hardly

enough troops were left in the agency to form a sufficient guard, most of the soldiers being sent to strengthen the huge military circle.

A period of indescribable panic and confusion now commenced, never to be forgotten by those who passed through it. The Indians, to the number of five or six thousand, had at last come out of the Bad Lands and were encamped ten miles away. General Miles had succeeded so far, yet the Indians refused to come to the agency and surrender. Almost hourly for several days were reports brought to the agency, by friendly Indians, that this large body of Indians were determined to come in at night and burn the agency and government storehouses. Each night was their firing kept up on the out-posts and picket lines, which gave color to the reports. As each night passed the attack was thought more certain to take place on the next. As day faded and darkness gathered, every living thing was infected with the terror and excitement of the hour. Numbers of half-breed women passed the night through, cringing with fear at the distant report of the guns. Their condition was pitiable to behold. Men, with demeanor hardly more manly, moved about with loaded weapons in their hands, not daring to sleep, such were their apprehensions of danger and attack.

As the first streaks of day dawned, unuttered prayers of gratitude were in the hearts of these creatures, that another day of life was before them. Time went by and the danger passed. From an Indian standpoint, it would have been the severest blow they could have inflicted upon the government, within their power, and it might have been accomplished with comparative ease by this large body of Indians. Grave apprehensions of danger were felt to be imminent beyond the borders of Pine Ridge Agency. Two regiments of the Nebraska militia, under Brigadier General Colby, were soon stationed at or near the towns along the Elkhorn railway, southward from the Indians. These militia did good service in quieting the fears of the people and in being ready to afford protection in case of necessity.

While the situation was becoming hopeful, the unfortunate death of an accomplished young officer, by the Indians, ensued. Lieutenant Casey, in command of the Cheyenne scouts, ventured too near the hostile camp and was shot as a spy. The grief over the loss of this young officer was sincere and heart-felt, but it must be said his own rashness was responsible for his death. He was a man who sincerely had the welfare of the Indian race at heart; in his death they lost a sympathetic friend.

General Miles had accomplished, so far, his object in preventing the Indians from scattering in small bands. Some attempts to disperse had been made by them, but they invariably had been driven back. Miles was putting his troops daily through a series of skillful maneuvers, to and fro ; however, not to such an extent as to seriously frighten the Indians. He was slowly, but surely, drawing this military circle of three thousand United States troops closer about the hostile camp. Vigilance was the watchword of troops and commander. The Indians were beginning to comprehend the danger of their position. Troops were between them and the Bad Lands, their stronghold, and it was hardly possible for any considerable number of them to escape through the ever tightening human band around them. Still defiant, many were beginning to see their helplessness and the folly of further resistance.

The collapse and end was not far away. The *Brules* indeed, were still fierce and ready for war, while the *Ogallalas*, under Red Cloud and Little Wound, who had fled to the *Brules* after the Wounded Knee fight, wished to leave the *Brules* and surrender. Bitter dissensions were known to exist in the hostile camp. The rival factions clashed daily and often came to blows. The *Ogallalas* several times attempted to desert the *Brules*, but were prevented by force. A few chiefs of the former tribes finally succeeded in getting to General Miles, and held a council upon the terms to be granted them ; unconditional surrender was the demand. The Sixth cavalry and Carr were only twenty miles to the north ; the Indians must decide quickly, and yet they hesitated from day to day.

The man for the emergency was at hand. Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, who had been absent in Wyoming for some months, suddenly returned to the agency. He was one of the four most powerful of the *Sioux* chiefs, and what was more, he was a friend of the white man. Through his ability and by his directions, the *Ogallalas* *did* desert their comrades, and joined the large friendly camp of the same tribe on the south side of the agency. The *Brules* would not yet abandon the struggle, hopeless as it was becoming. Under the pressure of troops, however, they again moved up, this time to within three miles of the agency. The troops were moved sufficiently to keep the Indians uneasy without making a positive hostile demonstration. The *Brules* young men were wild and fierce at their position.

Pandemonium reigned in their camp. They fought one another. It seemed that they were drawn as by a magnet nearer and nearer the goal, against their individual will and inclination. Should no unfortunate accident occur, it was deemed now that the end was near at hand. Time, and time alone, would cool their warlike ardor. That element was best needed to do the remainder after this prolonged period of excitement. Councils were held in vain. No definite promises could be obtained from General Miles. Kindness was awarded the Brules on every hand. Gifts of provisions and tobacco were plenty. Their hearts must soften. Again they moved nearer. Troops were in sight all about them, and the great Indian scare was terminated by the Brules signifying their intention to move into the agency.

The ending was picturesque; the Indians' vanity for theatrical parade was strikingly exhibited. Kicking Bear, a Brule leader and the ghost dancing chief, strode forward with haughty step and form erect, with folded arms; he sternly eyed the military commander; defiance faced defiance for the moment; but in recognition of submission, this proud savage humbly laid his carbine at the feet of General Miles. What three months before had threatened to develop into an extensive and bloody war had been averted; but not before a large part of three states had been effectually frightened. The result had been accomplished by tedious persuasion and gentleness rather than by force, yet the lesson administered at Wounded Knee had not been without its effect. The punishment of treachery was swift, the voice of governmental authority must be obeyed.

Fully ten thousand Indians were camped about Pine Ridge. Quiet for a time ensued; then a demand was made for the Brules to surrender their arms. Less than a hundred were voluntarily obtained. It was thought best not to enforce this order by seizure. The Indians were too many in number, the outcome of such a course would be doubtful if the Indians should resist. The Brules were soon sent to their own reservation at Rosebud; and some time afterward, without pretext and without ostentation, thirty of the leaders of the trouble, including the famous Kicking Bear and Short Bull, were obtained and transported to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. Later it was thought that European travel might be beneficial to them; that it might awaken inclinations by which they might profit by beholding civilization abroad—if not in their own country,—by viewing the sights and the

musty monuments of the old world; accordingly, under the chaperonage of Colonel Cody, many of these Brule captives accompanied that gentleman to foreign shores. The grand finale was a review of all the troops engaged in the campaign, by General Miles, and soon most of them were homeward bound to their several posts.

It is worth while to notice that the progressive and Christian Indians, those who had been influenced by Indian schools, were almost universally loyal. They participated in none of the disturbances, and were unaffected by the Messiah craze. Some, indeed, were forced by circumstances or by their chiefs to go to the Bad Lands, but they contributed no small part to the final termination by their desertion of the hostiles at the critical moment. These friendlies suffered greatly by their loyalty, in having their property ruined or stolen. The government was prompt in its legislative action, and made an appropriation immediately to reimburse them for their loss. This justice of the government at once allayed antagonistic feelings, which it was thought might terminate in future trouble. Had not this appropriation been made at once and when needed, resentment would have displaced friendship among many of these loyal Indians, which would have been the principal source of apprehension as to any renewal of the trouble in the spring of 1891.

As has been stated before, the disturbances were instigated and fostered by the young men. The ghost dance had its purpose in the minds of aspiring leaders. But the Sioux had grievances; at least a portion of them had; no prospect of redress being visible, ambitious chiefs were ready to seize the opportunity. The very large reduction of the great Sioux reservation, brought about by the Sioux commission, composed of Major Warner, General Crook, and the present secretary of the treasury, Foster, some time previous, had been a constant source of dissatisfaction, especially among the young men. While the reduction was made with the consent of a large majority, it was bitterly opposed by an influential minority, who afterwards allowed no opportunity to pass to stir up dissension among those who had favored the agreement in consideration of certain allowances. A change was made by the committee in the boundary line between the Rosebud and the Pine Ridge reservations. The line had been replaced farther eastward, and consequently had given more land to the Ogallalas, who report to the agency at Pine Ridge. The Brules thus affected were

given other quarters equally as good. No trouble or hardship was made them, but owing to their irritable mood dissatisfaction prevailed. The boundary line was thus changed to make the amount of land proportionate to the number of Indians at each agency; the Ogallalas exceeding the Brules in number.

Two censuses taken, each by special agents Lea and Wright of the Indians at Rosebud, showed that the Rosebud Indians had been drawing rations largely in excess of what was due the actual number of Indians at that place. A decrease of rations at once took place, based upon the census. Again, one condition promised by the Sioux committee, in lieu of the lands ceded away, was the unchanged amount of provisions per capita. Not long afterward, by the reduced and delayed appropriations of congress, the amount of rations and supplies were for a time reduced. No suffering or want was necessitated, but those who opposed the cession of lands did not forget or allow others to forget their position on that question at that time. The next year, the winter of 1891, after the disturbance, congress put the rations back to the former amount by appropriating sufficient funds. The question of rations is of supreme importance to the Indian; nothing, in fact, lies so close to his heart. The amount of his happiness is measured by the amount of rations obtainable.

These are, in brief, the principal causes of dissatisfaction that led to the hostile position assumed by the Sioux; and they apply more particularly to the Brule Sioux than to the other branches of that tribe. Other reasons were now and then heard of, but they were on the whole unworthy of notice.

Belief in the ghost dance among the Sioux has long since passed away. The Indian victims at Wounded Knee and other places wherever reliance was placed in the ghost shirt to prove the ineffectiveness of bullets, have all tended to enlighten the less intelligent among them regarding this unique theory. Many Indians bitterly resented the consequences of this delusion, into which they and their friends had been led by their leaders and others. Since 1876-7 no trouble of note had been experienced with the Sioux Indians. In that time many thousands of male children had risen to the estate of young manhood. The traditions of their race are all of war. A large number of these young men were ardent sympathizers of the young chiefs in their efforts to inaugurate a war, as decidedly in its favor as the

older Indians were opposed to it. It offered a means for them to elevate themselves to distinction among their fellows, and as young blood is full of ambition and spirit, they naturally at once favored any avenue leading to that end.

Schools and education among these Indians are fast accomplishing their task. Most of the schools are largely attended voluntarily by the children, and with the consent of their parents. Thus progress and contentment are rapidly on the increase. Every year marks a greater proportionate change in this direction. Many of the older and most powerful war chiefs in their prime are enthusiastic reformers, and personally take an interest in these changes for the welfare of their people, and freely discuss with the authorities plans and ideas leading to that result. Many of the real, influential men among these (the Sioux) Indians to-day are those who endorse and assist in these progressive tendencies. It will not be many years ere the sullen, idle brave of the past, disdainful of labor, will have no important place among them. Theirs is a peculiar nature. Patience and kindness to guide them while they learn the habits and benefits of civilized life is the rule needed. Sensitive to rebuff and pained by sternness, it is only necessary now carefully to nurture these ideas awakened at last among a considerable number of these Indians. Education will swiftly do its work when actual interest is manifested. The intelligent Indian among the Sioux knows as well as his white brother that the race is doomed to extinction if it continues in the paths of ignorance and idleness. Those who are the real lovers of the welfare and happiness of their people, and there are many such Indians, are the sincerest supporters and patrons of the changed conditions. May the time be not far distant when this hitherto unfortunate race of people shall be welcomed into the ranks of the prosperous and happy among the heterogeneous people of this continent.

O. P. MASON.

A paper read before the State Historical Society, January 13, 1892, by Judge
J. H. Broady.

The first settlers of a country stamp their impress upon it more than any other people.

In the beginning of this great commonwealth, Nebraska was a vast treeless plain of wild, weird desolation, in the winter traversed by blizzards, and in summer the thunder's home. In the absence of these tumults of the elements, the day was awfully silent, stirred only by the chance appearance of untamed beasts, and the scattering, sly steps of uncivilized men; and the night was made hideous by the howling of the wolf, and the hooting of the owl. There was nothing about it "buttoned up," and it was no field for "buttoned-up people."

The economy of creation is such that characters at the proper time are provided to fit every occasion. The time had come for the Great Creator to commence to change the Great American Desert, which had been truly named, to one of the most fertile lands, inhabited by one of the most refined and enlightened peoples on the big round globe. Among other things there was to be a character of superlative individuality and strength, at times as severe, rough, and tempestuous as the storms of winter, and at times as tender and soft as the moonshine of summer—a son of thunder, who fed on broad-gauge, rough-and-tumble contests.

At Nebraska City, on the evening of the 10th day of July, 1855, the hour and the man had come. He was twenty-six years old. In height, nearly six feet; in weight, one hundred and thirty-five pounds; five pounds less than T. M. Marquett then weighed; he was straight and slim; his chest full and deep, and his shoulders broad; his head was covered all over with bushy, jet-black, curly hair; his complexion a clear blood-red; his prominent dark-gray lustrous eyes seemed crowded by the head packed in so close all around them. His features were regular but indicative of uncommon strength. His was a physique that might well be the envy of men.

J. Sterling Morton says: "I remember perfectly well his personal appearance when he came to the territory in 1855. His hair was very black and curly. He weighed not to exceed one hundred and forty pounds. Physically he was the perfection of strenuous, ambitious, fiery young manhood."

When O. S. Fowler saw him, he paused to exclaim: "What a splendid animal." And so it was; so much so, that the strong intellect and moral sentiment seated in its dome could not control it.

In speech he was exceedingly fluent, magnetic, aggressive, and full of fervor, abounding in flights of imagination and fancy, and his mind moved like a hurricane. But for "that chip on his shoulder," he would have made an orator who would have tied the populace to his chariot wheels.

This was O. P. Mason. From the start he fought his own battles; combativeness was his predominant trait.

Those were days of democratic supremacy and patronage, when it was common for men who had political aspirations to take the democratic side; not so with Mason; he took the weaker side as was his nature. He at once took front rank as a public speaker. Such a character was bound to go to the front, in such a place. He at once became a champion in claim contests, and against the Claim Club laws.

In 1858 he was elected to the lower house of the legislature. Two years after, he was elected to the council, the upper house, in which he continued until the territory became a state.

In the meantime his reputation as a lawyer had grown and spread all over the country. He was most noted as a criminal lawyer. He successfully defended more men charged with murder than any lawyer in the territory. It is said that in Richardson county alone, which does not even adjoin the county of his residence, he had eight such cases.

He was a leader of leaders in the formation and adoption of the constitution under which the territory was admitted as a state. During the campaign for the adoption of the constitution and election of officers to administer it, the anti-state party called a meeting at Brownville, with the notorious George Francis Train, who was then operating at Omaha, and was at the height of his fame as an orator, as the speaker. When Train came, the local leaders of the state party, in-

cluding Charley Dorsey, now of Beatrice, dispatched to Nebraska City for their champion, O. P. Mason. Mason drove down at night in time to hear Train. As soon as Train stopped speaking, Mason mounted the platform, and proceeded with a most terrific attack against Train and his speech. As Sam Jones would say, very soon fragments of bones, bowels, hide, toe nails, and hair were scattered all over the grounds. Train tried in vain to suppress the speaker, but finally retired in disgust, leaving his burly antagonist in full possession of the field. The balance of the night that historic town was hardly large enough for the state party.

In Chief Justice Mason's dissenting opinion in *Brittle v. People*, 2 Nebraska, 226, he says of the drafting of that constitution, in which he was such a factor, "A small number of men, without authority of law, drew up the constitution."

On the constitutional and political struggles, at the birth of Nebraska as a state into the Union, I adopt the language of Hon. Charles H. Brown: "At this session of the legislature, Hon. O. P. Mason was a member of the council and took an active and influential part in the drafting of the constitution, as well as in securing the passage of a bill submitting it to the people for adoption or rejection.

"The constitution was drafted in the office of Hon. W. A. Little, which was located at about number 1506 Farnam Street, Omaha. Nightly those in favor of a state government used to meet at Mr. Little's office and discuss and formulate the provisions of that organic act. By this, I mean those who were the most ardent and persistent favorers of state government, met at the above mentioned place and "got up" the constitution. The men who were the most efficient in this measure, as I now recollect their names, were W. A. Little, who was elected first chief justice over Mason; Judge William Kellogg (not Pitt), O. P. Mason, E. B. Taylor, G. B. Lake, Judge Maxwell, Governor Saunders, and A. S. Paddock. Of course, there were others who were conspicuous in their labors, in the adoption of the old first constitution. As I now remember, it was, in the main, drafted by W. A. Little, Judge Kellogg, O. P. Mason, E. B. Taylor, and G. B. Lake.

At the time the measure was first introduced into the legislature, with the bill submitting it to the vote of the people, it encountered strong opposition; but the constitutionalists, by hard work, succeeded in converting some of the opposition, and neutralizing the influence of others,

and in the end carried the measure by a good majority vote of the legislature. Mason worked incessantly and aggressively for the submission of the bill. An examination of the legislative journals will disclose the fact that Mason in early days did much towards founding the institutions of our state, and impressing his character and ability on the laws of Nebraska. He possessed a wonderful individuality. It was strong and at all times most assertive, and he loved the excitement of a powerful and doubtful conflict, as in such a contest he found an opportunity to use with effect the large resources of his mind. He was a man of mark and would have been in any community. The early pioneers of the state were men of great mental strength."

The Hon. William A. Little, mentioned by Mr. Brown, was a man of commanding talent—a born leader of men. He was the only man on the democratic ticket elected. Mason was the only man on the republican ticket defeated. Mason met Little in that campaign with

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Ever after that, Mason spoke of Little in words of unstinted praise, and with a feeling of devout personal friendship he rarely displayed. In the halo of his own gallantry, Judge Mason arose phoenix-like to the height of his glory with all parties, from the ashes of defeat. Very soon after his election, and before he ever occupied the bench, Chief Justice Little died. On June 15, 1867, following the admission of Nebraska into the Union on March 2, Governor David Butler, whom Dr. Geo. L. Miller says was by nature the nearest to the masses of all Nebraska's public men, filled the vacancy by appointing Oliver Perry Mason chief justice of the supreme court of Nebraska. At the next general election the people ratified the appointment.

Having glanced at the career of this striking character from the time he crossed the Mississippi river till he became chief justice of the state, let us go back to where, perhaps, we should have started.

Judge Mason was born on a farm at Brookfield, Madison county, New York, on the 13th of May, 1829, of English-Irish ancestry that traces back to the army of Oliver Cromwell. He came in about the middle of a family of eleven children. He was the conspicuous child, who in mental and physical characteristics took intensely from his mother, his father being just the opposite. His parents being poor, and with a large family, were unable to furnish the children with

more than a common school education. But by some "hook or crook" Oliver got the selection for a place in the normal school at Albany, where he graduated.

Getting away from home, he learned that the world was wide, which may have had much to do with the whole channel of his life. When she was a little school girl, he took a fancy for Mary J. Turner, of Munsville, in the same county of Madison, which he followed up more than her father, who was a man of property, thought best. Mr. Turner was instrumental in getting young Mason off to Texas, on a Texas pony expedition, as a cure. Mason's life in Texas had a smack of romance, insurrection, and tragedy, in which he was shot and wounded. After Texas, he taught school and studied law in Ohio, where he was admitted to the bar in 1854. The same year he went back for his girl, who was then nineteen, and got her. They were married at her home, all opposition having been overcome. His wife was with him when he came to Nebraska.

We now find this son of a poor farmer, this gallant lover, this Texas ranger, this Ohio school teacher and law student, this stormy territorial politician and brilliant lawyer, at thirty-eight years old, the head member of the supreme bench, as Nebraska starts in the sisterhood of states.

As a member of the supreme court he fully maintained his high reputation for legal ability. His work there is recorded more fully than I have time now to do, in the published reports. His decisions show a clear conception of the vitals of the case, and they cannot be misunderstood. In these he expresses himself with a glowing vigor that will attract even the general reader. The only criticism is that he too often displayed too much of his individuality and combativeness.

There were three judges of the supreme court, who also held the several district courts of the state, each having a district containing one-third of the state.

Mason's district was the southern part of the state, extending from the Kansas line to the northern boundary of Otoe county. As a judge he usually had a rough exterior, but back of that a fine, warm, and active sense of justice, and a largeness and courage that caused him to change his rulings and reverse himself when he concluded, as he often did, that he had gone wrong.

While he enjoyed the approbation of others, he was not what is termed an opinionated man. He did not think his own assertion settled things. It was no uncommon thing for him at night, in thinking over his rulings of the day, to conclude that he had decided wrong, and in the morning correct the error.

While his manner and style on the bench often intimidated and discouraged young attorneys who did not understand him, a presentation of either sense or authority always received an appreciative response. He grasped the decisive points of a controversy readily, and his legal learning was extensive, enabling him to pursue the subject in all its bearings in the full light of precedent. He despised toadyism to the strong. In his court, it seemed, if there was any difference, that the preferable side was where both attorney and client were of the minority political party and opposed to the politics of the judge. If he believes, at this moment, that I am guilty of that fault, he will, if he can, rise up in resentment from the tomb, like Ossian's ghosts "In the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shrieked at once on the hollow wind." His inclination was to side with the weak. If he had been in the conclave of knights when Rebecca of Ivanhoe appealed to trial by battle he would have turned against his own side and volunteered as the champion to do battle for the Jewess. He had an irresistible impulse to tramp on dudes—dudes of all sorts, dudes in dress, dudes in scholarship, dudes in politics, dudes in rhetoric, and dudes in oratory, which displayed itself towards John J. Ingalls when he came into his court in Tecumseh, from Atchison.

Once in his court in Brownville, a poor fellow called Buck McDaniel was indicted. Defendant was drunk, but free from artifice. The issue of "Not guilty" was formed according to a dudish way that Judge Mason had adopted, by reading the indictment to defendant, having him say, "Not guilty," and then the clerk say to him, "You are guilty." Then Buck looked at the clerk with contempt from the bottom of his boots, and turning to the judge, said: "Maybe this clerk of yours knows more about this than I do." This was more powerful than an army with banners to move Judge Mason to drop this nonsensical "jaw-back" of the clerk.

At another time in his court, at Brownville, where the popular saloon keeper of the town was on trial for some sort of whiskey crime,

an inoffensive, good-natured, but intensely earnest German, whom everybody, including the judge, well knew, came into court "pretty full." He stopped in the middle of the room and stood awhile, then said: "Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason, *Mr. Mason*," till he caught the eye of the judge, then proceeded in the deliberate, quiet, happy-go-lucky style of a mellow man: "It is my obinion dot Billy Valleau is not guilty," and then old Wentil Grant sat down. All was still. If such a thing had been done by one of more importance, a storm would have arisen from the bench that would have made the rafters rattle. The judge first scowled, then tucked down his head, as was his habit, his eyes sweeping the room, then showing a merry twinkle, but he said not a word. He had conquered his verbosity. Then in a voice of ethereal mildness, he said to the state's attorney: "The prosecutor will proceed." Although he had more talent than tact, at times he was master of the latter. This was one of those times. The case went right and justice was done. The jurors were of that rough-and-ready caste who would, in their verdict, as he well knew, have retaliated against any "big-injun" game from the bench.

I will refer to another case. Jake Bear, the express agent at Brownville, embezzled from the express company. He fled. The company pursued him like blood-hounds on the trail. In about two years they caught him, away off in Oregon, and brought him back for trial. Mason was on the bench. Bear pleaded guilty. At length, he told the story of his life. He told how he had been buffeted "by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He told the dismal tale of the two dark years with the detectives on the hunt. He told how his identity must be concealed; how he was in the dark as to his young wife and two babies, he knew not how nor where they were, nor whether dead or alive; and he dare not write nor ask. When he threw himself on the mercy of the court, and placed himself, as it were, in the hollow of the judge's hand, the tears copiously streamed down Judge Mason's cheeks, and he passed the lightest sentence the law allowed. Before the time expired, Bear was pardoned, presumably through the influence of Judge Mason.

Few men have been so successful as he was, in life-long efforts, through a vanity to always appear stern and strong, to conceal his better nature, and create a false and detrimental estimate of his real character. Hon. J. Sterling Morton aptly says: "He really had a

warm and generous heart. He in vain would endeavor to make one believe he had no heart at all. He endeavored at times to appear a cynic, and while to the casual acquaintance the endeavor may have appeared a success, to those who knew him best it was always a consummate failure."

True to his instinct for the side of the weak, or those in any way under disadvantage, he favored woman suffrage, and advocated it in the constitutional convention of 1871. He was among the most powerful and effective members of that convention, and his mark was conspicuous in the constitution it framed. It is said, and generally believed, that that constitution died of an overdose of O. P. Mason.

In January, 1873, he retired from the bench and returned to the bar, where he remained the balance of his life. He at once took a conspicuous place in the front rank of his profession. The next year his wife died. This seems to have been the beginning of the decline in his career. She was the balance he so much stood in need of. She was a lady of delicate and slight stature, but her work in the domain of home was far beyond the capacity of most women. She had in the superlative degree fidelity and affection, which are woman's crowning glory. Nebraska City, and all the country round about, are full of her praises, which will go in tradition to generations to come. Judge Mason was a man of deep affection for his family. When away holding court, or crossing the prairies from one county to another, his conversation, ever and anon, would revert to his wife and children at home. All who were very intimate with him knew the good traits of his wife, and the characteristics of his children. When at home, his little millennium had come, when that little wife of his would do with him as she would, as the little child shall lead the lion.

Soon after the death of his wife he moved to Lincoln. He became more careless and reckless. He had grown corpulent and continued to grow more so, until he was incumbered with a surplussage of flesh, which played sad havoc with his shape, and modified his former activity and pride.

At the bar he was, as he formerly had been, most prominent in criminal cases of high degree. He was in no sense a technical lawyer. He was not cast in the mould for continuity of research in dry, abstruse, and complicated branches of the law. He was a student, but not so

much exactly in the law as in the border-land between statesmanship and law. He studied not so much what the law actually was, as what it ought to be; and while he was always strong, there are branches of the law in which he did not excel. But for forensic eloquence to the court, on broad fundamental principles of public policy, and as an advocate before a jury, as the champion of the oppressed, in cases of fraud and outrage, he remained until his death, among Nebraska lawyers, altogether matchless. The life of the law was what he most cared for. He was always agreeable to the court. He took some pride in the fact that he had defended so many people charged with murder, and none of them had been hanged. He was much worried over the outcome of the Bohanan case, while it looked as if his record was to be broken, but fate came to the rescue.

In later years, at the bar, he did not come up to expectation from the splendor of his former record. This was not because he had been overrated, but because the circumstances had changed. He himself had changed, and he had lost his great domestic balance. And times had also changed. It was no longer the age of chivalry. It was no longer the primitive, formative, and heroic period, when individuality was everything. It was an age of discipline, and no other man suffered more for the want of that. He would not be disciplined. Like Roderick Dhu, he would not be

"Moved by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws."

A denser population had brought its fixed formulas, refinements, and requirements of doing things by the combinations of the obscured individualities of many. He refused to surrender his individuality, his combativeness, or verbosity. He stood out in the solitude of his own individuality as a monumental reminder of other days, like the gnarled and shaggy oak, sometimes found solitary and alone on the high bluffs of the Missouri river, with its scars from the Nebraska winds and the Indian fires of the long ago.

He was not of the cast to accumulate fortunes. Money was not his idol. He always had political aspirations, and but for his willful efforts to the contrary, the public might have understood that he was born among the common people, and that in sympathy and in habits, he lived among the common people. Had he kept out of his own light, lesser men could not, as they did, have kept him at bay, which

galled him to the quick. At times he was morose and sour, and sometimes very rude. For example, a woman came to him with a bogus Sherman county warrant for collection. She went from him to Marquett. Marquett wanted to know what Mason said. She did not want to tell. Marquett insisted. Then said the woman: "He said, Madam, long after you and I are both dead and in hell, Sherman county will still live, and it may be, that in the course of ten thousand years, some man may arise of genius so transcendent as to be able to collect this warrant."

If he had been a more perfect man, he would have been a less conspicuous character. He stood in his own light. He was not one of those rare heroes who conquer themselves. Had he had the tenacity of purpose to be such, and the cool steady will of a General Grant to support it, increased success must have staid with him to the end. That trait made Grant the greatest captain of his time. He had the most unconquerable will in either army. There is nothing on this earth so invincible as an indomitable will. Strength and support nestle up to its side, and difficulties vanish from before it, like ghosts before a rising sun. We don't know why they go, nor where they go, but they get out of the way.

Mason was generally either in heaven or hell. The difference between heaven and hell is the difference between looking at the bright side and looking at the dark side of things. The only way to go to either is to take it with you. Heaven is everywhere and hell is there also.

Mason firmly believed in the immortality of the soul, and he also believed that he recognized and communicated with the spirit of his departed wife. Under date of December 14, 1889, he wrote to his nephew in answer to news of impending death of one of his brothers, as follows: "Death, it seems to me, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his Father's house into another that is fair, and large, and lightesome, glorious, and divinely entertaining."

He died at Lincoln on the 18th day of August, 1891, and was buried at Nebraska City beside the graves of his wife and five little daughters who had gone before. He leaves surviving him four daughters, namely: Jessie Ella, wife of Fred L. Harris; Grace Adams, wife of Hiland H. Wheeler; Alice Cathleen, wife of T. L. Teasdale; Bessie Buttrick, wife of E. O. Bradley.

He is gone from the "little dusky room" where he was so much misunderstood, let us hope "into another that is fair, and large, and lightsome, glorious, and divinely entertaining."

In his death Nebraska lost a great character, whose duplicate will not be produced, whose individuality stood solitary and alone, and whose brain was active and effective in the making of the state, and whose name shall be everlasting in its history.

JUDGE JAMES W. SAVAGE.

A paper read before the State Historical Society at its annual meeting January 12, 1892, by Hon. C. A. Baldwin, of Omaha.

Oft and again, within the past few years, has the pale flag of death been planted in the midst of this Society, and now, standing beneath its sombre shades, we look about us and are admonished of the frailty of human existence. We see that there is no armor impenetrable to the shafts hurled by the great destroyer, Death. Birth, rank, station, are but shadows, not substantial things. Sadly we realize that "there is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, but has its vacant chair." It is well, therefore, that we pause for one brief hour to consider

"Humanity's poor sum and story,
Life, death, and all there is of earthly glory."

And to-night we would pay our heartfelt tribute of respect to the memory of one who was at all times an active, earnest worker in the field of labor here, a learned and faithful lawyer, a just and conscientious jurist, a much loved and greatly respected citizen, James W. Savage.

On the 22d day of November, 1890, at his home in Omaha, after a brief illness, at an age but little past the meridian, at latest in the early afternoon of his day of life, surrounded by all those conditions that tend to make life here most pleasant, and while journeying under a clear and cloudless sky, on a smooth and unruffled sea, with most favoring winds, his ship of life went suddenly down, and he to his death.

It was known to all that his life was in great peril; but we thought of him as the picture of health and physical strength that he had so

recently presented. We remembered that but a few days before, and during the term of our court then in session, he had been in his accustomed place, attending to his business in court, with all the strength and vigor of former years. We could not, did not, come to feel that his day of life was so near an end. From his sick chamber we were advised of the cheerful courage with which he bore his illness. We knew that he was surrounded by those who would bestow upon him all of that care and attention that comes from a loving family, true friends; and the most skillful medical attention and treatment. But to his attendants, as each day passed, it was easily discernible that his disease was fast undermining his recuperative powers; that his physical strength grew less and less each day. His cheerful courage, however, gave great hope to his friends of his ultimate recovery. No such hope presented itself to his medical advisers, who saw the deadly work of the disease preying upon him. A consultation of the most eminent physicians and surgeons, men in whom he had great confidence, resulted in a proposition to attempt an arrest of his disease by an intricate surgical operation. He deliberately considered and weighed the chances offered him, then turning to his medical advisers, with truer courage, and greater bravery than that of Napoleon, who in mid-winter at the foot of the Alps, with his vast army, sought to cross the mountain; and who, inquiring of his engineers if the route was practicable, on being told by them "barely passable" commanded his army to "to move forward." Judge Savage, having inquired of his physicians if by the surgical operation they proposed, the way for his restoration to health was made practicable, and being told "barely possible," said "Proceed, gentlemen, science may be benefited, if I am not." The courage of one, was that of a selfish, heartless, military despot, clothed with power, sending other men to great suffering, peril, and probable death; the other, of a Christian and a philanthropist, who alone took the fearful responsibility of the order. The operation was successfully performed but his powers of endurance were overtaxed; the shock was too great, and he, as well as his attendants, recognized the fact that the time for his departure was close at hand. He spoke of dying without fear, and as one in anticipation of a pleasant journey. Having before that time put his worldly matters in perfect order, he quietly waited for the time to come when he would start on the looked-for journey that would bring to him much needed rest. He spoke of

those that had gone before, and of meeting them beyond death's dark river, just as he would have spoken were he in health, and contemplating a journey to England for the purpose of meeting friends there. Truly it may be said of him, he estopped death of its sting, and the grave of its victory over him.

On the morning after his death, it being announced in court, an adjournment was taken to attend his funeral; and the judges and most of the bar of the district, together with a very large number of our people, went to his late residence to pay their tribute of respect to his memory. Brief funeral services were had, and then the casket containing his body was brought from the house and placed upon a catafalque beneath a canopy of his country's flags, the stars and stripes thereon reflecting back the proud record of his soldier life. An opportunity being given, hundreds looked again upon that familiar face. Then, in compliance with the wish he had expressed, the further conduct of his funeral was placed in charge of the Loyal Legion, of which order he had been an honored member. Slowly and with solemn tread the funeral cortege bore his body to its last resting-place, and near the close of that sad day all that was mortal of him whose memory we to-night would honor and respect, was laid to rest in its narrow house of clay; and as the solemn words "earth to earth, dust to dust" were being spoken, in pursuance of the rights of the order so in charge, a soldier with his bugle "sounded taps," the military order "lights out," and all was over. But to him that bugle sound was not necessary, the light of his life was already out, and as that bugle sound went reverberating from hill to hill it was echoed back upon our ears but to pain and sadden the heart.

Alone, and in that dark and cheerless grave, we left his body. The wintry blasts sweep over it and disturb him not; the springtime comes with its warm and genial sun, bringing with it the fragrant flowers and the music of the feathered songsters, but to him there is no change; ever and forever the cold, damp, cheerless house of clay. Eternal solitude is his; and there we must

"Let his lifeless body rest,
He is gone that was its guest;
Gone as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve."

But of all men whom I have met, and from whom been parted by

death's relentless power, I know of no one, were it possible to open their mute lips and obtain an answer, of whom I would so anxiously inquire as of him—

“Traveler, in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast, aerial space
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?”

No answer can come. We cannot know; but this we do know, that the daily journal of his life is made up, the record thereof is complete; and with that record, inspired by the Christian's hope, we trust he has gone before a tribunal for final judgment thereon where infinite wisdom reigns, where no error can creep in, and where perfect justice will be done him.

From an intimate acquaintance with Judge Savage, of almost daily association at the bar and on the bench, for twenty-two years of his Nebraska life, I will speak of the record he made, as I understand it. As I commence to do so it does seem to me that I can hear his familiar voice speaking to me in the language that Cromwell addressed to his artist, “Paint me as I am,” speak of me as I was. This I will most faithfully attempt to do.

Judge Savage was born at Bradford, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, February 2, 1826. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, was educated at Harvard, graduating therefrom in 1847. He spent the following year as a tutor in a private family in Georgia. At the expiration of that year he returned to his New England home and commenced the study of law, and was admitted to practice in 1850, at the age of twenty-four years. He then went to New York, where he commenced the practice of law, continuing in practice there until July, 1861, when he enlisted in the military service and was appointed on the staff of Gen. John C. Fremont, with the rank of captain. In the fall of that year General Fremont was removed from his command; Major Savage, as he was then called, went to Washington, where he remained until the following March, when Fremont was reinstated, and Savage was reappointed on his staff with rank of lieutenant-colonel.

In 1863 he obtained authority from Governor Seymour, of New

York, to organize a regiment. He raised the Twelfth New York cavalry and was made its colonel. He continued in active service until the war closed, when he went to Mississippi and engaged in cotton raising for a couple of years, and in 1867 came to Omaha, Nebraska, where he at once opened a law office and engaged in the active practice of the law. He continued in the practice until the fall of 1875, when he was elected judge of the then Third judicial district. He was re-elected in 1879, resigning his office shortly after the close of the second term by reason of ill health. He remained a bachelor until 1875, when he was married to Mrs. Lucy T. Morris. Of his life and record as a soldier I know little, but this I do know, that when the white dove of peace again found a resting place for its feet, on this, our torn and distracted land, and law and order reigned, he laid down his sword, put off the tinsel and showy trappings of war, never to be resumed by him again, unless in obedience to his country's call for his services.

I can produce, and will here give the testimony of a gentleman who, as a soldier, served under him, and could and did speak intelligently of him. I met this gentleman on a trip I was taking east some years since; he, learning that I was from Omaha, inquired of me about Colonel Savage, then I of him about Colonel Savage's record as a soldier. In answer to my inquiry he, in short, said, a braver man and one whose true courage was less questioned, never lived. That his courage was not of the kind evinced by words, rash or useless demonstrations. That whether directing his command at a dress parade, to the soul-inspiring music of a trained band, or leading them into the fierce furies of a raging battle, to the dread music of the clash of arms, the rattle of musketry and the cannon's awful roar, where death and carnage reigned supreme on every side, he was the same careful, thoughtful, but active and efficient soldier and trusted commander, ever acting from a conscientious sense of duty to be performed. He did whatever was required of him by his superiors without hesitation, without question, and without debate, and he expected and exacted the same service of the men he commanded. He was a strict disciplinarian, yet ever watchful and careful of his men, and as tender of the sick and wounded sufferers as a woman. I accepted that testimony as entirely reliable, and turn it over to you as such.

Through all of his life he devoted much time to literary pursuits,

and delighted most in making researches into the past; he, with his own pen, added many pages to the ponderous volume of historical literature, of most interesting and valuable matter. He traveled largely in the broad fields of classic literature, gathering rich gems of thought from the poets there, with which he stored his mind for future use. As a Shakespearean student he stood but little behind the most advanced. In his library he had collected the leading published editions of Shakespeare's writings. On his visit to England a few years since, he purchased at a large price one of the earliest, rarest published editions extant, that he might come nearer and nearer to its author by consulting the same. He never doubted that the "Bard of Avon" was the true author of the works ascribed to him. He took no stock in Donnellyism, and when in England he visited the church at Stratford-on-Avon—in the chancel of which was placed the body of Shakespeare—to do homage to his memory at his shrine there.

But it is as a lawyer and a judge I knew him best. For twenty years and more, at the bar and on the bench, we met almost daily in the pursuit of our profession. He was not what is called a great or a profound lawyer; to reach that position requires great and constant labor in the one direction. He had neither taste nor inclination to seek results by the way of cold, heartless logic and abstract principles of law; yet he was a careful, safe, and prudent adviser, and a fairly successful practitioner. In his time he had familiarized himself with the writings of Blackstone, Kent, Story, and other elementary works; and had stored his mind with the fruits of legal knowledge thus obtained for future use; when occasion required, he took from the store that was garnered there, without resorting to the labor of re-reading, to enable him to pass judgment upon the question before him. He remembered well what he had read, and, with his well disciplined mind, made good use of that which was in point, touching the matter he was considering. Nor was he what we call a "case lawyer," that is, he did not spend his time in searching the reports to find how many times the question had been determined one way and how many times another, that he might strike a balance and tender the result; nor that he might pursue the one line thereof most favorable to his immediate purpose. If the question had been passed upon by our own supreme court he recognized the decision so made as the law, and followed it. He was not what is called an orator, and yet, before a

court or jury his style and manner of speaking secured for him, and he at all times received, marked attention. He had no overflow of words to dispose of in the presentation of his cause. As you listened to him, it became more manifest that he had carefully prepared beforehand the dress in which to clothe his ideas, and the language even that he would use to present them in. Indeed, he at one time told me that he never attempted, on any occasion whatever, to speak publicly without some time spent in preparation therefor.

His leading criminal case was the defense of Baker for murder, in 1867, in Omaha. There can be no doubt that he entered upon and made that defence with an honest belief in the innocence of Baker; hence it was extremely difficult for him to rally from the surprise caused by the confession of Baker, that he had committed the murder, and proved it by pointing to the spot where the money of the murdered man was placed, and afterwards found. His entire make-up was of such a nature that it was almost impossible for him to make a radical change of programme in the trial of a case, when forced to do so by some unexpected exigency arising in the trial; nor had he the power to hide from observation the effect upon him of a sudden surprise, occurring in the trial of a case; he could not seem to feel what he did not, to be what he was not.

In his practice before going on to the bench, he undertook and performed the ordinary business of an attorney, appearing for clients in all the courts from a country justice up. After his retirement from the bench and return to practice, he engaged only in the more important cases brought to him, leaving matters not requiring his particular attention to the other members of the firm with whom he was associated. He was appointed a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company by President Cleveland, which position he held until his death. He did not regard his duties in that office as very arduous, or productive of much good. It was a position he did not seek, as he knew but little about railroading; however, his general intelligence, gentlemanly deportment, genial and pleasant manners endeared him to all with whom he came in contact in the performance of the duties connected with his office.

But it is as to his career upon the bench I desire more particularly to speak, and here he has left a most enviable record, a record that should be written in letters of gold, and placed in the hands of every

man occupying a judicial position in all our land, that they may read and imitate his example. I do not claim, I would not insinuate, that he was a Taney, a Marshall, or a Waite; but this I do say, I never knew a judge to hold the scales of justice he was using with a steadier, firmer hand, and with a more watchful eye, that nothing whatever should be permitted to interfere with their true and perfect balance than did Judge Savage. He listened attentively and patiently to every one, young or old, with or without experience, that had a cause for his hearing. If the attorney supported his argument by authorities, he considered well each one presented, and would always give the greater weight to the better reasoning found in them. The magnet that attracted him, the goal he sought, was right and justice, and so to apply the rules of law in each particular case as not to wrong any one, and to deal justly by all. After the case was submitted to him, he determined it upon his own good judgment with the aid of the light furnished him, without searching further in the fields of legal lore to fortify his judgment. As a trial judge he was always pleasant to attorneys and suitors, willing to hear from both sides, quick to see the point made or intended to be made, and ready to determine the question when submitted, thereby giving great dispatch to the business before him. In passing judgment against transgressors of the law he never overlooked the teachings of Shakespeare's Portia—

"That earthly power does then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice,"

and followed it from the hour when he first went on to the bench, until nearly eight years thereafter, when he resigned his position there. He so performed the duties of his high office that no man has ever questioned his strict integrity, and the honest, conscientious fairness of his every act upon the bench. No higher encomiums could be bestowed upon any man; no less are his just due.

A brief reference to one act of Judge Savage, reflecting his true character as a judge and as a man, I trust will not be out of place here. It was during the campaign of 1876, when Tilden and Hayes were the standard bearers of their respective parties. The campaign and the contest for position had been waged with great fierceness on either side, and each party employed every means within its reach to accomplish the election of its candidate, without stopping long to question the justness or fairness of the act. Reason and good judg-

ment on all sides gave way to the one idea, success, and how to accomplish it. The election occurred November 7, and the result was apparently close. The change of a single electoral vote might determine the choice of a president. Judge Savage was a democrat, not merely a supporter but a warm personal friend of Samuel J. Tilden. He had spent ten years of active life among the great leaders of the democratic party in New York. They were his friends, he was their friend, and in his heart he felt as strong a desire for the success of his chosen candidate as did any man living.

Under the law, the electors chosen in Nebraska were to meet at the capitol on the first Wednesday in December, to cast their vote, representing the vote of Nebraska for president. On November 30, a petition was filed in the district court of Douglas county, by the democratic electors as plaintiffs against the republican electors as defendants, one of the democratic electors living in Omaha, for an injunction restraining the republican electors from meeting and casting their votes for president. In their petition they set forth the fact that an election had been held in the several states of the Union, that so far as they then knew and believed, had resulted in the choice of 184 democratic electors, who would cast their votes for Tilden and Hendricks; that it required 185 votes, that is just one more than they then had, to secure the election of Tilden; that a large vote had been cast in Nebraska for said plaintiffs as such electors, and while it was true that a somewhat larger vote had been cast for the defendants as the republican electors, yet the fact was that Amasa Cobb, one of the candidates of the republican party for an elector, held an office of trust and profit under the general government that rendered him ineligible to the position of an elector; that his pretended election was illegal and void; and that notwithstanding that fact there was a strong probability that said defendants, as such republican electors, unless restrained by an order of the court, in open violation of the law, would meet in Lincoln and cast their votes for Hayes; and they closed their petition by a no doubt heartfelt prayer that the defendants be enjoined from so doing; and the first signature to that petition, and nearest that prayer, was written the name of one of Nebraska's then most distinguished lawyers, one of Nebraska's then and to-day most respected citizens, an ex-judge of our courts, and a warm, personal, and political friend of Judge Savage, and of

a man in whom he placed the greatest confidence. On that day Judge Savage issued a restraining order, and set down the hearing for the allowance of an injunction at 4 P. M. December 4th. The question had now become one of national importance, attracting the attention of every state in the Union, and it was discussed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the name of Judge Savage, before whom it was to be heard, became widely known and a household word.

A remarkable incident in connection therewith is the fact that during the four days intervening the democratic papers generally, not alone the *Omaha Herald*, contained leading articles, inspired by the best of legal minds, discussing the question, full of logic and citing many precedents sustaining the right to grant the prayer of the petition, creating thereby a safe harbor of refuge against any storm that could be brought against him in case he granted the injunction as prayed for. Money, position, everything was within his easy reach and ready for delivery without demand. It was known that electoral votes were being sought for from Oregon to Florida by both parties, and if delivered would be received and no questions asked. It was in his power to do a great thing for his party and for himself. On the lips of all was the inquiry, will he do it? It is an easy matter now to look back and say his duty was plain, he could not grant the writ. He who answers so does not comprehend the times or his surroundings. Nor is it necessary to speak of the complications that would or would not have arisen, nor the result of his act if the writ had been allowed, or of the way those complications could have been removed. I desire only to direct your attention to what he did that you may fix your own estimate upon the act of a man placed in the situation he was. He refused the injunction. Seek from among a thousand for one who would have done as he did, and you will have your labor for your pains. I am permitted to speak with this degree of certainty from the fact that soon after similar questions come on for determination, and fifteen of the best, and, as was thought, most reliable and honorable men of the nation were selected and called upon to pass judgment thereon, and in every instance their judgment was in strict accord with their political preferences and party affiliations. In his make-up there was no eight to seven composition. He did just as he believed right, and there was no power on earth to swerve him from a conscientious performance of his duty.

In his intercourse with his fellows, whether as judge, lawyer, or citizen, he was ever the pleasant, affable, but dignified gentleman. He never spoke unkindly of any one. He had one peculiar faculty in passing judgment upon the cause of suitors, in doing so in a manner not to offend the defeated. When deciding against a man he injected no foreign substance, no poisonous matter into the wound made, to cause thereby a festering sore. The vanquished as well as the victor was satisfied with the result, and became his closer friend.

But his work on earth is done, and as future years roll by

"You will meet and you will sever,
But there'll be one vacant chair"

here that will speak to you in mute but unmistakable language of the noble qualities he bore—the genial, pleasant, learned, and useful member he was. With him I have considered the question propounded by the patriarch, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and say to you he never questioned the fact of a future existence, but he never clouded his hope and belief in that future existence by sectarian notions.

He is gone, we say, he is dead. But permit me again to repeat the beautiful words of Lord Lytton, so dear to the Christian heart, so expressive of his hope :

"There is no death ; the stars go down
To rise upon a fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death; the earth we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er this earth with silent tread,
And bears our dear loved ones away,
And then we call them dead.

But ever near us, though unseen,
Their angel forms do tread,
For all God's universe is life—
There are no dead."

Though gone, he has left us the rich inheritance of the record here given as an example we may imitate, and the fond remembrance of "An honest man, the noblest work of God."

BYRON REED.

A paper read by William D. Beckett before the State Historical Society,
January 12, 1892.

Every man's life, meaning thereby what he has said and done on this earth, may, without metaphysical refining, be said to have both a biographical and a historical aspect. As it began and ended with the individual, it is a subject for biography; as it has influenced the collective life of humanity, it is a subject for history.

Now of the biographical significance of a man's life, though much may be thought, imagined, or believed, but little can be said. He lived and loved and hoped and died. What remains for him after death is not a subject for biography, but for speculation or prophecy.

Therefore it is that the language of those who speak about the dead as individuals is always the same. There is but one thought, and long ago that thought was spoken in words whose fitness compels all later speech to repetition. "He is like the flower of the field that grows up in the morning and in the evening is cut down and withers away; his frame is dust; his life is but a breath in the nostrils; nay, even less substantial than that—it is a figment; an unreal thing such as poets and lunatics imagine and body forth in words; it is a tale that is told."

So men do not form biographical societies. They would perpetuate nothing but memories; their proceedings would be uninspiring; their records would be brief and monotonous, like the book of Chronicles or the generations of the patriarchs from Adam to Noah written in one chapter, "All the days of his life were so many, and he died."

But in its historical bearings a man's life is an enduring force and expands to proportions so vast that no human eye can see its limit. Like the pebble that is thrown into the ocean, it rests quietly upon the ocean's bed, but the circles it has started go on widening and crossing and combining with other circles to rock the ocean and sway its currents through all eternity.

In the first place, every man is a sojourning workman upon earth, and his work, that is, the material and social changes he makes there, must modify all life that comes after him. In the second place, and more influential than the thing he has done, is the spirit that moved him to it and his manner of doing it. Thus, not the humblest carpenter is a mere builder of houses wherein people may temporarily live; he is also a teacher in the art of housebuilding and in the use of tools, and the master builder's great work may not be any visible structure, but only his idea of a house, which never is built, yet which is potent in architecture when his houses of brick and iron have crumbled into dust.

By the individual man this terrestrial globe were unimpressible, like that magic well which filled up between the strokes of the pick; but as a part of collective humanity he becomes, as it were, immortal, and works in the might of the generations. The seas are filled up, the mountains are leveled, the whole face of nature is transformed. This chaotic, unintelligible world is wrought into form, is classified, divided, and subdivided till the original is no longer known. Not the earth and the sky, but religions, philosophies, science, creeds, and systems constitute the creation into which men are now born; not death's but humanity's creation, and filled with its trophies, statues, tombs, and stories, its victories, its triumphs, and its glories.

On the sixth day of June, 1891, Byron Reed, a member of this society and a citizen of this state since the year 1855, died at his residence in the city of Omaha. His death was not unexpected, for, though he was not an old man, ill health had made him feeble, and his hold on life had for some time been a frail one. Among Mr. Reed's papers was found a sketch of his life written by himself in the last few weeks preceding his death. Because what one says of himself doubly describes him, and also because this sketch is an accurate and concise summary of Mr. Reed's life, it is here set forth *verbatim*:

"Byron Reed was born at Darien, Genesee county, N. Y., March 12, 1829. He attended the Alexander Classical school, but left before graduating by reason of his family, with several other families of the same town, moving to the far west, the then territory of Wisconsin. They settled on the virgin prairie in Walworth county, naming the new settlement "Darien," after the old home. Mr. Reed first entered business life as an operator. The electric telegraph was in-

vented in 1844, and in less than five years the large eastern cities were connected and the wires extended as far west as Cleveland. From 1849 to the beginning of 1855 Mr. Reed worked on the Cleveland and Pittsburg line, most of the time at Warren, O., midway between the two cities. He was one of the first to adopt the system of receiving by sound, a system which is now universal, although at first received with doubt and hesitation. Even after the first year's trial it was condemned and ordered abandoned by most of the lines then in operation. When the act of congress organizing the territory of Nebraska was passed, in 1854, Mr. Reed gave notice to the superintendent of his company that he wished to leave the next month. He was prevailed upon to stay, however, until the next year, when he left for Nebraska, arriving at Omaha, November 10, 1855. A few weeks later he went down to Kansas, and passed the winter at Leavenworth, Kansas City, Lawrence, and other places, during which time he acted as correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. The territory of Kansas at this time was the theatre of the 'border ruffian war,' celebrated in history as one of the preliminaries to the great rebellion. The *Tribune* published the most complete and truthful accounts of this eventful period in letters from Mr. Reed, Mr. Phillips, and others. When the papers containing these letters found their way back to Leavenworth City and other pro-slavery strongholds, they caused much excitement and rage among the slaveholders and leaders of their party. The writers found it necessary to exercise great caution in concealing their identity. More than once Mr. Reed heard the remark made that if the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* could be discovered his life would not be worth an hour's time, but not the slightest suspicion at that time was entertained that Mr. Reed was himself that correspondent, or one of them. He was soon discovered, however, through the theft of some of his letters, and his arrest ordered forthwith. He escaped by a narrow chance, leaving the city in the middle of the night. Mr. Phillips, another correspondent, was also discovered, but being a resident of the city (Leavenworth), and a very prominent man, they did not like to attack him without some further pretense. The further pretense was found and Mr. Phillips was attacked and killed about four months afterward. (See Greeley's *American Conflict*, volume 1, page 245). One object of Mr. Reed's visit to Kansas was to make choice between that territory

and Nebraska for his future home. His experience of about four months in Kansas effectually settled that question in favor of Nebraska. He returned to Omaha, opened an office in the old state house building, and established the real estate and conveyancing business which he has conducted up to the present time with a measure of success equaled by no other business enterprise in the state, starting without capital and without pretenses. The Byron Reed Company is now a corporation with a paid up capital of \$200,000, and probably does a business as large as the best of our national banks.

"Mr. Reed was elected to the office of city clerk of Omaha in 1860, at a time when no emoluments were connected with the office. He served as such for six terms in succession, being succeeded by William L. May in 1867. In 1863 he was elected county clerk for the term of two years, having served the previous term as deputy. During the two years from 1861 to 1863 he recorded all the instruments and documents that were filed, in his own handwriting, quite a contrast with the amount of business in that office at the present time. He was councilman, representing the Fourth ward in 1871, and president of the city council in 1872.

"Mr. Reed gave to the public fifteen acres of land on Prospect Hill, to be used as a cemetery. This is one of the most beautiful locations in the city limits, and the land is now of great value. It is usual, in gifts of this kind, for the donor to provide that when the land has served the purpose for which it was given, it shall revert to the donor or his heirs. In this case the deed of gift provides that in case the cemetery be discontinued or removed the land shall go to the city of Omaha in trust for the use and benefit of the public, to be used as a public park, or for the erection of public buildings, or for any other use wherein the public will receive the benefit. The deed also contains the condition that no portion of the land shall ever be alienated or leased for a valuable consideration. When the cemetery was established Mr. Reed undertook the management of it. It was indispensable that some one do it, and everybody else refused. The result was that Prospect Hill cemetery soon became the finest and best appointed cemetery in the west, and at a cost to its patrons of only about half as much as in other cities of the same class as Omaha. The Forest Lawn Cemetery Association was formed through the efforts of Mr. Reed and the late John H. Brackin, with the understanding that

Prospect Hill should be turned over to the new association as soon as it was organized. This was done in 1885."

Here this sketch ends—not finished, but broken off. From the date therein last mentioned Mr. Reed lived quietly, spending most of his time in his office and his library. In February, 1891, he was appointed by President Harrison one of the commission to make the annual test of the coinage at the Philadelphia mint. This was his last public service but one.

By his will he gave to the city of Omaha a parcel of land as the site for a public library, and also his collection of coins, medals, manuscripts, autographs, and literary relics, together with his own private library. The gift is in every respect a generous one, and in itself is a public service such as few men are able to render in a lifetime.

It only remains to make a brief and necessarily imperfect estimate of his character. Mr. Reed's life must have been based upon a faith. No such life as his could have been founded upon sentiment or impulse, or upon any doctrine of chances. To accumulate a fortune of millions by the slow process of accretion, to bear up against the grind and worry, the vexations, disappointments, losses, and lawsuits, as surely proves a faith as does religious or political martyrdom. And to understand a person's faith, to know what he thinks that good thing to be, which a man should do all the days of his life, is to have the key to most that is valuable in him. Now, in spite of many personal traits which caused Byron Reed to be regarded as a peculiar man, which indeed, to a great extent, isolated him from his fellow men, I believe that his ruling motive was to obtain the approval of his fellow men. Not of this or that particular man or set of men, for no one seemed more indifferent as to whether it was some poor tenant or an ex-president of the United States that spoke to him, but of that whole body of men whom he looked upon as the select men of the world. It is said that one's reading more than anything else shows what his ideals are. Mr. Reed was an historian. His ideal seemed to be what may be called the historic character; whether it were Cromwell and his band, arraigning a king for treason, or Daniel Boone holding a council with the Indians, or John Smith making the first entry under a new homestead law, the man and the event had for his mind a peculiar charm. They were marked with the historical sign. His coins and ancient manuscripts were, in my opinion, chiefly regarded by

him for their historical associations. There was the story of the nations stamped in metal—in the faces of the kings, in symbolical feasts and triumphal processions. There were the original records from which history is made, the edicts of the emperors, papal bulls, state trials, and contemporaneous accounts of political and military conflict.

As corroborative of this view, it may be said that Mr. Reed was, in most things, a conservative. He believed that the social structure up to this time is substantially built, and that what is needed is not a departure from ancient forms, but a closer adherence to them. In short, he was one whom the ideals and achievements of the race sufficed. He wanted no new doctrine, he desired no new inspiration. To live worthily and obtain a good name among the men of his time was his highest ambition. In his method and manner of working, Byron Reed was an example which it were profitable for any man to study. Accuracy, thoroughness, patient application of means to ends; in these he put his trust. All his dealings were marked by exactness and attention to detail. No point was overlooked, no contingency was left unprovided for. He believed that the laws of business were as certain as those of mechanics; that plan and purpose would bring financial gains as surely as they turn wheat into flour. Even in the court room and before juries, where all is proverbially uncertain, he thought there were conditions of success; that, on the whole, it was well for him who had the most witnesses and the best lawyer. In all his long record as a conveyancer, as notary public, and as county clerk, it is doubtful if a single error has ever been discovered. So high was his reputation in this regard that abstractors were accustomed to accept his notarial certificates as conclusive of the regularity of the instrument. All matters of importance he put in writing, besides much that seemed of no importance; at what date he took possession of a lot, what was said to the officer who served a writ of ejectment. On account of his accuracy he was considered one of the best witnesses in the trial of a lawsuit in Douglas county. Other things being equal, it could be argued with absolute confidence that the opposing witness must be mistaken. It is believed that during his life Mr. Reed represented more foreign capital invested in Nebraska than any other man in the state. He held more unlimited powers of attorney than any other six men in Douglas county, and the facts show that those who joined with him in business enterprise made gains when he made them.

There are many persons in Douglas county whose fortunes are to be counted from the date of their association with Byron Reed.

This is the day of reformers and social doctrinaires—persons who hold the present lot of man to be barren of all that is good or noble—not worth the attention of high-minded people. So they profess no interest in it, but

Dip into the future far as human eye can see;
Paint the vision of the world and all the wonder that will be.

It is not for us to scorn the work of Utopia builders or despise these tellers of dreams. They are the signs of a living humanity, for that is the sleep of death in which there are no dreams. But let it be remembered that the only hope of the future is in the faithful workers of the present. This social structure will not go higher except by diligent use of the tools which are in the hands of each of us. Truly, there is much philosophy in the world, but not many philosophers. The life of Byron Reed was a life of work well done. The world is less inharmonious and more in order for his having been in it. And what truer test of the value of a life is there than that? Has it been a force to clear humanity's path and help bear its burdens? Has it, so far as it went, made the rough places plain and the crooked places straight? If so, then was it good.

THOMAS B. CUMING.

An Eulogy on the late Governor Cuming, delivered at Omaha, April 17, 1858, by
Hon. J. M. Woolworth.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The tolling bell, the meeting of the citizens called to express a city's sorrow, the solemn announcement to the court, the judge on the bench, the juror in the box, the counsel at the bar turning from the business all undone, the soldier marching with slow and measured tread, with muffled drums and colors furled, and arms reversed, the public buildings draped in mourning, the public offices closed, business and labor all suspended, the flags at half mast, the minute guns, the lengthened process, unwhispered sympathies and sorrows, tearful eyes, sad, sad hearts,—what

cause, what abundant cause, for all these tokens of public and private bereavement!

Thomas B. Cuming dead! That form that passed and repassed before our eyes, daily, almost hourly, that mingled among us, made one of us on the street, in the office, at the public meeting, at the social gathering, ever present, ever welcome everywhere, so recently erect and proud and iron-bound, now prostrate, cold, dead. That countenance, set with the firmness of the ruler of a great country, yet varying with the varying emotions which chase each other through his mind, fixed now in the changeless expression of death. That eye that beamed ever with ardor and intelligence, and anon flashed lightning from its black depths with the kindlings of brilliant intellect, closed now forever. That voice which thrilled, and swayed, and commanded the public assembly, gasped its last words, silent now. Nerveless the hand that grasped a brother's hand so warmly. Pulseless the heart that embraced a brother's cause so generously ever—ever as you, sir, or I, and how many others can testify. High ambitions, great promises, sanguine hopes, all shattered into dust. A people cut off from its leader, its stay, its hope. What cause, what abundant cause, for public and private sorrow!

Thomas B. Cuming dead! Meet are all these signs of woe. A great "man has gone to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." Let the court be closed; he was the noblest of all its members. Let the soldier honor his memory; he was the most gallant of all this band. Let the public officers suspend the public business; he was the chief and ruler of them all. Let the banker close his vaults, the merchant his ledger, and let the mechanic and the laborer lay down his tools, and let a great people assemble in this common sorrow to mingle together their tears for one whose like we shall not see again. Let the long procession bear him to the capitol, lay him in the very penetralia of his country's temple; let the priest of his church say over him the solemn office of his burial chant, over the inanimate remains the sacred requiem of the dead. Let the people gather around him once more to look on those well known features for the last time. Yes, let her—alas for her whose heart breaks beneath the bosom of its sorrow—let her gaze and gaze, and as those sad, sad words, "Never again, never again," break the awful silence, let every heart melt; then let the tears flow unchecked, unheeded in the common sorrow for the dead and

sympathy for the living, and then lay him in the bosom of his own Nebraska, beloved forever ; "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

And meet is it that your association, sir, should consecrate an hour to his memory. He was one of its projectors and founders. He contributed of the abundance of his learning and his eloquence to its success. He was on the list of lectures for the course just ended. Even in his last days he consulted for its prosperity. And yet, sir, I could have wished you had found another to do this sad office to his memory ; to teach you his virtues, to recite to your lasting profit the lessons of his life and of his death. And yet what need of words ?

Thomas B. Cuming dead ! Perish from among men the great principle of popular sovereignty which he vindicated and established here in stormy times among enraged men who thirsted for his blood—which he vindicated and established here as no one else could by his own unaided arm, by his own resolute will ; perish peace, prosperity, and progress, which by his wisdom and energy he established in the first days of the territory ; once and forever, perish the achievements of her progress, the homes of the settler, the admiration of human heroism, the love of human benefactors ; then, and not till then, let us say, Thomas B. Cuming, dead !

Governor Cuming was born in Genesee county, in the state of New York, on the 25th day of December, 1828. His father is the Rev. Dr. Cuming, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, an Episcopal clergyman of distinguished learning, eloquence, and piety. His mother died while he was yet a young child. He was then removed to Rochester, and placed in the family of the Rev. Dr. Penny, an uncle, at that time a distinguished Presbyterian divine, afterwards the president of Hamilton College. He was afterwards removed to the home of his father, in Michigan, under whose care he was prepared for college. In his boyhood, Governor Cuming enjoyed a training of the highest character. His father instilled into his young mind, with all a parent's anxiety and care, those habits of laborious study, of thorough mastering of whatever engaged his attention, which eminently fitted him for the difficult positions to which he was destined. Especial care was had of his religious culture. Those elevated and severe doctrines which distinguished the higher school of the Episcopal church were early instilled into his young mind, and it is believed that through all the

distracting scenes of his life, in the midst of the great temptations to easy, often sceptical notions which beset young and ardent minds in our day, he never ceased to revere the salutary teachings of his father and of the church.

He entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, at a very early age. But young as he was he carried with him a familiar acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, a singular aptitude for their acquisition, and a native fondness for letters in general; and to these he added a devotion to study and an ambition to excel, very uncommon at so early an age. He accordingly took a high standing as a scholar. In the classical and *belles-lettres* department he had not an equal in the institution. He enjoyed also an uncommon flow of animal spirits. Perfect health was a blessing he enjoyed from his earliest days till his last sickness; and in a boy, health and activity are concomitant. He mingled in all the sports of college life, in all the mischief, too, and made himself notorious by them. The name of Cuming was known in every hamlet in the state before his first year in college was over. At the age of sixteen he graduated, carrying off the first honors of the institution. His oration is spoken of to this day for the force and eloquence which distinguished it from the platitudes usually spoken by young men on such occasions. Upon his graduation he was appointed geologist to a scientific expedition sent to explore the mineral regions about Lake Superior; a position whose importance is evident from the immense wealth annually derived from the copper of that country.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was a young man averse to the drudgery of any of the professions, but full of the high hopes and aspirations of youth. The sound to arms appealed to the military passions of his nature, for his nature was that of a soldier through and through. He entered the army as a lieutenant, and served out the time of his enlistment. He always regretted that the circumstances of his station prevented his mingling in those great conflicts which reflected such glory on American arms.

After the war he found himself loose upon the world, without friends to whom he could go, without means, without advantages save those he had within himself. Accidentally he found employment as a telegraph operator, in Keokuk, Iowa. But it was not enough for him to feed his stomach and clothe his nakedness. The mind of the

young man must be at work. He wrote an anonymous article to the *Dispatch*, a paper published at that place. It arrested attention. He wrote another; curiosity as to who was its author was excited; another and another appeared, and curiosity increased more and more, one person and another to whom they were at first attributed disclaiming the authorship, they were at last traced to the young telegraph operator. The ability which they displayed was not to be lost and he was immediately placed in charge of the paper. It was soon the leading paper in the state, a power in the state, and hardly ever was there a country paper exercising such a large influence. During his residence in Keokuk he married Miss Margaretta C. Murphy, whose beautiful devotion to him in all the changes and trials of life, has been only equaled by the great sorrow which now crushes her.

It was while in charge of the *Dispatch*, in 1854, and somewhat in reward for the eminent services which he had rendered to the democracy, that he was appointed secretary of Nebraska. He was at this time only twenty-five years of age. He arrived here on the 8th of October, accompanied by his accomplished bride. It is well known that very soon after Governor Burt arrived in the territory he sickened and died, and that Cuming thereupon became the acting governor. Young as he was he brought to the duties of the office qualities singularly fitted to their faithful discharge. His mind was filled with the idea of a Roman governor and pro-consul in Rome's best days. A mind stern, haughty, severe, and unyielding in the policy it had marked out; resolved by its own invincible will to bend all men to that will, to bend itself to none, to be a great power in the state, and then, by virtue of that policy, to plant the institution of sound and stable government and order and law. To teach all men the wisdom and the power of that great central government which granted them an organization, and gradually, safely, and surely to fit them for citizenship in its great confederacy.

What a work was that for a man of twenty-five, but how nobly did Cuming do it! Those factious jealousies and contests so common and so bitter in new countries sent the territory into numerous and distracted parties; and when the young governor took one step in the direction of organization he found arrayed against him the combined opposition of all parts of the territory, save this city alone. When he convened the legislature assembled here, all the fury of excited passion

burst upon him. Any other man would have stood appalled before it; would have retreated before its threats; would have compromised with its turbulence. To do so, however, was to give up the peaceful organization of a territory, consecrated in the midst of national excitement, to popular sovereignty. To give up all law and all order, to give up himself, all he was, all he hoped to be. He did not waver. He issued the certificates of election to those who were elected members of the assembly. He pressed the two houses to an immediate organization and in one week every vexed question was settled, his opponents defeated in their disorganizing purposes, and the territory secured as a new proof of the ability and the right of the people to govern themselves. It was the triumph of his commanding will which awed opposition. It was genius mastering transcendent difficulties. Governor Cuming lived to see the blessing of peace, order, law, and prosperity follow his acts.

It is unnecessary for me to recount in your hearing the life of our friend. It was passed in your midst. You were sharers of its joys, of its generousities, of its devotions. It was a part of your own, and the thread of its narrative is entwined with that of yours so that you cannot recall the past but you recall him. It was a life of energy, of activity, of effort for every good word and work which concerned this city which was his home, and this territory over which he presided. Beautiful is old age; beautiful as the rich, mellow autumn of a bright glorious summer. The old man has done his work and he is gathering in the abundant harvest of his good services in the love of the old and the reverence of the young. He has laid off the cares of life and waits placidly for the end; waits placidly for the beginning beyond the end. God forbid we should not call that beautiful! But more beautiful even than that is young manhood, with strong arm and stout heart, in the face of storm, and wind, and rain, sowing the good seed of national order, prosperity, and peace; sowing the good seed of its own fame which a whole people shall embalm in the memory of its best affections. Raise on the spot where he lies what tomb you will, his true sepulchre is in our hearts, his true epitaph is written on the tablets of our memories.

The resignation of Governor Izard returned Governor Cuming to the responsibilities of the chief executive. While in their discharge the late assembly convened. For some time before he had been suf-

fering from prostrating sickness, and he was little fitted to meet the violent contests which attended the session. He nerved himself for the task and prepared the message. But the disease which prostrated him gave to his mind a deep coloring of sadness, of doubt for the future, of fear both for himself and the country. He was unable to prevent its tinge appearing in the message, and as he delivered it to the assembled houses, the deep pathos, the hopelessness of some of its passages, cast over the minds of those who loved him, even amidst the excitements of the occasion, a strange foreshadowing of a coming sorrow. The effort was too much for him, and he returned to his home to preside over the territory from his sick bed. The hopefulness of his nature did not at all forsake him in his painful sickness. He hoped he might be permitted to rebuild a better and a nobler self on the ruins of the old constitution; that to the services of his country he might add others still higher; that he might yet give wider and freer play to those affections of the heart, to those sentiments of Christian duty and religion which an anxious father had early instilled into his mind. But it was not to be; all the love of friends, all the promises of his young manhood and his abundant acquisitions, all his capacities to do good, all his hopes, all his ambitions could not save him. He was cut down and withered. Peacefully he lies in the embrace of his own Nebraska, and as fond kindred grace the hallowed spot with marble shaft or consecrated iron, with the beauty of the flower, with its rare odor that comes to us as a sweet consolation, a loving people will turn ever and anon from the path of their prosperity to pay their tribute of affection to the great man buried there.

The character of Governor Cuming was marked by a most striking individuality. In these days, when the etiquette and customs of social life conform even the heartiest salutations and coldest reserve, the dress we wear, all the manners of our life to one standard of phase and fashion, most men lose, especially in daily intercourse, all distinctive characteristics, become like all others, are least themselves. It was not so with Governor Cuming. You always met him. His peculiarities of phase, of manner, arising not from any desire to be singular, but a natural, unconscious, yet most intense individuality, always impressed you. Besides, you always felt you met a *man*; a man of will, who resisted all external influences and followed the line of his own convictions and purposes. The physical formation of the

man indicated their firm, well-knit, active nature; every inch of him was alive and tremulous with the energy which poured along the nerves. His grasp was the grasp of the lion; for its physical power first, most of all for the mighty will which directed it. This same organization was indicated by the eye, which no one ever looked into and ever forgot. That deep black iris, that fervid glance and gleam, indicated an organization very remarkable and seldom seen in temperate zones. It was a torrid eye, from which flashed out all the tremulous sensibilities, all the passions, and all the fire of natures born and bred near the sun. In the mental physiology of Governor Cuming imagination held a large space; but it was not the subtle imagination which delighted in beautiful, soft-phrased words, empty of large, strong, vigorous vision; nor yet, even in its highest altitude, did it soar aloft in the clear but cold regions of disenchanted spirit. It was wrapped about, or rather, it was one with his sensibilities. It dwelt among and upon those visions which are beautiful because they are lovely, are delightful because they are creations of the heart and its affections, not of the cold, selfish mind. This was one peculiarity of his eloquence. It was luxuriantly imaginative, but it was so full of sentiment, of the warm, gushing, natural sentiments of the heart. No matter what the occasion, he led captive the feelings, if not the convictions, of his audience. The very copiousness of his language, his appeals to numerous passions, the magnetic power of his figure gave him a command, sometimes an absolute tyranny over his hearers, very seldom equaled by the greatest orators.

And yet I would not speak of these qualities to the exclusion of the more substantial. They were the leading peculiarities of his mental organism, and yet logic, large abilities at argument, what the Germans call the absolute reason, formed a stable and sufficient substratum. He never laid hold of a subject but he mastered it. He took it in, both in its grand outlines and as a whole, and in its minute details. Its scientific nature and relations were clear to him. He could speak of them, and speak of them in the formal propositions of science. But when he came to speak of them to the people, when the full play of his powers moulded them into forms tangible to the popular touch, visible to the popular eye, then he brought them home to the heart by the most singular appeals of passion, of interest, of desire.

I have already spoken of his early studies, of his devotion to them, of his ambitions and successes in them. He was known here, not all as a man of books but as a man of the world, dealing with appliances, means, objects, and yet to the last he was the same ardent student as in early days. His acquisitions in one so young, whose life had been in excitement little congenial to literary habits, were astonishing. No man ever crossed the Missouri so thoroughly educated. By that intense individuality of which I have spoken, he made what he read a part of himself. His knowledge was not something outside of him; it entered into his being; out of it the muscles and sinews of his mind drew their vigor. It was always at command. It sounded not like some familiar words, but like himself alone, authoritative, graceful and enforced every subject which he touched by its abundant illustration.

His manner was reserved, especially of late years. He held almost every one at a distance. Few penetrated into the great heart with him. But that heart was a great fountain of affection, of sympathy, of generosity. The hard world, long contact with its selfish struggles and hates and jealousies, may have crusted it over with constraint, but within it was warm and true and loving as ever. In his last sickness it came back again to the simplicity and freshness of ingenuous youth. He turned back to old thoughts and feelings and pursuits. The well-thumbed volumes of his school-boy days were once more brought out and clustering thick around them the associations of early life, which none but the scholar knows, he read again and again the lines dimmed by the tears that would come. He talked of those high and holy things which most fill a child's wondering mind, which most fill the soul looking into a world where it must be a child again. It was strange to see him then, with such capacities for good, marked for the grave, to hear him wish for life with a strange hope; to hear him speak with deep pathos of those he loved and must leave, of himself and the past and his resolves and his prayers; but who could help but feel that he had come back again to the freshness of youth, that he might enter into that youth whose freshness is immortal. I am told by those who knew him in his youth, that, as he lay awaiting the last mournful testimony which we have paid to him, he looked, more than he ever had since, as he did before the changes and trials of life had placed their marks upon him. Who shall say that that fair, bright, placid face

was not the symbol to us of the spirit fairer, brighter, more placid above?

Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be;
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds me of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest,
But not cypress or yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

LINCOLN, NEB., November 15, 1888.

Prof. Geo. E. Howard, Secretary Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Neb.—DEAR SIR: With this I hand you a letter from Rev. M. F. Platt, April 5, 1886, addressed to me, containing an account of the first religious services held and the first Sabbath school organized in this place, and perhaps in this county.

I think these facts, as well as the mention of some other incidents of local interest, are of character fitting to be placed in the custody of your society.

Mr. Platt was for many years engaged in active home missionary work under the direction of the American Home Missionary Society, in Iowa and Nebraska, and for several years a resident of this city; leaving here in 1886 for San Diego, California, where he is at present, in seriously impaired health, and past the day of active service.

Among the last of his active work in this region was the gathering and organizing, in 1884, of the now prosperous Congregational church in Beatrice.

The first Sabbath religious exercises where Lincoln now stands, described in his letter on page 6, were held, as I think he told me, on the west side of Salt creek, near where it is now crossed by the O street bridge.

A daughter of George Langdon, referred to on pages 1 and 5, is now the wife of S. M. Melick, the present sheriff of this county.

The Mr. Cox mentioned on page 6 is Hon. W. W. Cox (now of Seward county, I think), who gave a narrative of events in those days at the annual meeting of your society January 10, 1888.

Yours truly,

T. H. LEAVITT.

MR. PLATT'S PAPER.

In the year 1861 the writer of the following narrative was living in Fremont county, Iowa, and had lived there from the year 1849. I had been engaged in teaching most of those years just mentioned. But now, in the providence of God, my mind was turned towards the work of preaching the word of reconciliation to a perishing world. Many fields were open in both Iowa and Nebraska, but which was the one for me to enter? God settled that question perfectly satisfactorily to all concerned, in the following manner. Living near me, as neighbor, was a very dear Christian brother. In May of 1861 he made a visit to the salt basin in Nebraska, stopping over night with an acquaintance of ours, Mr. Langdon. (Mrs. Melick, the wife of our sheriff, is a daughter of Mr. Langdon.)

His horses were staked out on the grass to feed for the night. During the night they both broke loose from their *moorings* and started for Iowa by the way of Nebraska City, through which they had come. But the distance being long, they stopped and luxuriated upon the rich pasture which the bottom lands of the Nemaha valley afforded. There they remained for about two months in the vicinity of the place where Bennet or Palmyra now is located, for there were none to molest or make them afraid, unless it was the emigrant winding along his lonely way to the golden coast of California. One of these companies went into camp about noon, and, while waiting for their teams to feed, they looked off over the valley and in the distance saw two objects which they took to be deer; so, taking their guns and some of their best horses, they started out to obtain some venison. But lo! it was a span of wild horses. Several hours were spent in capturing them. When captured they were tied behind one of the wagons and taken on towards the Eldorado.

In the meantime my friend had advertised the loss of his horses, and left cards of advertisement at all the ranches within fifty or one hundred miles along the old California emigrant route. These cards had put the ranchmen on the lookout, for a reward was offered. One day a man came from the crossing of the Weeping Water, which is about five miles west of where the town of Weeping Water now stands, and said, "Your team is with a company going on to California." My neighbor came to me in great haste, saying, "Brother

Platt, will you do a Christian act for me?" I said, "Yes, sir; if it is in my power." "It is in your power; you have a good team, and I a light wagon and no team." I said, "What is it you want?" "I have heard from my team; they are about a hundred miles from here, or will be by the time we overtake them." I said, "I will go."

I need not give you all the details, but suffice it to say that we overtook the company Friday noon, saw and recognized the horses we were after. We did not molest the travelers, fearing they might give us trouble. We went on fifteen miles to a ranch where we knew they would stop for the night, at the crossing of Wahoo creek. Our plan of attack was as follows: We knew the horses would be fastened to the hindmost wagon, so we planted our "artillery" on the east side of the bridge. There were three of us. One had the shadow of a writ. He acted as constable, and while he stopped the driver of the team and read his writ, the owner of the horses was to untie them from the emigrants' wagon and transfer them to his own. In the meantime, the writer was to stand by the guns and apply the torch, if necessary. But thanks be to God, it was not necessary. We stayed all night, and camped with the company on the banks of the Wahoo, but kept an eye on the horses. In the morning, bidding good-bye to those bound for California, we turned our steps, not directly homewards, but a little aside to see what were the religious wants of the country, and where we could strike most effectively a blow for the dear Master. Our third man, Mr. Flowers, took the horses we had found and went to his home on the Weeping Water. Dr. Hanly and myself went from where Ashland now is towards the present site of Lincoln, but night overtook us and we camped on the banks of Stevens creek, seven miles northeast of that place. This was Saturday night. We arose early Sunday morning and went up to our friend Langdon's. Desiring to hold Sabbath services, and having sent no appointment in advance, it was necessary to reach there soon enough to circulate the word. We took breakfast with Mr. Langdon's family. Mr. Langdon sent his oldest son across Oak creek to notify the neighbors. It did not take long, as there were but two other families on the salt basin. Mr. Cox was the *tony* one, for he lived in a log house; of the others, one lived in a dug-out, and the other abode in a tent. We went over to Mr. Cox's at 10 o'clock A. M., held religious services, Dr. Hanly and myself both speaking, after which we organized a Sabbath

school. That, so far as I know, was the first religious meeting held in what is now Lancaster county. At that and various other times, I saw the wolves, deer, and antelope, as well as the jack rabbit, bounding over the prairie where Lincoln now is built.

We returned to our home by way of Weeping Water Falls, Avoca, and Wyoming. All of these places were without the preaching of the gospel, as well as the little town built at what was then called the Salt Creek Ford, and a neighborhood of farmers then called the Shaffer Settlement—these latter places now known as Ashland and Greenwood.

When we arrived at home Dr. Hanly returned to farming and to the practice of medicine. The writer made arrangements to take up the work of preaching the gospel at the various places I have mentioned, as well as at others. I visited these points occasionally during the fall and winter of 1861-62, though teaching most of that time in Iowa, where my family was living. In the spring of 1862 I received a commission to preach the gospel to the little church of seven members at Weeping Water and all adjacent fields. The commission, calling for three hundred dollars salary, was my authority from both God and man. I saddled my horse, put an old-fashioned saddle bag across the saddle, with a hymn book and a Bible and some tracts in one end and some clean linen in the other, and started forth on my mission.

To relate to you the narrow escapes from drowning, the suffering from cold and heat, of storms in winter with the thermometer from ten to twenty degrees below zero, * * * of whole nights on the prairie with no companion but my faithful horse, listening to the howl of wolves and watching the gleaming eyes of the wild cat, then of battling with the terrible thunder storms in the darkness, with the vivid lightnings playing around, with sheets of water driving against me as I pressed on to find some bank or grove as a protection from its fury, would be to fill volumes. (The friends at Weeping Water have frequently asked for something of this kind to publish with other things in connection with their quarter centennial, but I have not granted their request. I have yielded to Brother Leavitt because he wanted the account only, as I understand, to read at a certain gathering.)

As I have said, I commenced labor under commission from the A.

H. M. S. in the spring of 1862, at Weeping Water as a pivot, at Avoca, Wyoming, and a place near where Louisville now stands. There was a small mill for grinding grain at Weeping Water Falls, owned by Brother Reed. To this mill the farmers, for forty and sixty miles around, had to come to get their grinding done, and as I met these people they would invite, yea urge me, with tears in their eyes, to come to their neighborhoods to preach the gospel, saying they had not heard a gospel sermon for three years. O, I shall never forget how my heart yearned for those dear people. I could not say no, although my field now took in a part of three counties. Finally the church at Weeping Water said, "Brother Platt, these calls are of and from God. We must not be too selfish. We will spare you one Sabbath in the month. Go." I was only too glad to go. My heart burned within me to tell of Jesus' love to those who so longed to hear the old, old story. This led me to take up the work along Salt and Pawnee creeks. And so the work spread and God gave me strength, and I worked on and on with a salary of three hundred dollars a year. The people boarded me among them. I would say I thought a tenth belonged unto the Lord, so I gave thirty dollars a year to the Lord out of my three hundred. I don't know now how, with a wife and five children, we lived, but we did. I want to put in here a testimonial to the advantage of a faithful, devoted, economical wife. By her frugality and care we lived. It is true we had no luxuries, and sometimes not enough of the substantials, "but God will provide." Let me tell you how He did provide. Often when I was going away my wife would say to me, "The flour is nearly gone." I would say, "How long will it last? I shall be gone two or four days," as the case might be, "will it last until I can get back?" The answer would be, "Yes, I can use some shorts or corn meal with it and make it last." I would go on my way to distant fields to do pastoral labor, or fill week-day appointments, for I had many such. While thus laboring some good brother or sister in Christ, and oftentimes a man of the world, would ask, "How is the flour at home?" I would say, "Just out." "Here; take a little in a sack on your horse; I will be over soon and bring you a sack." And often with the sack came some potatoes and a piece of meat. So I would take the flour to my wife saying, "The Lord has provided and there is more to follow."

I remember that in the fall and winter of '63-'64 a revival of re-

ligion began by my holding a series of meetings on Salt creek. It spread and spread throughout that whole region of country. People would come from five to ten miles every night to hear the gospel. Backsliding Christians were aroused, sinners convicted to such a degree that I was called here and there on Salt, Pawnee, and Wahoo creeks, and along the Platte river, for there was no other minister in all that region, and I was the only Congregational minister south of the Platte, in Nebraska.

I often encountered Indians in my travels, and had them occasionally in my preaching services—quite unexpectedly sometimes, as on the occasion which I will relate. It was on Sabbath afternoon. I was holding service at a private house, Mr. Coleman's, for there were no churches or school-houses built then. It was two miles north of where Greenwood now is. The house was full of people, and as I stood in the doorway, I noticed my congregation looking past me towards the road. Finally I turned around, and lo, what a sight! two large, powerful Indian warriors stood right behind me leaning against the doorposts. They had their arms clasped over their breasts, and each held a large bow and a sharp, polished hatchet, and had a bundle of arrows strapped to his back. Behind them were two rows of like make and similarly armed extending clear to the road. There were in all four hundred of them. What were they doing, you ask, and were we not afraid? I answer, no. Those that were near enough to hear what was said stood perfectly still. They knew we were worshiping what they called the Great Spirit and therefore they were quiet. I thought, what an example to those more civilized.

At another time a party of Indians stopped for a few days in that locality, and one of their papposes died. They did not wish to take it with them, so they wrapped it in cloth and hid it up in the branches of a large tree that stood near the road. They were then going on a visit to another tribe. They came back in a few days and took the dead body away. Did you ever hear Indians wailing for their dead? If not, you do not know what a wailing for the dead is. I do not wonder that Jesus had to put the mourners out of the room when He went to raise the dead. At a distance of half a mile I have heard Indian women wailing, and sad and doleful is the sound.

But we spoke of encountering storms. Let me tell you of one incident; then, if you have experienced anything of the kind, you can

imagine my feelings. I had now moved my family back to Iowa that my children might go to school, for there were then no schools in this part of Nebraska. I had been on my field about three weeks holding meetings along Salt creek. Leaving Salt creek, I went to Weeping Water, and held a meeting on Sabbath morning, then went on to Avoca and held a meeting at 3 o'clock P. M. I staid all night at Mr. Welp's. I arose early Monday morning and prepared for departure home to Iowa by way of Nebraska City. I was the more anxious to go, as my little daughter lay very sick at home.

The morning was a very strange one. It was very dark and somewhat foggy, with a very peculiar cast of the atmosphere. It had been warm and was rather warm this morning, but apparently a change was coming. I started for Nebraska City, a distance of fifteen miles; not far, unless you travel it in a fierce, blinding storm. I had gone about a mile when the wind sprang up from the northwest, and with it came the snow in blinding fury, while the air rapidly grew colder. When the storm first struck me I saw in the distance three covered wagons on the emigrant trail. I lifted my heart to God in prayer, and thanked him that I should have company, but I was doomed to disappointment, for before I could reach their track every trace of it was gone. I pressed on, but could see nothing of them. I suppose they turned off and went into camp there. I was on the boundless prairie with no house, no fence, no tree, no rock as a waymark, with but a vast expanse of snow—it was anything but *beautiful* snow then. It became colder and colder. No road was to be seen, and I had no compass to tell the direction. Then I felt a loneliness I never felt before or after. The thought came to me, "here I am in the world of more than 800,000,000 people, yet I am alone. I do not know where they are, and not one of them knows where I am." And then came the thought that I was lost on these prairies and must perish with hunger and cold.

But how often is man's necessity God's opportunity? I soon found it to be true in this way. Twice I had pulled on the right-hand line thinking my horse was not going in the right direction; but I had noticed each time that when I gave her the line again, she came in a half circle and went on. Just after this occurred a second time, I came to the side of a hill where the snow was blown away, and then I saw the wagon road. Like Paul I thanked God and took courage. Who,

under like circumstances, would not? I said, "I will not touch those lines again until my noble, faithful horse brings me out safely," as I then knew she would do. So I put them over the dash board and sprang from the buggy, for I must not let myself freeze to death, and we wandered on, the horse taking the lead, and I following. By the way, you see I now had a buggy. Yes, my salary had been raised to \$400, and I had bought a \$20 buggy. But the wheels ran several ways and the bed had to be tied up. If I were to give you an idea of how dense that storm was, I might do it, perhaps, by saying that much of the time as I sat in the buggy I could not see the horse's head. About 4 o'clock we came out safely at what was called the Majors' farm, three miles west of Nebraska City. It was December, and I reached the city a little after dark. The effects of that day's suffering are still with me as an inheritance from that early time, and will be with me as long as I remain in the body.

I must not relate any more of these incidents, although they are many. Suffice it to say this much in the words of that grand apostle of the cross, Saint Paul, as recorded in the eleventh chapter of Second Corinthians. I have been "in journeyings often, in perils of waters"; once was I shipwrecked, not on the deep, but on the Missouri river, and was a day and a part of a night getting across. Yes, twice have I been in such perils, "in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, * * * in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold *and thinly clad*. Besides those things that are without, that which came upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

Now, summing up the first chapter, what is the partial outcome of all this that I have related? The church at Weeping Water, organized in 1860, was cared for, the church at Greenwood was organized in 1863, and those of Avoca and of Louisville in 1864. The churches of Sunrise, Ashland, Nebraska City, and other points were supplied, and those of Lincoln, Plattsmouth, and others I cannot now name grew out of this work.

In the year 1865 my health gave way. For months I had ridden in my buggy in the greatest agony. I could sleep neither night nor day except under the most powerful opiates. I wrote to the H. M. S. at New York, and also to Rev. Gaylord, then acting as superintendent, that I could hold out no longer; they must get some one else

to take my field. No one man could be found to take it. Finally two young men accepted, one, Rev. Fred Ally, taking the eastern part, and Rev. E. C. Taylor the western.

I had several times visited what is now Lincoln after my first Sabbath there, which I have described, once in connection with Rev. Gaylord, of Omaha, to preach and to see about taking steps to organize a church. Failing health compelled me to leave the field. The work of gathering, or rather organizing, fell to Brother Taylor.

* * * * *

Thus endeth the first chapter.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A MAN WELL KNOWN TO NEBRASKANS.

Through the kindness of ex-Governor Furnas, the Omaha *Herald* is enabled to publish this morning an interesting chapter in the history of the Fontenelle family, so prominently connected with the history of Nebraska. The article is from the pen of Mrs. A. L. Thompson, of Chicago, a cousin of Henry Fontenelle, of the Omaha Indian Agency, and was written for the *Herald* at the request of Mr. Furnas, after a meeting and conversation with the lady at New Orleans. There are many people in Nebraska who will readily recall the Fontenelle family, and perhaps some of the incidents mentioned in the narrative which reads like a romance.

THE FONTENELLES.

On searching the records deposited in the old St. Louis cathedral of New Orleans can be found registered the baptism of Lucien François Fontenelle and Amélie Fontenelle, in 1803. They were the children of François and Marie Louise Fontenelle, then residing in a place called the Burat Settlement, near Pointe à la Hâche, some miles below New Orleans. They were, however, originally from Marseilles, France. Some few years afterwards, one of those terrible hurricanes visited that section of country and the entire family, consisting of seven or eight persons, was drowned in the torrents of the Mississippi, and all traces of the plantation house were wiped out. At that time Lucien and Amélie were residing in New Orleans, for the purpose of

being educated, with their aunt, Madame Mercier, and were thus saved. Years went along till about 1816, when Lucien Fontenelle, who was then acting as clerk in some New Orleans banking house, left New Orleans for the wild west. His aunt was a very austere, in fact, a cruel woman, and for some reason struck Lucien. That night he put up a small bundle of clothes, confided his secret to his old colored nurse, Sophie, and left New Orleans. Time rolled on, and meanwhile his sister Amélie married Henry Lockett, an eminent young lawyer of New Orleans, a nephew of Judge Henry Carleton, for many years judge of the supreme court of New Orleans. Fortune favored him and he became quite wealthy, having a family of daughters, who in time married also and settled in New Orleans. Twenty years after, in 1836, Mrs. Lockett one day was at home when the servant came up and told her that there was a gentleman in the parlor who desired to see her. On entering, the gentleman clasped her in his arms and called her sister, but she recoiled, absolutely denying she was his sister, as her brother was a white man, and he was an Indian in appearance. He insisted that he was Lucien Fontenelle, and asked if Sophie was still living. She had never left Mrs. Lockett from her childhood, and of course was called in to identify him. She hardly recognized him, but asked him to let her see his foot upon which was a mark she distinctly remembered. Upon taking off his boot the mark was there. He was a thorough Indian in looks. He told his sister he had gone to St. Louis, from there he had joined a fur company, going as far north as Hudson's bay. Crossing the Rocky mountains, he passed all through what is now the state of Oregon and through Washington Territory, to say nothing of all the other western states, as he told. He could speak fifteen different Indian dialects. He was intimately acquainted with the Chouteaux family of St. Louis, in fact, expected at one time to marry into the family.

On his return he seemed quite wealthy, having any amount of money about his person, and he was lavish with it. He said his home was in Bellevue. It was at that time, I think, in Missouri that he had married an Indian squaw, at which his sister was very indignant. He remained in New Orleans about six weeks, when he left for his home, promising to return again. Unfortunately, on his way he was taken ill, with cholera, I think, and died in Alton. Whether he was buried there or not I cannot say. At all events, a few months

after he had left New Orleans for home a Catholic priest presented himself to Mrs. Lockett in New Orleans, calling himself Father De Smit, stating that he had been with Lucien during his last moments, and that he had requested him to come to see her and ask if she would take his only daughter, and that his fortune be appropriated for the education, by this priest, of his children, three sons and one daughter. At that time Mrs. Lockett was moving in the most aristocratic society, very wealthy, and had no need of the money left by her brother. So she told Father De Smit that she would not take the daughter, but that he was welcome to use the money for the children. She then thought that she was all that was left of the family and gave no further thought to the matter.

In 1870 or 1871 there was a notice in some St. Louis paper asking about heirs to some property in Bellevue, Neb. Remembering that Lucien Fontenelle had resided there, inquiries were made as to what had become of his children. Finally, after corresponding with many persons, we got track of Father De Smit, to whom we wrote. He could only say that he had performed the marriage ceremony between Lucien Fontenelle and the Indian squaw; that there were three sons and one daughter, whom he had baptized in the Catholic faith; that Logan, one of the boys, had been killed in battle, and the others, he thought, were residing in Nebraska. After searching a long while for records of the property, as well as records of grants which Lucien had mentioned during his visit to his sister, nothing could be found further than that there had been a grant promised him for some service, but it did not pass congress, so the matter ended there.

In 1874, about the last of September, a notice was seen in one of the daily papers announcing the arrival of some Indians from Washington under the charge of Mr. Gellengham, and having as interpreter Henry Fontenelle. A daughter of Mrs. Lockett's residing in Chicago, Ill., saw the notice, and called at the St. James hotel, corner of State and Washington at that time, to see him, expecting to find perhaps a grandson, or perhaps only a cousin, of Lucien Fontenelle. Much to her surprise as well as joy, she found a son of her long-lost uncle, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. Since then they have corresponded regularly. She has had a visit from one of his sons, Albert, who spent some two months or more with his cousin in Chicago.

Amélie Fontenelle died a little over two years ago in Tallahassee, Fla.,

at the ripe age of eighty-one, still the same aristocratic French woman. Though, fortune had fled at the time of the rebellion, she could never accustom herself to privations. She was connected to Hon. Pierre Soulé, at one time member of congress, also to Jules Caire, notary public for years in New Orleans, and Dr. Armand Mercier, the most celebrated surgeon in New Orleans, is her first cousin. There are but two daughters left of the once large family of eleven children born to Amélie Fontenelle and Henry Lockett, one in New Orleans, the other in Chicago.

The writer adds in a note:

There are now living in Havre, France, two granddaughters of Mrs. Mercier, and second cousins to Henry, in great style. Their mother died some years ago, but they have a splendid residence in Havre, and are among what was once the nobility of the empire.

OLD FORT CALHOUN.

FORT CALHOUN, NEBR., Sept. 15, 1890.

To Prof. Howard, Secretary of the Nebraska Historical Society.

DEAR SIR: For many years it has not been known that any one who ever lived at Fort Atkinson, 1821, or Camp Hook, near the same date, or Fort Calhoun, 1822 to 1827, was anywhere within reach, till a few weeks ago Mr. Eller, editor of a serial history of the state, now running in the *Blair Courier*, unearthed a Captain Contal, who has been a soldier in the regular army seventeen years, and in the volunteer service three years, and who was a small boy and the son of a drum major at the above named places. And at our special request, Mr. I. C. Brenbarger, of Blair, brought the captain down to see us, and we walked over the grounds of old Fort Calhoun.

To begin at the beginning, it seems that a Colonel Leavenworth, some time about 1820, got into a little rumpus with the Indians somewhere near here, and Colonel Atkinson was ordered to reinforce him. So the colonel, with ten companies of the Sixth infantry, boarded scows at St. Louis and proceeded up the river. These boats were long and narrow, sharp at both ends, and planked over in house form, with port-holes for gunners, and around both sides ran a plank walk, prob-

ably a foot wide, with cleats nailed cross-ways, and on these men walked with long poles in their hands, with sharp iron points, with which the boats were kept clear of obstructions, or sometimes propelled, and in the center of each boat was also a tall mast, with sails for favorable weather.

Either through failure to find the troops of Colonel Leavenworth, or from other cause, the party made a halt in what is now De Soto township, in this county, on a flat, now in the river, and at present known by the name of Shingle Point, and about three miles (as the crow flies) above the Council Point of Lewis and Clark, 1804. From here they were driven by high water and sickness to a place Captain Contal calls "Hook Hollow," that we locate about one mile northwest of Council Point, on what is now Moore's creek, and from there they moved to the plateau on which Council Point was situated, and a half mile south. The river, the captain says, then ran close to the point of the bluff, and the landing was at a point now known as Perkins' mill site.

The Pawnees, the captain tells us, were the only friendly Indians, and the fort had to choose a good point for defense, as well as to erect earth-works and rifle pits at various points. The captain and I to-day were in one of these pits at the southeast angle of the fort, made to hold a whole company of riflemen, and perhaps two or three companies from its size. Quite a number of rows of houses were still well defined, and we followed each in turn along the north bank of the little creek that comes from the old Elam Clark mill, where the post cellars were, and in a long line north and south, just west of the fort proper, were the laundry houses or residences of the soldiers with families, three washerwomen being allowed to each company. The commandant lived in a house just at the northwest corner of the old fort proper, where now stand the remains of the old locust grove, planted at that time. Outside of the fort, in various directions, were cattle stations, farm houses, and vidette stations. The captain states that the row of houses on Long creek may have been cattle stations, as the large droves of cattle were wintered on the present De Soto bottom between Moore's and Long creeks, in the rushes, cottonwood trees being cut down near spring each year for the horses and donkeys.

Probably, after the first winter, four companies went up to the mouth of the Yellowstone, with headquarters here.

At the fort we found Mr. Stevenson, who now owns a portion of the site, and who, the other day, cleared out one of the old cellars for his own use. Mr. S. was very kind and showed us a number of relics recently picked up. A Spanish dollar, 1807; a picayune, or 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ -cent piece; a 24-pound solid shot; a part of a Franklin stove; an iron point from a pike pole; a part of a spade; some flints, etc. Mr. Brenbarger was kindly permitted to carry away a hammer, and we found several little articles that we were permitted to carry away with us. From "Aunt" Falk we obtained one axe in good order, one part of an axe, a piece of delph containing the picture of a child and a goat, a part of a musket guard, and an ear-ring of brass with a pendant of wampum, for which we desire to express our thanks.

This point, Captain Contal states, was the highest post on the Missouri river when first established, and was for the representatives of the great American Fur Company, and was the nearest trading post to Sante Fé, New Mexico. And here came the Spaniards and Mexicans with long lines of mules and burros, laden with furs and other peltry for trade, winding over the hills and coming to the trading house across what is now a part of Hiram Craig's orchard. Some portion of the trail is still known to Mr. Craig.

Of one of these tricky Mexicans the father purchased his boy a burro, which the seller succeeded in stealing back again. The Indians in those days were constantly on the war path and several battles were fought with them.

The Council House of hewn logs, was on the hill near the present cemetery, and probably on land now owned either by Judge Crounse or George Rohwer, and we have promised the captain to try to find it for him, as probably some brick or stone may still remain.

By the kindness of Hiram Craig, we looked over the site of the old brick-yard and spring house—with the old well so often written about. From the well, water was hauled in barrels to the fort for the officers. Exactly what the spring house was for the captain cannot state, but probably for the officers too. Back of this was a garden, Mr. Craig states, and right here, about five blocks west of the present railroad station, were made all the brick for the fort. The clay was tramped with oxen, not many horses being kept about the fort; but large droves of cattle were kept, besides milk cows, as oxen were needed for farm work; also a supply of fresh beef must be kept up for the weekly issue for from 600 to 1,000 men.

Not

Each company had its own gardens, and these were scattered about in various directions from the fort. Nearly every old gardener has still asparagus and horseradish formerly removed from these old gardens.

The soldiers in these days received, for privates, five dollars per month and were allowed clothing, rations, and a gill of whisky per diem, the latter selling for twenty-five cents in Spanish coin, when not drank; the only use for money being at the sutler's tent, or to gamble with, as we have heretofore stated; the money was scattered over the fort from the latter pastime.

The captain is now seventy-two years old and straight as an arrow, as jolly and good natured as a school boy, and can out-run or out-jump us who are twenty-two years younger.

In regard to the duel, our account in Vol. 1, State Historical Society's Report, and his statement differ, but we are led to believe that more than one duel was fought. And what for so many years was only a legend, now is a fixed fact.

Of the name of Fort Calhoun the government has no record. Fort Atkinson only being known on the books at Washington. The first camp was named after the commander, Colonel Atkinson. The second, Hook Hollow, from the deviation of the creek near the camp. And this fort after the first officer that died here, whose name was Calhoun. Hiram Craig states that a portion of Calhoun's tombstone was here when he came.

Back in the hills at various points were established whipsaws, where lumber was gotten out for the use of the fort and the building of the barges that took them away. The river is now three miles east of the old landing.

W. H. WOODS,

Ft. Calhoun, Neb.

OLD FORT CALHOUN.*

.Eighteen miles north of Omaha, on the west bank of the Missouri river, is the quiet, old village of Calhoun. Few people know that this sleepy hamlet has a most interesting history, that it is really the oldest white settlement in the state or in the Missouri valley. It is a fact, nevertheless, that old Fort Calhoun was the first military post established by the United States west of the Missouri river.

But the site of Fort Calhoun has a history which antedates the establishment of the fort by nearly twenty years. In 1803 the government sent out an expedition to explore and, if possible, discover the source of the Missouri river. This expedition, consisting of about thirty soldiers and watermen, was under command of Captains Lewis and Clark.

The expedition came up the river, and their tents were pitched on the west bank near a large clump of trees now growing in the edge of Judge Crbunse's wheat field and about two miles from the center of the village of Calhoun. Here on the 3d of August, 1803, Lewis and Clark held a council with fourteen Otoe and Missouri Indians who had come to the spot the day before. They were accompanied by a Frenchman, who resided among them, and who acted as interpreter for the council, which had previously been arranged by runners sent out for the purpose.

At the appointed hour the Indians with their six chiefs assembled under an awning, formed with the mainsails of one of the boats, in the presence of the employing party, who were paraded for the occasion. The change in the government from France to the United States was announced to them, and they were promised protection. The six chiefs replied, each in his turn, according to rank, expressing joy and satisfaction at the change. They wished to be recommended to the great father, the president, that they might obtain supplies and facilities for trading. They wanted arms for defense, and asked me-

*Reprinted from the *Omaha Republican*, July 28, 1889.

diation between themselves and the Mahas (or Omahas) with whom they were at war.

Lewis and Clark promised to fulfill the request of the Indians, and wanted some of them to accompany the expedition to the next nation, but they declined to do so for fear of being killed. Numerous presents were distributed among the Indians, and on account of the incidents just related the explorers were inclined to give the place the name of the Council Bluff, the situation of which, as they recorded it, was exceedingly favorable for a fort or a trading post. It is believed that partly on account of this report General Atkinson was induced to select this spot in 1820 when the government decided to establish a fort on the upper Missouri.

The following letter, written by Colonel A. G. Brackett to the *Omaha Republican*, nearly twenty years ago, will prove to be interesting to the reader.

Judge Crounse, through whose kindness the letter was shown to the reporter, has been a careful collector of many valuable statistics, and his library is replete with rare and interesting memoranda.

“OMAHA BARRACKS, NEB., June 13, 1870.

“Editor *Republican*: One of the most pleasant rides near Omaha, if not the most pleasant one, is that which leads up the river, past the barracks and the town of Florence, and across the bluffs to the town of Fort Calhoun, about sixteen miles distant. Every lover of nature must be delighted with it in this leafy month of June, when the roads are shaded in many places by magnificent trees, and the rolling prairies are clad in their richest garb of grass and flowers.

“Upon ascending the hill and coming in sight of the broad plain upon which the town is situated a scene of beauty is revealed such as has no equal in Nebraska, and the fertile plains of Italy can furnish nothing to excel it. The wide stretching farms, with their careful cultivation, the deep foliage of the trees, and the distant blue outlines of the hills along the banks of the Missouri furnish a picture which enraptures those who gaze upon it for the first time.

“But it is not alone the beauty of the scenery which renders this place attractive; it has a history which is worth preserving. Here, fifty years ago, on what is the true Council Bluffs, the Sixth regiment of infantry built the first United States fort west of the Missouri

river. It stood upon a bold bluff, and the river at that time rolled its turbid water close along its base. Now the river is four miles distant, and the ancient channel is filled with a dense growth of trees, many of which are more than a hundred feet high.

* * * * *

"Our party was made up of military men, and consisted of General Palmer, Colonel Brackett, Captain Munson, Lieutenant Irgens, and several others, who all felt an interest in the old and deserted fort which had gone to decay, and around whose walls and magazines the wild flowers grow and creeping vines find a resting place; it was the scene of martial deeds, where now sleeps a hamlet in profound repose, and here were congregated the warriors and the leaders of the wild tribes which roamed over the great prairies of the west. It is sad to look upon the ruins of by-gone days—to people again the scenes with busy actors who have long since rendered up their account, and a feeling of melancholy steals over the mind when we reflect that all human life that was manly and beautiful and worthy of admiration here at that time has vanished to return no more.

"In the summer of 1820 Brevet Brigadier General Henry Atkinson, colonel of the Sixth infantry, took possession of this place with his regiment and began building a fort. His supplies were brought up from St. Louis, then the nearest settlement.

"This was on the south. Prairie du Chien was the nearest on the east, and the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Vancouver the nearest on the north, and the Spanish settlement at San Francisco the nearest on the west. It was as far away as can well be imagined, but it was in a world of beauty during the summer months, and was all in all a most magnificent frontier post.

* * * * *

"The first fort built by General Atkinson was upon ground that was too low, and when the water rose in summer the works were swept away. He then moved to the bluffs, which overlook a magnificent stretch of country, where he built both safe and steadfast, and where the foundations may be seen to-day. The bricks which were used in the building were made near the site of the fort, and certainly none better were ever made, as their present condition will attest. It is said that the clay was placed in a large pen and kept wet while a herd of young cattle were driven through it repeatedly until it was fit for use.

The bricks were then burned twice as long as the time usually allowed the brickmaker and became very hard and durable.

"The fort was first called Council Bluffs, from the site ; subsequently it was called Fort Calhoun, in honor of Hon. John C. Calhoun,* secretary of war ; and still later Fort Atkinson, in honor of General Atkinson. From this fact some confusion as to locality and name has taken place. Another fort, named Fort Croghan, on the left bank of the Missouri, near the bluffs, was built in later times. But the matter is at rest now and only Fort Calhoun is known for this locality. The present Council Bluffs is in Iowa, on the opposite side of the river, and twenty miles distant from the original Council Bluffs.

"The fort was abandoned in the summer of 1824, when the troops moved down the Missouri river to its junction with the Mississippi, and took up quarters at Jefferson barracks, twelve miles below St. Louis. Since that time the fort has been going to decay, and the wood-work has long since mingled with the dust.

"Such is old Fort Calhoun, by far the oldest settlement in Nebraska. Of all the old inhabitants, not one remains, though it is said that one old man, who in his early youth was a resident of Fort Calhoun, now lives near Tekamah.
A. G. B."

The nineteen years and more that have elapsed since the above letter was written have made still greater inroads upon the remains of the old fort. Nothing is now to be seen but a heap of earth and a few scattered brick-bats. Occasionally the plowmen in the field where the old fort stood turn up a cannon ball or the iron part of the old-fashioned horse-pistol, lost in the grass by some careless soldier.

The quiet village of Calhoun, nestling beneath the ample shades of tall stately trees, presents a picture of rural contentment rarely met with in the west. The locality has become a wonderful fruit-producing region. Orchards, and vineyards, and bramble woods filled with berry bushes, laden with luscious fruit, are to be seen on every side. Fine large country seats owned by many of the wealthy business men of Omaha, and well-to-do farmers of that community, grace the rich valley and the picturesque hills stretching for miles up and down the river, with their well-kept lands, large orchards, and splendid fields and pastures. From a high sharp hill in Judge Crounse's pasture a view may be obtained that is indeed enchanting. At this sea-

*An error, as will be seen by consulting Mr. Eller's article in another part of this volume.

son of the year the golden wheat fields contrast beautifully with the green pastures and leaf-covered trees, while the river, winding like a silver thread up the fertile valley, lends additional beauty to the picture. From that commanding eminence the valley may be viewed for over forty miles, or from a few miles above Council Bluffs to a point over twenty above Calhoun.

Missouri valley lies ten miles distant on the east bank of the river where the Northwestern railroad finds its outlet from the valley of the "Great Muddy" and makes away across the country towards the north-east.

No richer or more beautiful scenery can be found along the Missouri river, and it is ample reward for a drive to the village of Calhoun.

ARBOR DAY—PROGRESS OF THE TREE PLANTING MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune—SIR: Arbor Day for economic tree-planting was started eighteen years ago in Nebraska, and liberal prizes were offered to the counties that should excel in this line. So great interest was excited that, according to the official reports, more than 12,000,000 of trees were planted. The enthusiasm thus awakened has continued, so that now there are, according to ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, the father of this movement, over 600,000,000* trees growing in Nebraska which were planted by human hands. The "Timber Culture Act" helped on this great work. Three western states soon joined in this good work. But Arbor Day in schools was not then thought of, economic tree-planting being the only aim. Less than eight years ago, a resolution in favor of observing Arbor Day in schools in all our states and in the Dominion of Canada was adopted by the American Forestry Association in session at St. Paul, and a committee appointed to push that work. As their chairman, I presented this subject personally or by letter to the governors and state school superintendents of our states and territories. The grand Arbor Day ceremonies of the Cincinnati schools then recently held, showed the value of such an observance. Then only four states kept an Ar-

*The figures are quoted from a speech of Governor J. S. Morton some four or five years ago.

bor Day for practical work, with no reference to youth. Now Arbor Day in schools is observed in thirty-six states and territories and in the Dominion of Canada by legislative "act," or by special recommendation of the governor or school superintendent. It has already become one of the most interesting and widely observed of school holidays. It should not be a legal holiday. At the outset, interviews with eminent officials in different states were not encouraging. Governors and school superintendents, who at first deemed it an unwise project, on fuller information worked heartily for its adoption. The logic of events has answered objections. Of the Atlantic states from Maine to Florida, only Virginia and North and South Carolina stand aloof. State School Superintendent Buchanan, of Virginia, advocated an Arbor Day law in his last report. Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi have not yet wheeled into line, but the state superintendent of Mississippi expresses the hope that his state will soon adopt this measure. When visiting the southern states three years since, and observing little interest in Arbor Day in the states last named, it was a pleasant contrast in Austin, Texas, to find the governor and state school superintendent ready to welcome this measure. Through their influence an act was passed and approved on February 22, 1889, setting apart Washington's birthday as Arbor Day in Texas.

The testimony of a few state or territory school superintendents will show the growing interest in Arbor Day.

Alabama.—Solomon Palmer writes: "February 22 has been observed as Arbor Day since 1886. Thousands of trees have been planted as the result. It has been greatly enjoyed by the children, and has done good in building up a sentiment in favor of tree and shrub culture, and taking care of our immense forests."

Maine.—"After three years' observance Arbor Day is growing more popular in favor through the efforts of the press, the granges, and the schools."

Iowa.—April 27, 1888, our Arbor Day, was observed as the anniversary of the birth of General Grant, and every school was urged to plant a Grant tree. In 1889, April 30 was observed as the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the first president of the United States. Every school was invited to plant a Washington tree. The anniversary of Washington's birthday is now the favorite date of Arbor Day in the southern states. What lessons of patriot-

ism are thus implanted! What growth of mind and heart may come to youth who plant and care for trees as monuments of history and character!

Oregon.—Our Arbor Day law, passed in February, 1889, meets with great favor from school officers and teachers generally. It was observed by our leading schools with great interest, and the outlook is most promising.

Arizona.—Nothing yet done in this line by law, but in Tucson, through the efforts of the superintendent of schools, the school trustees were led to expend over \$500 for trees, which the school children planted on their Arbor Day.

Missouri.—This observance was established by law less than two years ago, and already about 27,000 trees have been planted. The state school superintendent says: "Any teacher who has no taste for trees, shrubs, or flowers, is unfit to be placed in charge of children. About 27,000 trees have been planted through the influence of Arbor Day."

Wyoming.—The school superintendent of the territory wrote: "I think it was observed by every school district in the territory last spring."

Florida.—One of the pleasant experiences, in efforts to push this measure, has been the hearty co-operation often shown by prominent citizens. After a lecture at the Florida Chautauqua, De Funiak Springs, Governor Perry, who was in the audience, said to me in earnest tones: "Your Arbor Day plan is excellent. I will go for it." In a few weeks, not waiting for any legislative act, he issued an admirable proclamation, strongly recommending its general observance. The results were so grateful a surprise (thousands of children, as well as great numbers of patrons and people having participated in the exercises), that, in a formal, official letter, he congratulated the pupils and the people of the state on their grand response to his proclamation.

Vermont.—The observance of Vermont's first Arbor Day was enthusiastic in many towns. In Rutland, over 3,500 trees were set out, 2,000 of them in the new village of Proctor—named for ex-Governor Proctor, now secretary of war, who exerted himself successfully to make the day a jubilee for all.

California.—"The legislature passed an Arbor Day act in 1887,

which the governor deemed child's play, and did not approve. No other governor in this country has defeated an Arbor Day act. Arbor Day has been well observed by individual towns and cities." The State School Superintendent, Ira G. Hoitt, confidently expects the enactment of the desired law by the next legislature. I was glad to see the prospective forests of the great tree-planter of the Pacific coast, Adolph Sutro. In 1886 he gave the children of San Francisco, numbering 45,000, a tree each, requesting that they be planted first in flower pots and later set out in open ground. These were all very small trees, yearlings or two-year-old seedlings, of the kinds best suited to that soil and climate, chiefly pines, cypress, acacia, and eucalyptus. Mr. Sutro made a similar gift to the children of San Francisco in 1887. He has made extensive plantations on his own grounds, and has also planted about 1,000 acres within the limits of the city of San Francisco, having in all set out about 2,000,000 trees. His interest in Arbor Day, and his disappointment at the temporary failure of the proposed Arbor Day act in California, may be inferred from a single sentence in a letter giving the above details: "I hope you will succeed in encouraging tree-planting all over the United States, especially among the growing up generations." California is teaching the eastern states a much needed lesson in favor of planting many young trees. Experience in economic tree-planting on our western prairies also, and especially in the trans-Missouri river states, is decisive on this point. The many millions of planted trees in Nebraska and Kansas, for example, were set out when mere saplings. They are then more easily dug up with all their capillary roots, and therefore surer to grow. They cost less and are more cheaply transported and planted. In ten years these "baby trees" will overtake those ten years older when planted.

Maryland.—Arbor Day was observed with great interest in every county, April 10, 1889. Invited to advocate this movement in Maryland just before this date, I found the earnest efforts of Dr. Newell, the state superintendent, were cordially seconded by the press of Baltimore, and of the state, as well as by the school officials and teachers generally. The results were a welcome surprise to all concerned in this work.

In Illinois, 10,000 school districts observed Arbor Day in 1889.

Indiana and Pennsylvania observe such a day both in spring and

autumn. Pennsylvania is the banner state in this work by reason of the enthusiastic efforts of the late Dr. Higbee, who wrote more and spoke more in behalf of this observance than any other state school superintendent in this country, and hence over 300,000 trees were planted on the ten Arbor Days of Pennsylvania. Indeed the success or failure of this observance everywhere answers to the interest or indifference of the state school superintendent.

New York, though the last of the northern states to act in this matter, is the foremost in the liberal provisions of the Arbor Day law, which authorizes the state school superintendent to prescribe the exercises and print and distribute to the schools full circulars of instruction. The programme proposed by Superintendent Draper, with choice selections in prose and poetry, was the most elaborate and attractive one of the kind ever issued in this country, or any other, for Arbor Day is now observed in several foreign countries. Fifty thousand of these programmes and 50,000 song supplements were circulated all over the state. Though so early in spring, May 3 proved too late for the best results, and though public interest centered in the "Washington Centennial," 5,681 school districts reported as having observed the day, and planted 24,166 trees, besides vines, shrubs, and flowers. If those not reported planted a proportionate number, the total would be 45,568. It was the most successful beginning ever made in any state. All were invited to vote for a state tree. The returns received show that the sugar maple received 43 per cent of all votes cast, the oak 25 per cent, the elm 16 per cent, with scattering votes for other varieties. This year all are invited to vote for a state flower.

B. G. NORTHROP.

Clinton, Conn., April 21, 1890.

WHAT CAUSES INDIAN MOUNDS.

An article written for the Omaha *Excelsior*, by Alf. D. Jones.

Indians usually settle in villages on a high plateau, where they have a fair view of the open surrounding country. Their object in so doing is to guard against surprise by an enemy. Their location is made near water and timber for convenience. In a prairie country they erect their habitations of forked trees for posts, poles for plates, studding, and girders; poles, brush, and grass are used as sheeting, and dirt as weather boarding and shingles. An opening is left in the top for a window and chimney, and a hallway is made several feet in length, generally extending in the opposite direction from prevailing storms, and is usually closed with a skin or blanket. In that structure they cook, eat, live, and sleep, when at the village. Those habitations have no regularity of frontage, nor are they confined to streets, as among the whites, but are located very irregularly, over a large scope of the plateau, in hearing distance of each other. In time these Indian residences rot and fall, leaving a mound probably three or four feet in height. Explorers have thought these mounds were the depositories of the dead aborigines. Persons who visit the Indian villages will arrive at a different conclusion. The squatter's sod house will present a similar appearance when it falls by the wear of time. When I came on to the plateau, now occupied by the city of Omaha, the evidence of a former village was very perceptible between Farnam, Davenport, Eighth, and Eleventh streets.

Usually trading houses are to be found not far from the main bands of Indians. Where they locate in the midst of savage tribes they have to protect themselves by strongly fortified stockades, to secure themselves from injury in times of danger or surprise. The remains of an old fortification of that kind was located between Ninth and Tenth, Dodge and Capitol avenue, in Omaha, 1853. They had located by a small grove of timber on the bank of the river which then ran immediately along the bluff where Eighth street is now located.

Evidences were then plain of the river having run there within the memory of steam-boatmen, in the peculiar curves of the river, sand terraces, and shifting currents to suit the caprice of the washings of the Big Muddy.

For the reason that some Indian remains were found at the edge of one of the mounds located on the corner of Dodge and Eleventh streets, the impression was endeavored to be made that those mounds were the depositories of the deceased aborigines. To disprove that position I will assert that it is a well known fact that Indians always hunt for high ground on which to bury their dead. For instance, Indian remains were found buried on the high ridge at the corner of Harney and Seventeenth streets, up by Creighton College, Sulphur Springs, and many other high points around Omaha.

S. E. Rogers erected a house over that Eleventh street mound and found nothing in it except the remains of cooking utensils, animals' bones, crockery, etc.—no human remains. I account for their being contiguous to that one mound by the fact that the Indian village had been occupied by one nation or band of Indians, and after the wickiups had fallen into decay some other band or nation of Indians occupied the hunting ground, and when they wanted to bury their dead they sought the highest surrounding ground, where happened to be that mound, and there deposited the dead.

I have witnessed the excavation of several of those mounds in different states and always found the same results. Some have suggested that the fortification remains were those of old Fort Croghan, which could not have been, because Fort Croghan was located on Cow island, several miles below, which was washed away, and the soldiery went into George's Hollow, now in the southern part of Council Bluffs. The probabilities are that the old fort was that of Hart's trading establishment, and the Indian village that of the Otoes, which occupied this part of the country at the same time, and who were here as late as 1835. Hart's trading house, the fort and Otoe village, was located here about 1817, when Hart moved over into Iowa, above what is now the city of Council Bluffs.

THE FIRST POSTMASTER OF OMAHA.

An article in the Omaha *Excelsior*, by Alf. D. Jones.

Omaha's first postmaster, history tells us, was Mr. A. D. Jones. Mr. Jones, being asked about it, tells the story of a postoffice as follows:

"I obtained my commission as the first Omaha postmaster May 6, 1854, through the intercession of Dr. Enos Lowe, Colonel Test, and Mr. Bernhart Heun, of Iowa, the latter being the representative in congress from the Fairfield district in the state of Iowa. My commission was signed by Franklin Pierce, president of the United States. On May 28, 1854, I erected the first postoffice building on the corner of Park Wild avenue and Pacific street, or not far from the northeast corner of Forest Hill, Mr. Herman Kountze's grounds, without the assistance of the government or donations from any source whatever. On the door frame of the building I wrote on a shingle, 'Postoffice, by A. D. Jones, Postmaster.' There was no mail route by way of my office, and on application for mail carrier service I was informed that I could not have regular service until a route therefor was established, but that I might employ a special mail carrier and pay him out of the proceeds of the office. No person could be found who would carry the mail for the office proceeds. I therefore concluded to accommodate my patrons by performing the duties of post carrier myself without compensation. I would go on foot to Council Bluffs, procure the mail and bring it to Nebraska, but having no safe place to keep it I carried it about my person, and in the capacity of a delivery clerk delivered it to whom it belonged, and, therefore, it was said I carried the mail in my hat, which was true when I had no other place to put it.

"Notwithstanding I was the post carrier, postmaster, and delivery clerk, the annoyance was more than the labor. I faithfully served the government, accommodated the people, boarded myself, furnished my own clothes, purchased my own shoe leather, traveled the route of

the postman, performed the duties of postmaster, hunted up the people to whom the mail belonged and tried to satisfy their wants, for all of which I received no money from the government, no thanks from the people.

"When the burden became too irksome I located the postoffice at the Douglas house, at the corner of Harney and Thirteenth streets, with 'Squire David Lindley. The first postoffice boxes were four, contained in an ax-box divided into four compartments and nailed up against the wall. It was also found in a bushel basket in the middle of the floor of a Mormon by the name of Mr. Frank, who resided on the southwest corner of Harney and Twelfth streets.

"Fearing that there might be danger in such procedure I resigned, after getting 'Squire Lindley to take it, but when his commission came he would not have it. I then endeavored to find some other person who would receive it, but none were willing to accommodate the people except Mr. Frank, who accepted the office. He sold his house to Mr. W. W. Wyman, who also took the postoffice, put an addition to his house, and made it a regular postoffice well attended to.

"Mr. Wyman afterwards erected a two-story brick house on the northwest corner of Douglas and Thirteenth streets and moved the office into it. Mr. Robinson got the office away from him and moved it down to the southwest corner of Farnam and Thirteenth streets, but the people remonstrated and the office was put back into Mr. Wyman's possession. Then Mr. Chas. Hamilton was appointed and moved the office to the northeast corner of Farnam and Thirteenth, and again the people petitioned and it went back to Mr. Wyman. Then Mr. George Smith was put in possession and the people remonstrated and wanted it to go back to Mr. Wyman, but the republicans had become too strong and Mr. Smith held it."

By that time Omaha had grown large enough to afford a postoffice not included in the family, and sufficiently remunerative to become the prey of politicians, so the story of a postoffice becomes commonplace and not worth following further.

SUPREME JUDGES OF NEBRASKA.

BY W. MORTON SMITH.

In the rapid growth of Nebraska as a territory and state, little or no attention has been bestowed on matters of history, and historical records of any kind are very scarce. Anent the period in which the transition from territorial to state government occurred—the most important epoch in the short life of the state—there is a special dearth of authentic records, and for the incidents and experiences of this time one has to rely largely upon the personal reminiscences of those who were fortunate enough to have been residents of Nebraska prior to the adoption of the constitution of 1866. The dates are easily enough arrived at, but there is little other accurate data on record. The early history of the supreme court did not escape the general neglect, and if this brief sketch does not abound in details and particulars it is partly due to the remissness of the early Nebraskans. To give a clear idea of the supreme court of to-day, it is necessary to go back to the beginning and trace its history down to the present time. In the original constitution, approved February 9, 1866, it was provided that the supreme court of the state should consist of a chief justice and two associate justices, each to receive a salary of \$2,000 per annum. These judges, it was also provided, should hold the district courts of the state. The state was then divided into three judicial districts. The first district comprised the counties of Richardson, Nemaha, Otoe, Johnson, Pawnee, Gage, Jefferson, Saline, Fillmore, and Nuckolls; the second comprised the counties of Cass, Sarpy, Douglas, Saunders, Lancaster, Seward, and Butler; and the third included Washington, Dodge, Platte, Cuming, Burt, Dakota, Dixon, Cedar, L'Eau-Qui-Court, Kearney, Lincoln, Hall, and Buffalo. Each judge had one of these districts assigned to him by enactment of the legislature, and when the supreme court was not in session at the state capital, most of the time of the judges was spent in making the rounds of their respective circuits. As the district courts were

held alternately in the different counties, the judges were kept very busy, although in the early days the dockets were not overburdened with cases. During this period there were only two railroads in the state. The towns along the Missouri river were most of them accessible by rail, but the inland towns were only reached by long and dreary stage rides over the sparsely settled prairies. Many an interesting story is told of these journeys, and while the lot of the circuit riders was not an easy one, their life was relieved by frequent amusing experiences. Law, as it was known and practiced in Nebraska the first five years after the organization of the state, was not a remarkably profound study, and some queer scenes were enacted in the court rooms of the pioneer days. Judge Maxwell is the only member of the present supreme court who was on the bench under the old *régime*, and the hardships and crudities, as well as the peculiarities and strange occurrences of the pre-amendment days, are still fresh in his mind. The judges then, as now, served six years, and although the legislature has since had the power to increase the number, this privilege has never been exercised. (A strong effort was made in this behalf at the last session of the legislature, but it was unsuccessful.) The supreme court, until the new capitol was built, held its sessions in dingy and uncomfortable quarters in the old clap-trap state house. Work in the court of last resort did not at first accumulate very rapidly, as the records show that only twenty cases were filed on trial in the year 1868. It was several years before the number exceeded fifty. Beyond the clerk of the court, no assistants were allowed, and the judges seem to have had no difficulty in keeping up with their work. Indeed, it is probable that the labor in connection with the district courts was much more arduous than that of the higher tribunal.

The first supreme bench was composed of Oliver P. Mason, George B. Lake, and Lorenzo Crounse. Mason enjoys the distinction of being the first chief justice, although not elected to the office. In those days the chief justice was not chosen in rotation as now, but was elected to the office. William A. Little, a democrat, was nominated and elected chief justice. He died, however, before he could take his office, and Governor Butler appointed Mason, of Lincoln. Lake and Crounse were elected in 1867. Daniel Gantt and Samuel Maxwell went to the bench in 1873. Lake was re-elected. Amasa Cobb was elected in 1878. Maxwell was re-elected in 1882, and M. B. Reese ascended

the bench in 1884. Of the above all are now living, with the exception of Gantt, of Nebraska City, who died in 1878, while on the bench. Mason afterwards became a railway commissioner and is now living in Lincoln; Lake is engaged in practice at Omaha; Crounse, after leaving the bench, was appointed clerk of the supreme court, and was afterwards elected to congress. He represented the state in the house at the time when Nebraska was only allotted one congressman. He was also, upon the expiration of his term, appointed United States revenue collector, and is now residing at Blair. The others are still serving on the bench.

The convention of 1875 made very important changes in the constitution, some of which have been since deplored. Instead of being elected uniformly for a term of six years, it was provided that the judges should be classified by lot, so that one should hold his office for two years, one for four years, and one for six years. The judge having the shortest term to serve, not holding his office by appointment or election to fill vacancy, was made chief justice. This arrangement, as provided in the constitution, applied only to the judges elected at the first election after the adoption. Thereafter one judge has been elected every two years. Provision was also made for the division of the state into six judicial districts and for the election of judges for the same, thus relieving the supreme court judges of double duty. (The districts have since been doubled in number.) The salary, \$2,000, was increased to \$2,500, and provision was made for the appointment of a reporter who should also act as clerk of the supreme court and state librarian.

Under these new conditions affairs speedily assumed a more business-like shape, and the court was thereby enabled to meet the increasing demands of the fast growing state. The court, as at present constituted, consists of Chief Justice M. B. Reese and Associate Justices Maxwell and Cobb. These judges have served in a trying time, a time when a radical change in the affairs of the judiciary had taken place immediately previous, and when the great inflow of population, with the consequent increase of litigation, imposed heavy burdens on the court. They have been compelled to work without ceasing, summer and winter, and the onerous duties which have fallen to their lot have been performed most expeditiously. To-day there are few states in the union in which the supreme court calendar is as clean as in Nebraska. The court is now only about

200 cases behind and can be said to be virtually up to date. If the rules are complied with an attorney can be sure of a hearing within six months from the filing of the papers, and cases frequently come up for trial in a much less time. From twenty cases in 1868, docket entries multiplied until the number of new cases filed for trial during the current year will be between 350 and 400. There has been a gradual increase since the organization of the court, with the exception of a period of about two years following the session of the legislature in 1885, when a law was passed providing that printed abstracts of all cases filed should be supplied for the convenience of the judges. This entailed a heavy expense and had the effect of diminishing the number of docket entries. When the objectionable act was repealed the cases began to increase again. Cases are now heard by districts, and they are so arranged that all the cases from one county are docketed together, enabling an attorney interested in several suits to appear in them all without making more than one trip to the capital. Two terms are held each year, one commencing in January and the other in September. During the term the court is generally in session four days of each week, business commencing at 8:30 o'clock A.M. After the adjournment in the afternoon the judges remain in the building frequently as late as 6 or 7 o'clock, finishing the day's work and preparing for the morrow. They are now allowed private secretaries, who each get \$4 per day for time actually employed, and when not on the bench the judges are at work on opinions, the transcribing of which constitutes the principal duty of the secretaries. Judge Reese has modern ideas and uses a phonograph in dictating, his clerk afterwards transcribing with the aid of the machine. Judges Maxwell and Cobb both dictate to long-hand writers. The office of supreme court judge in this state is far from being a sinecure, as every one knows who has had occasion to be about the court room.

In the present inadequate quarters the court is at a disadvantage, but the three judges, as they sit in solemn session, seem the very personification of dignity and wisdom. They are all elderly men and possess the grim-visaged countenances of men whose lives have been mostly spent among musty tomes, and who have lived apart from common, bustling humanity. Chief Justice Reese occupies the place of honor. He is the youngest member of the court, and is somewhat more uneasy than his grave colleagues. As he listens to the oft-

times dreary arguments of counsel, he gently strokes his short gray beard, a habit which has become characteristic. Occasionally he will leave the bench and go down on the floor for a few minutes. His attention is always on the matter before the court, however. On his right sits Judge Cobb, whose long beard is almost as white as the driven snow. Cobb is a singularly handsome old gentleman, of quiet manners and easy, graceful bearing. He has a thoughtful countenance and his features have the gentleness and repose which are commonly supposed to belong to a poetic mind. His has been an eventful life, but as he sits on the bench he is as calm and serene as a day in May. He listens to an argument with great patience, and remains almost entirely passive, apparently engrossed in deep thought. Judge Maxwell's place is to the left. He is the patriarch of the bench, and has become, through his long service, so accustomed to study and hard work that he is oblivious to most outside occurrences. All his time and thought are given to matters judicial, and he lives in law. As the senior member of this court he is treated with considerable deference, and his opinions are said to bear great weight with his associates. So much for the work and *personnel* of the supreme court. Its decisions and opinions are a part of the public record, and speak for themselves.

OMAHA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY MISS E. E. POPPLETON.

Carefully preserved among the treasures of the Omaha public library is a soiled, brown, and ragged pamphlet, tenderly patched, and well guarded by stout, new covers from the further ravages of time. A duplicate was found recently among the relics hoarded by an old settler of antiquarian tastes; the dust was shaken from its pages and it was laid beside one of its kindred, a new, bright little book, fresh from the hands of the printer, making a contrast most significant and well worth a moment's reflection. One was the "Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Omaha Public Library," dated 1886; the other, the first book catalogue of the Omaha Library Association, prepared and issued in 1872.

It is the purpose of this article to give the history of that body

whose name stands upon the cover of the old catalogue, "The Omaha Library Association," and to present in detail the facts concerning the founding of the library and its existence from 1872 to 1877.

Four names are closely identified with the first move toward the founding of a free library in Omaha, those of John T. Edgar, Nathan Shelton, Albert M. Henry, and Albert Swartzlander. The younger men held enthusiastic discussions of ways and means, while Mr. Edgar, who believed that there was no selfishness like the hoarding of a book, laid aside many of his own choice volumes and destined them for the shelves of the new collection. The matter took definite shape late in 1871. December 3 of that year "Articles of Incorporation of the Omaha Library Association" were adopted and were signed by the following: T. E. Sickles, St. A. D. Balcombe, H. Kountze, H. W. Yates, George L. Miller, John T. Edgar, Ezra Millard, Albert Swartzlander, N. Shelton, Charles H. Brown, Preston H. Allen, Albert M. Henry.

The first meeting of the stockholders was held December 30, at the rooms of the board of trade. The first board of directors was then chosen as follows: A. J. Poppleton, St. A. D. Balcombe, H. W. Yates, John T. Edgar, John Patrick, A. Swartzlander, S. S. Caldwell, G. L. Miller, J. W. Gannett, N. Shelton, A. M. Henry. The first election of officers took place January 3, 1872, and resulted as follows: President, A. J. Poppleton; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, S. S. Caldwell; secretary, Albert Swartzlander; corresponding secretary, A. M. Henry.

At the same meeting steps were taken toward the collecting of books. A committee was appointed to wait on J. M. Pattee, who had recently offered a number of volumes to the city of Omaha, and also to examine a collection of 800 books held for sale by E. O. Crosby, of Fremont, Neb. The negotiations ended in the gift, under certain conditions, of the Pattee library from the city, and its acceptance by the association, March 2, 1872, and April 15, is recorded the purchase of 700 volumes from Mr. Crosby. April 15 also, Messrs. Edgar, Henry, Swartzlander, Shelton, and Brown reported that they had rented a library room of A. J. Simpson; that they had arranged the books in proper divisions, and had them covered in cloth, catalogued and numbered, and that the same were now ready for use.

Possessed thus of a habitation and a name, the library became at

once a factor in the history of the town. The record of its private ownership covers a period of nearly six years—the names associated with it call up many and varied remembrances. Some are dead, some have removed to other cities, many are still a part of the best that is planned and executed in the town, and may look with satisfaction on the result of that small beginning made more than a decade ago.

The following is a record of the officers from 1872 to 1877:

Officers for 1872—President, A. J. Poppleton; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, S. S. Caldwell (resigned April 29), Lewis S. Reed; recording secretary, Albert Swartzlander; corresponding secretary, A. M. Henry.

Officers for 1873—President, A. J. Poppleton; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, Lewis S. Reed; recording secretary, Albert Swartzlander; corresponding secretary, A. M. Henry.

Officers for 1874—President, John T. Edgar; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, Lewis S. Reed; recording secretary, W. O. Bartholomew; corresponding secretary, A. M. Henry (resigned May 9), Charles H. Brown.

Officers for 1875—President, John T. Edgar (resigned June 5), J. M. Woolworth; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, Lewis S. Reed; recording secretary, W. O. Bartholomew; corresponding secretary, A. M. Henry (resigned September 7), C. Wiltse.

Officers for 1876—President, J. M. Woolworth; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, Lewis S. Reed (resigned July 10), William Wallace; recording secretary, G. P. Stebbins; corresponding secretary, W. O. Bartholomew.

Officers for 1877 to August 3—President, J. M. Woolworth; vice president, N. Shelton; treasurer, William Wallace; recording secretary, G. P. Stebbins (resigned March 3), Leavitt Burnham; corresponding secretary, W. O. Bartholomew.

The special committees were as follows:

Book committees: 1872—J. T. Edgar, J. W. Gannett, H. W. Yates; 1873—J. T. Edgar, J. W. Gannett, William Wallace; 1874—J. T. Edgar, J. W. Gannett, William Wallace; 1875—J. T. Edgar, B. H. Barrows, J. M. Woolworth; 1876—A. J. Poppleton, G. P. Stebbins, J. M. Woolworth; 1877—C. B. Wells, J. W. Gannett, J. M. Woolworth.

Executive committees: 1872—L. S. Reed, N. Shelton, A. Swartz-

lander; 1873—L. S. Reed, N. Shelton, A. Swartzlander; 1874—L. S. Reed, N. Shelton, T. L. Kimball; 1875—L. S. Reed, N. Shelton, W. O. Bartholomew; 1876—L. S. Reed, N. Shelton, W. V. Morse; 1877—William Wallace, N. Shelton, L. Burnham.

Lecture committees: 1872—A. M. Henry, C. H. Brown, P. H. Allen; 1873—A. M. Henry, C. H. Brown, P. H. Allen; 1874—A. M. Henry, C. H. Brown, W. O. Bartholomew, C. H. Byrne, C. Wiltse; 1875—A. M. Henry, W. V. Morse; 1876—William Wallace, C. H. Brown, W. O. Bartholomew, F. H. Davis, Watson B. Smith; 1877—L. S. Reed, W. V. Morse, W. O. Bartholomew, G. P. Stebbins, E. McShane.

The following directors served at various times from 1872 to 1877: A. J. Poppleton, St. A. D. Balcombe, H. W. Yates, John T. Edgar, John Patrick, A. Swartzlander, S. S. Caldwell (resigned April 29), Lewis S. Reed, G. L. Miller (resigned February 24), Charles H. Brown, J. W. Gannett, N. Shelton, A. M. Henry, William Wallace, T. L. Kimball, W. O. Bartholomew, C. H. Byrne, L. Weinstein, W. V. Morse, J. M. Woolworth, B. H. Barrows, F. H. Davis, G. P. Stebbins, Watson B. Smith, E. McShane, Leavitt Burnham, C. B. Wells.

First stockholders, reported May 13, 1872: John Patrick, J. F. Cummings, Charles H. Brown, J. E. Boyd, A. J. Poppleton, Stephens & Wilcox, St. A. D. Balcombe, G. L. Miller, H. Grebe, B. B. Wood, P. H. Sharpe, L. Richardson, A. Swartzlander, C. H. Frederick, A. M. Henry, W. O. Bartholomew, J. C. Thomas, O. P. Hurford, J. C. Cowin, J. T. Edgar, P. H. Allen, W. V. Morse, W. G. Maul, Byron Reed, J. F. Sawyer, J. I. Redick, R. H. Wilbur, J. A. Harbach, H. R. A. Pundt, J. B. West, William France, F. W. Wessels, A. Tucker, Jonas Gise, George W. Doane, J. S. France, Carrie E. Wyman, E. G. Dudley, C. F. Manderson, Peck & Moore, T. E. Sickles, T. L. Kimball, J. W. Gannett, C. S. Stebbins, W. M. Foster, D. F. Carmichael, C. A. Gillespie, E. P. Vining, S. T. Josselyn, J. J. Brown & Bro., Ezra Millard, H. W. Yates, S. S. Caldwell, N. Shelton, Alex Hart, P. P. Shelby, J. J. Dickey, A. H. Cooley, C. W. Hamilton, E. F. Test, R. Swartout, R. H. Thomas, A. J. Van Kuren, E. K. Long, F. R. Bullock, H. Brownson, W. H. H. Sisson, J. M. Eddy, J. H. Millard, H. Kountze, A. Kountze, O. F. Davis, G. F. Mayer, Kurtz, Mohr & Co., William Wallace, M. Hellman & Co., Frank Murphy, L. Wein-

stein, L. Drake, F. C. Morgan, Max Meyer & Bro., W. Cleburne, A. Peycke, C. H. Byrne, L. S. Reed, E. McShane, J. H. Green, E. L. Stone, A. S. Paddock, George W. Gray, E. O. Crosby.

Much unrecorded service was rendered by friends of the library in arranging and cataloguing the first books. In March the executive committee employed a temporary librarian, Mrs. Alleman, with the understanding that at the end of the month permanent arrangements would be made. Upon her withdrawal, Miss M. Louise Houey was elected, and served with great acceptance till the opening of the school year drew her to other duties. In August her place was filled by the selection of Miss Delia L. Sears. This lady's term of service was a long one, covering the most prosperous and busy epoch in the career of the Omaha Library Association. It ended December 5, 1876, when the board accepted Miss Sears' resignation, a vote of thanks being recorded in the minutes for her faithful performance of her duties. Miss J. M. Allen succeeded to the position, and retained it under the new management in 1877.

The first home of the library was a small room in the second story of Simpson's block, on Fourteenth street, between Dodge and Douglas streets. The postoffice occupied the first story in that primitive time, and in the third was Simpson's hall, the scene of nearly all the entertainments of those days. From this little room over the postoffice the first catalogue of books was issued early in 1872, showing a total of 2,285 volumes. In February, 1874, the library was removed to the second story of R. M. Marshall's building on the north side of Dodge, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. Efforts were made even at that early day to start a successful building scheme. In October, 1875, Messrs. Shelton, Reed, and Morse were desired by their brother directors "to devise a plan and also the manner of raising the means to construct a library building." In November they asked for further time; in December they repeated that request. In February, 1876, certain of their colleagues offered the following practical suggestion:

"Resolved, That it is expedient for the Omaha Library Association, in case a donation of a suitable site can be obtained, to undertake the enterprise of erecting, maintaining, and managing an opera house."

When the vote was taken two ayes were heard, but eight noes quite vanquished them, and that was the end of what the secretary terms the

"contemplated opera house." The library remained in Mr. Marshall's building through the residue of its ownership by the library association.

Under the head of "Devices for Support" a long article might be written; the record is one of a ceaseless activity. First in order come the public meetings "for the purpose of awakening an interest in the library." On December 30, 1871, Col. John Patrick presided over such a gathering, and speeches were made by A. J. Poppleton, Col. John Patrick, Dr. George L. Miller, O. F. Davis, C. H. Brown, N. Shelton, P. H. Allen, J. W. Paddock, and A. M. Henry. In the autumn of the next year, on a similar occasion, the speakers were J. M. Woolworth and A. F. Nightengale. Untiring efforts were made to secure subscribers to the stock. Mr. Shelton reported at one time that he had offered prizes as follows to persons who would procure annual subscribers to the library before the first of January, 1875: \$20 to the person getting the largest number; \$10 to the person getting the next largest number, and \$5 to the person getting the next highest number. But no person to get a prize who did not get more than ten subscribers. In addition thereto, all parties were to receive ten per cent on the amount of subscriptions obtained, without regard to numbers.

As home entertainments George F. Mayer contributed a musical programme and the ladies of Omaha devised a promenade concert, "conducting it to a splendid success under great obstacles." Two short house lectures were given, as follows:

December 8, 1876, J. M. Woolworth, "An Afternoon in the Houses of Parliament." December 13, 1876, A. J. Poppleton, "Edmund Burke." December 22, 1876, John D. Howe, "Frauds."

January 31, 1877, the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, "The Greek Church." February 8, 1877, Chancellor E. B. Fairfield, "What I Saw in Rome." February 15, 1877, the Rt. Rev. R. H. Clarkson, "Sydney Smith."

All these gentlemen generously gave their services and the proceeds cleared the association from debt, and enabled it to commence the new year with a balance in the treasury.

Under the head of "Entertainments From Abroad," the record of the secretary reads like a fairy tale and makes a resident of Omaha in these barren and degenerate times long to have seen the palmy days of

the "Library Lecture Course." The lecture committees were bands of heroes who feared not. They dauntlessly corresponded with Gough and Henry Ward Beecher, with Schurz and Nast, and Fields, and when the honorable lecturer replied that he would come for \$500 and expenses, the board directed that he be instantly secured.

While the committee thus gathered the best names another group was taking equally energetic measures to get a "good house."

"*Resolved*, That for the purpose of canvassing for the course of lectures the following division of labor be made: Poppleton and Yates to canvass Farnam street and to the alley each way; Edgar and Allen to canvass Douglas street and to the alley each way; Shelton and Gannett to canvass railroad, express, and telegraph employes; Brown and Swartzlander to canvass Dodge street, and lawyers, physicians, and officials; Henry and Reed, Harney street and south, and the military."

When all was done, first at Simpson's hall and afterwards at the Academy of Music, a splendid audience pushed its way up the steep inconvenient stairway and settled itself in the shabby room and there listened to the best that Boston or New York could have desired. One after another, musicians, divines, orators, and poets, came and gave the best they had, while the people listened and thought, and felt the heart-throb of the world which lies beyond the boundaries of Nebraska. The following is the list, so far as can be found, of entertainments from abroad given under the auspices of the association: Robert Collyer, Scott-Siddons, Anna Dickinson, Camilla Urso, Vescelius Sisters, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Richings-Bernard Concert Troupe, Redpath Opera Troupe, Bret Harte, Lillian Edgerton, Lisle Lester, Dr. Cordova, Grace Greenwood, Mary Clemmer Ames, General Kilpatrick, William Parsons, Frederick Douglas, Schuyler Colfax, Richard A. Proctor, David Swing, James T. Fields, Charles Bradlaugh, Bayard Taylor, Gerald Massey, Thomas Nast, Carl Schurz.

Many friends of the library sent gifts in the first days. Some are unrecorded. The list of donors shows the following names: A. Swartzlander, John T. Edgar, Dr. G. C. Monnell, George W. Gray, A. M. Henry, Mrs. William Cleburne, the Hon. John Taffe, N. Shelton, the Rev. A. F. Sherrill, J. M. Wolfe, David Collier, Senator P. W. Hitchcock, the Rev. F. J. Kelleher, C. H. Brown, W. C. Thompson, the Rev. G. D. Stewart, James M. Woolworth, Mrs. F. Stevens,

Thomas Holmes, Gen. E. F. Test, Gen. B. O. C. Ord, Unitarian Association, Boston; A. F. Nightengale, A. J. Poppleton, Y. M. C. A., F. C. Bullock, Mrs. E. B. Willis, Maj. J. H. Belcher, Omaha National Bank, Omaha *Republican*, Miss A. France, Miss D. L. Sears, Josiah Drake, Swedenborg Society, W. M. Tucker, Boston, W. H. Woods, the Rev. J. M. Finnotti, Levi Bishop, Detroit. Senators Paddock and Hitchcock, in their public capacity, were mindful of the library and successive acknowledgments to them stand upon the record. At one of the earliest meetings the thanks of the board for a set of books were expressed to Col. Lorin Miller, and he was tendered the free use of the library. Some of the most valuable gifts have no record save the name as it stands in the donors' list.

Many pages under one name attest the special generosity of Mr. John T. Edgar. This writing would be sadly incomplete did it fail to note the faithful service which the library received from its most efficient friend.

Mr. Edgar possessed an absorbing love for books and a great eagerness to share his delight in them with others. He believed that they should be like the air and the sunshine, the common property of men. His father and grandfather before him had founded libraries, and the giving away of books was with Mr. Edgar a life-long habit. Between the years 1868 and 1874 he gave away 1,500 volumes, the larger part to the Omaha library. His face was always a familiar one in the little library room. He was for two years president, and during four years chairman of the book committee, withdrawing only when his departure for Syria made it inevitable. The following resolutions stand upon the records, dated April 6, 1875:

"WHEREAS, Our worthy superintendent, John T. Edgar, is obliged, by his acceptance of the position of consul to Beirut, to resign his place among us, therefore,

"Resolved, That in accepting his resignation we tender him our hearty thanks for his past services as member and president of this board, and for the frequent and generous donations of books in the past, and offer him our congratulations for the honorable position that the government of the United States has bestowed, and he has accepted, and express at the same time our sorrow and regret that it necessitates his withdrawal from our midst.

"Resolved, That in his removal Omaha loses one of its most valued

citizens, the cause of education in our city one of its greatest promoters, and our library its most efficient friend."

"*Resolved, further*, That he be hereby made an honorary member of this association for life."

February 17, 1877, there was approved by the legislature of the state of Nebraska, an "Act to authorize incorporated towns and cities to establish and maintain free public libraries and reading rooms." In June of the same year the directors adopted the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, It is evident that this association is not able to keep the library and reading room open with its present and prospective income, be it

"*Resolved*, That the president *pro tem.* appoint a committee of three to consult with the city council of Omaha and inquire whether it will establish and maintain a public library and reading room for the use of the inhabitants of this city, under the act of the legislature approved February 17, 1877."

The city signified its readiness to maintain such a library and reading room by an ordinance approved June 13. The stockholders approved this proposed disposition of the library property June 21, and August 3 the board took the final action in the matter. August 6, 1877, at a meeting of the first board of directors of the Omaha public library a certificate made by Leavitt Burnham, secretary of the Omaha Library Association, dated August 4, 1877, being a transfer of the books and property of the said association to the Omaha Library board, was read and ordered placed on file.

On page 16 of the ninth annual report, recently issued from the Omaha public library, appear the following statistics:

Number of uses of the book department of the library, 80,000; number of uses of the reference department, 35,255; number of uses of the reading room, 88,725; total number of uses of the Omaha public library during the year ending May 31, 1886, 214,070.

The bequest of the Omaha Library Association has grown into a great educational institution, at once a school, college and university, which keeps open doors to every man, woman, and child who chooses to cross its threshold. It is now a potent influence in the life of the town. It is destined to become an ornament and a benefaction which fifty years hence will be the crowning pride of a great city, a lasting memorial to those who made the good beginning, and, like many another before them, builded better than they knew.

JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT IN NEBRASKA.

Written for the *Omaha Sunday Republican*, by Governor John M. Thayer.

The mode of dispensing justice by lynching was not unknown in the early years of Nebraska. The recent case of lynching at Schuyler has recalled two instances, when citizens of Douglas county took upon themselves the enforcement of the law, or rather the infliction of the law's vengeance upon the offenders. It would be more correct to say, the vengeance of the community, for that exceeded the punishment for the offenses alleged which the law would impose.

A Mr. Taylor and his wife settled at an early day on the west side of the Big Papio, at the old military bridge, and kept a kind of wayfarers' inn. They were quiet, respectable people, and furnished as good accommodations as could be expected in those early times. Congress had appropriated a sum of money for opening a road up and down the Missouri river, on the Nebraska side, bridging the streams, etc; also, for laying out a road and bridging the streams from Omaha westward to the Elkhorn river, at the old Elkhorn city, which was located about nine miles up the river from the present railroad bridge across the Elkhorn. The work was done under the supervision of the war department, and was for the better and quicker movements of troops, and indirectly for the benefit of travel and transportation over the plains. When the bridges over the Little and Big Papios were completed, that road became the great thoroughfare of travel north of the Platte, from the Missouri to the mountains. Taylor's, at the Big Papio, was the usual place for nooning when leaving Omaha in the morning, and for passing the night when leaving in the afternoon, and Elkhorn City was a day's drive out.

When I arrived at Elkhorn City for the first time, in the spring of 1855, on my way to the Pawnee village on the south side of the Platte, a little below Fremont, and, standing on the high level prairie overlooking the Elkhorn, had a full view up the valley of that river and the Platte, I felt as if my eyes had opened upon an enchanted land.

There was stretched out before me the fairest, most magnificent landscape view I had ever seen in nature or on canvas. It gave me a more enlarged view of the immensity of space than I had ever conceived. I passed many an hour afterward in enjoying the beauty of that scene, almost imagining I could outline the mountains beyond. There could have been no handsomer site for a town or city than that whereon Elkhorn City made a start, but when the railroad wound around it a few miles below, its tents were folded and it gradually stole away.

Early one morning, a year or two before the war, Mrs. Taylor arrived in Omaha with the information that two burglars had entered the house kept by herself and husband at the military bridge the previous night, and, with revolvers at their heads, had forced them to give up all the money they had. She stated that she was suddenly awakened from sound sleep by being rudely shaken, and on looking up two strange men were standing by the side of her bed, one having a light in his hand. They did not wear masks, and she had a full view of them and said she would recognize them the instant her eyes should rest upon them again. It seemed almost incredible that they used no disguise of any kind in such a daring undertaking, but such was the fact, and she was able to give a very accurate description of them. There being but few settlements to the westward and very sparse ones at that, and nothing beyond them but the prairie wilderness, it was evident the robbers would not attempt to escape in that direction, and they could not cross the Platte as there were no ferries over that river. It was concluded they would attempt to cross the Missouri at Omaha, or make for some ferry up the river. Steps were taken at once to head them off and capture them. Everyone engaged in the search, for such an event at that early day absorbed universal attention, and we considered ourselves, all of us, a kind of committee of public defense. Omaha was thoroughly searched, and two strangers were discovered answering to the descriptions given by Mrs. Taylor. In order to identify them beyond any doubt as the real culprits, it was determined to put them in a room with twenty-five or thirty persons, all of them unknown to Mrs. Taylor, and then take the latter into the room and see if she could recognize the burglars in that crowd. So about that number gathered in a large room upstairs in a frame building standing where Shiverick's furniture store now stands. I think A. D. Jones, Sam Brown, Hanscom, Pop-

pleton, Miller, Lyman Richardson, Jim Chapman, Sam Rogers, and Harrison Johnson were among the number, as were many others, including myself.

We took positions in a line against the walls all around the room. I rather thought Poppleton, Miller, Hanscom, and some others felt a little nervous, and I am inclined to think I did myself, for it was not impossible for her to make a mistake, as it was possible the robbers might resemble some of us. The two strangers under arrest were led into the room and placed in the line with the others with several persons between them. Mrs. Taylor was then escorted into the room. Beginning at the head of the line she walked slowly along, gazing hard into the face of each one, but making no stop till she reached one man, when, the instant her eyes rested on him, she started back with a convulsive movement, and then stepped up before him, and pointing her finger in his face, screamed out: "You are one of the men who stood over my bed last night with a revolver at my head, and demanded my money; you are one of the villains, you are one of the villains." She was nearly overcome with the excitement of seeing him again. He was one of the two under arrest. She then moved along with the same deliberate step, peeping into the face of each successive person to whom she came till she reached one, when she screamed out as before: "You are the other man who robbed my house last night; I know you, I know you," and she again almost went into convulsions. He was the other one of the two under arrest. Her identification of them was complete, and left not a shadow of doubt as to their guilt. They were at once committed to jail, which was in the basement of the old court house, then not quite completed. The feeling ran very strong against them, and the whole town was very much excited. Fears were everywhere expressed that they would break out of the jail, or that they would manage to escape conviction, and if convicted would escape punishment, as we had no penitentiary and the jails were very insecure in those days. The general impression was, however, that the law would be left to take its course. Going to the court house early the next morning and opening the door, I was confronted with a horrible, ghastly sight. About five feet inside the hall, directly facing me, between the county clerk's and treasurer's offices, was hanging by a rope around his neck, suspended from a beam overhead, the dead form of one of the robbers.

The job had been quietly and effectively done. No noise or disturbance of any kind had occurred during the night, no gathering of men had been noticed by any one. It was apparently as quiet a night as Omaha had known during its existence. It was evident that the execution was the work of only a few determined men, who were bent on making an example of evil doers, and giving such a warning that others would be inclined to steer clear of Nebraska. No one knew them, and no one seemed to be anxious to know who they were or manifested special desire to know, and very few questions were asked. But the excitement of the day previous was renewed; it was the topic of conversation everywhere. It may be imagined that a small, new, and isolated community, as we were, would be a good deal moved by the enactment of such a tragedy in its midst. Who the parties were who performed the work of execution I never knew, and I did not desire to know, though I always thought I could name some of them. I felt grateful to them for not inviting me to take part in the affair. My recollection is, that there was a general commendation of the deed and a feeling of relief that one desperado was put beyond the power to do any more robberies. The life of his companion was spared, as he was quite young, and it became evident that he was but a tool in the hands of the one who was hung. He remained in jail some time longer, and was, I think, let off without trial. He enlisted in the First Nebraska regiment, which was about to depart for the seat of war in the south, and proved to be a good soldier. That was the first lynching in Douglas county, and, I am inclined to think, the first in Nebraska, though it was followed by another soon after.

One Sunday morning, in a little opening in the timber on that very lonely road from Florence to Fort Calhoun, two human bodies were found dangling from the limb of a tree, stark dead. The locality being within the limits of Douglas county, the coroner, on receiving the information, went up and removed the bodies to the jail in Omaha. When they arrived in front of the old court house, another hideous sight was presented. They lay in the bottom of a farm wagon, each with a coarse buffalo overcoat on, and their pants tucked into their bootlegs. They literally died with their boots on. They had been engaged in horse stealing, the horses being found in their possession. While people were looking at them, a team with two women drove up, and upon their looking at the faces of the dead, they began to sob

aloud and give way to expressions of terrible grief. They were the wives of the two men lying there fast in the clasp of death. It was found that they lived on the Iowa side of the river nearly opposite Calhoun, and the wives, hearing that their husbands had been hung, crossed over and followed the bodies to Omaha. All of them were young people.

While they were looking at their husbands and crying bitterly, Col. Matt. T. Patrick came up, and looking at one of the women intently, recognized in her an old schoolmate and friend whom he had known back in his native town in Pennsylvania. She was a bright, intelligent, handsome girl, and was of a good family and moved in the best circles in a country town. When the colonel came west she was still there, and he had no knowledge that she was in this region of country. It was some comfort to her to meet some one whom she had known before. After the inquest they returned to their desolate homes with their dead companions. No arrests were made, and no efforts to discover the lynchers. While probably most of the people would not engage in the hanging, they were willing it should be done and glad when it was done, for the feeling was that if summary examples were not made we should be at the mercy of burglars and horse thieves.

When a new town sprang up about the first signs to be noticed were "Bank" and "Saloon." These are generally in the van of civilization. Between the winters of 1855 and 1857 there were established three banks at Omaha, one at Florence, one at De Soto, one at Tekamah, one at Dakota City, one at Bellevue, one or more at Plattsmouth, and I do not remember how many at Nebraska City and Brownville, and yet the census of 1860 showed a population of only 28,000 in the territory. All of them were banks of issue, and had charters which had been granted by the legislature. It was not difficult to obtain the passage of a bank charter at that time, especially if the applicant came "well heeled," to use a slang phrase. After the legislature one winter had adjourned, I expressed to a gentleman my surprise that he had been successful in procuring a bank charter in addition to so many, when he opened his little book and called my attention to a list of members with the amounts opposite their names. That, of course, made everything plain. For a couple of years money was truly easy; it fairly grew, and times were swimming; but there came a storm, a

financial blizzard, and the people awoke as from a huge delusion. The banks disappeared, not

“Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaving not a wreck behind,”

but leaving numberless wrecks, as reminders of times that had been, but, fortunately, were gone, to return no more. What a wild, reckless system of banking was the rage then! We had the wildcat money, pure and undefiled. To cast back one's thoughts to what then prevailed, it seems like a wild financial farce.

Greene, Moore, and Benton were engaged in banking in the building now occupied by the United States National Bank, under the title of the “Western Fire Insurance Company,” as near as I can recollect. Leroy Tuttle was its cashier. He came out from York state, and was a kind of protégé of General Spinner, whose hieroglyphics, resembling lithographed chicken-tracks in ink, ornamented the green-backs for so long. When Spinner became treasurer of the United States, he called Tuttle to Washington and gave him a position in his office, wherein he became assistant treasurer. A. U. Wyman, then a young man in Omaha, accepted a position in the same office, and, as is well known, afterwards arose to the position of treasurer.

Before the war there lived in Nebraska City, at the same time, four gentlemen, all of whom afterwards became delegates to congress from western territories. They were Hiram P. Bennett, Allen A. Bradford, Sam F. Nuckolls, and John F. Kinney. The first three were members of our territorial legislature. When the Pike's Peak excitement spread over the country Bennett pulled out for the newly-discovered gold fields of Colorado, followed by Bradford. During the session of congress of '61 and '62 Colorado was provided with a territorial organization, and Bennett was chosen the first delegate to congress. Bradford was a delegate to congress from Colorado at the time of the admission of Nebraska as a state. Nuckolls removed to Cheyenne, and was the first delegate to congress from Wyoming territory. Kinney, who had been chief justice of Utah, was elected delegate to congress from that territory, or, rather, it might be said, was appointed delegate by Brigham Young, for no one could be elected unless first selected by the master of the Utah hierarchy. Sterling Morton came very near making the number of five delegates from territories who resided at Nebraska City. He was the democratic candidate for that

position in 1860 in Nebraska, and was declared elected by the canvassing board who were Buchanan officials of the territory, and the certificate of election was given to him by the governor, Sam Black. Morton was in no hurry to forward the certificate to the clerk of the house of representatives at Washington and have his name entered upon the roll. In the meantime, Governor Black took offense at Morton and gave a certificate to S. G. Daily, his republican competitor for the position, bearing a later date, and revoking the former. Daily lost no time in filing his certificate with the clerk of the house, Col. John W. Forney, who placed his (Daily's) name on the roll. It is possible that the first certificate had been filed by Morton; if so, Forney treated the second one as revoking the first, and entered Daily's name on the list of members and delegates of the forthcoming congress which convened in extra session, under Lincoln's proclamation, in July, 1861. Daily thus obtained the seat, and Morton became the contestant; the seat was awarded to Daily.

It was a somewhat noteworthy incident, that Nebraska City furnished so many sons to the territories for delegates to congress. It was a still more noteworthy fact that in the spring of 1861, there lived at the old Herndon House hotel (now the U. P. headquarters), in Omaha, at the same time, eight persons, who afterwards became United States senators. They were Tipton, Hitchcock, Paddock, Saunders, Wm. Pitt Kellogg, Spencer, afterwards of Alabama, Bowen, now of Colorado, and myself. It would be difficult to find a similar instance.

STORMY TIMES IN NEBRASKA.

C. W. Bishop in *Omaha Bee*, January 20, 1889.

The visitor to the Little Blue valley, who is acquainted with its early history and settlement, is constantly reminded of the pioneers who first settled it. It was along the banks of the little stream for which it was named that the first comers built their log cabins or rude "dug-outs," and, bravely facing the dangers of savage cruelty and the hardships of separation from civilized society, proceeded to lay the

rugged foundation upon which has grown one of the most prosperous and beautiful portions of the state.

Perhaps, excepting the banks of that turbid stream, the "Big Muddy," this river and valley forms one of the most interesting portions of Nebraska. The stream has its source in Adams county, near Hastings, and flows in a southeasterly direction for a distance of about sixty miles, where it leaves Nebraska and enters the sister state of Kansas.

It is a very picturesque and beautiful little creek (for it can hardly be called a river), and its banks are bordered with a heavy growth of timber. This, in connection with a broad and fertile valley, extending on either side to the steep and broken bluffs, was very naturally chosen by the pioneers of southern Nebraska as the territory in which to open up new homes and found embryo settlements, which in after years were to expand into large and prosperous towns and cities.

But this valley, with its hunting grounds abundantly supplied with game, and its waters with fish, was also the favorite resort of the numerous tribes of Indians who occupied this section of country and, naturally unwilling to relinquish their rights to the hated paleface, they stubbornly contested every foot of the land before yielding the coveted prize into his hands.

For years it was in the face of much danger that the settlements were pushed farther and farther out to the front, and much white man's blood has crimsoned the greensward of this valley, and many are the innocent women and children who have been dragged from their homes and cruelly murdered by the red demons of the plains. In each glen and on each rise of table land, as in the valley of the famous Mohawk, have been enacted some of the bloody tragedies of Indian warfare. But, as has been the final result since the earliest contentions between the white and the red race, the latter has been obliged to seek new grounds to the westward, and the dearly purchased field was left in the hands of the brave men who had so bravely won it.

To the Mormons is given the honor of first having opened up the route along this stream for general travel, though the "pathfinder," Gen. John C. Fremont, had passed along here with his surveying corps as early as 1842. The trail made by the Mormons in 1858, was the next year chosen by Butterfield as the route for his pony express from the Missouri river to Denver, Colorado. This scheme not pay-

ing as well as was expected by the originators, was discontinued after about one year's existence. It was also along this same route that the great overland stage coaches, owned and operated by Russell, Majors & Waddell, rattled on over the virgin soil of Nebraska, as they made their trips from Leavenworth, Kansas, to the now "Queen City of the west," and at short intervals were located stations where horses were changed and meals taken by the employes and passengers. One of the most important of these stations was Oak Grove, situated in Nuckolls county, near the northeastern corner, on the left-hand bank of the creek. This place was named by Fremont, and was so given from a large group of gnarled oak trees which stood by themselves a short distance from the river. At the present time but two or three of the old trees are standing, their comrades having met the fate of so many others of their kind, and a small grove of young oaks marks the spot where their sturdy ancestors reared their waving branches heavenward like mute witnesses to the bloody deeds that had been enacted almost in their cooling shades. It was at this place that the first permanent settlement in Nuckolls county was made in 1859 by the two Butler brothers, of Philadelphia, they having charge of the pony express station while that was in operation, and after that became defunct, the station was continued for the stage line till 1862, when one of the brothers died and the place was purchased by its present occupant and owner, Mr. George S. Comstock, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the information contained in this article.

This family consisted of the father, Mr. George Comstock, three daughters and four sons, one of whom was the purchaser of Oak Grove, and to them may fitly be given the title of the pioneers of Nuckolls county. After the purchase of the place Mr. Comstock continued to conduct the stage station till it was removed some miles to the west, when he turned the site into a ranch and trading post.

To listen to the recital of the adventures and thrilling experiences of this family, who were acquainted with all the border heroes and desperadoes at that time, of whom "Wild Bill" and "Buffalo Bill" were the most noted, is far more exciting and interesting than a dime novel.

Of all the adventures they had with the Indians, the most thrilling and trying occurred on the 10th of August, 1864. It will be remembered that this is the year in which occurred the general uprising

of the redskins from the border settlements of Minnesota to Denver, Colorado. Hundreds of homes were destroyed, the occupants butchered, the entire frontier desolated, and hundreds of families called upon to mourn for some loved one who had perished in the general massacre.

As above stated, on the 10th of August, 1864, there appeared at Oak Grove a band of about thirty-five Sioux and Cheyenne Indians under a one-eyed chief known as Two Face. The chief had been a caller at the store several times before, while leading small parties of his tribe on hunting expeditions along the Little Blue and the Republican twenty miles to the south. Nothing was mistrusted by the settlers at the grove, and as the noonday meal was ready, the savages were, as usual, invited to partake. The invitation was accepted, but upon seating themselves it was noticed that they failed to remove their bows, quivers, and other arms, as was their custom when eating, and not till then did it flash upon the minds of the white occupants that their guests were on the war-path, and even then they were obliged to conceal their surprise, fearing that any betrayal of their discovery would bring on an attack prematurely; and this it was hoped to avoid at least till the red devils could be got outside, as they had every advantage while in the room, and outnumbered the whites seven to one. The dinner being finished, each of the Indians was, according to the usual practice of the proprietor, presented with a portion of tobacco or some like present, when suddenly a signal was given by the treacherous chief and a volley fired upon the white inmates of the room. The fight having now opened, the fire was returned by the ranchmen, and they were successful in driving the war party from the store. In the mêlée two of the white men were killed outright and two seriously wounded. Two of the warriors also had their spirits sent to the happy hunting grounds by the unerring bullet of the pale-face. The names of the young men killed were Kelley and Butler, from Beatrice. They had been making hay for the stage company a short distance from the grove, and starting to return to Beatrice, had stopped for dinner, and were killed. One of the wounded men, George Hunt, recovered and is at present one of the most successful merchants of De Witt, this state. The Hon. Tobias Castor, also of De Witt, was present at the battle, and has since proven himself a better statesman than Indian fighter. To make the affair more serious to the

family besieged as they were, their father had early in the morning gone to a neighboring settlement, and it was supposed that he would be taken prisoner, and if not murdered outright be put to the many tortures which none but savage cruelty can devise and which they are so eager to apply.

Several times during the afternoon attacks were made upon the log store by the Indians, each time led by the chief mounted upon a white pony. They gained nothing by these attacks, however, and several times one of their number was seen to topple forward and fall to the ground, showing that the firing of the besieged party was not in vain. They at last withdrew, and for several hours none of them appeared in sight, when just at dark a white horse bearing a rider appeared and rode toward the building. Careful aim was taken by one of the Comstock boys, who thought it to be the chief reconnoitering preparatory for another attack. Wishing his aim to be sure, he paused a second to allow him to approach nearer, when one of the sisters suddenly remembered that her father rode a white horse, and that this might be he. She accordingly called out: "Father, is that you?" and received an affirmative answer; and this undoubtedly saved the old gentleman's life, as in a brief space of time the bullet that was meant for an Indian chief would have imbedded itself in his heart. Strange to say the old gentlemen had seen no signs of Indians, though they must have been concealed on every side of him as he passed along the road home, for it was afterwards learned that they had murdered all the families along the valley for a distance of twenty miles in each direction during the day, and Oak Grove was the only place attacked that held out against them. (Mr. Comstock now thinks that he was allowed to reach home unmolested, as he had always treated the Indians kindly and squarely in all his dealings with them.)

Upon his arrival it was decided that the attacking party of the afternoon had gone for reinforcements, and would soon return and overpower the small force at the ranch. Accordingly, preparations were hastily made for a departure. Having no way to carry them, and having no time to bury them, the two men who had been killed at noon were concealed in a small smoke house at the foot of the bluffs, thinking that perhaps this might escape the sight of the savages upon their return, and the morning sun of August 11 found the Comstock family, with the two wounded men, on their way to Kiowa, a small

station thirty-five miles to the southeast, where they knew a wagon train was on its way up the valley. They had left behind two young men who refused to accompany them. The departure had been made none too soon, for when about fifteen miles away, the fugitives looking back beheld their home with its thousands of dollars worth of property, which they were obliged to leave, ascending towards the heavens in smoke. About three hundred Indians had appeared, killed the two men left behind, and after having rifled the place applied the torch. The family expected to be pursued and perhaps massacred, but from the cause above given, knowing of the wagon train and fearing it was guarded by soldiers, the Indians allowed them to push on to Kiowa, where they met the train, which, we believe, learning from them of the outbreak, faced about and put back with them to Leavenworth. At Salina, Kan., the wounded man, Ostrander, died and was buried. In the following year, the Indian depredations having somewhat subsided, the party returned to their old home to find only the ruins and the bleaching bones of the unfortunate victims of August 10-11, 1864. In the latter part of the summer of 1865, as nearly all who had been driven from their homes the previous year had returned, Oak was rebuilt and a petition was sent to the postoffice department asking that a postoffice be established here to be known as the Oak Grove office, as the settlers were obliged to go to Kiowa, thirty-five miles distant, for their mail. The petition was granted, and thus the first postoffice in Nuckolls county was established at the above named place in the autumn of 1865. (The office is now known simply as Oak.) In a short time after this the Indians again became troublesome and the entire valley was vacated, and once more the homes that had been founded with so much danger and hardship were left to the crafty savage, and till 1868 they held possession of this section of territory, committing their deeds of violence whenever a chance presented itself, and making frequent raids on the settlements farther east. In 1868 they were, except some small bands, forced upon the reservations making it again safe for the whites to return. In the meantime, also, Two Face, the chief who had been the leader in all the attacks on the settlements, had been hanged at Kearney, having arrived there with a captive white woman, Mrs. Alderdan, who had been taken captive near Oak Grove. This woman was still retained by the Indians for some reason, and was subsequently killed by a squaw to prevent her

falling into the hands of the soldiers when General Carr's command defeated a band of Sioux under Tall Bull at Summit Springs, on the South Platte. In the fall of 1868 the old gentleman, Mr. Comstock, with part of his family, returned to the old home of so many bloody scenes, and in 1872 was joined by his son, George S. Comstock, the owner of the place, and his family. In 1870 the Indians killed their last victim in this (Nuckolls) county, a Swede, living on a small tributary of the Little Blue.

Mr. Comstock is one of Nuckolls county's wealthiest and most prominent men. He, with his father and family, resides on the old ranch, having a large and commodious dwelling built only a short distance from where the old log structure, destroyed by the Indians, stood. Others of the family have large and nicely cultivated farms near by, and they can behold the reminders of the scenes of twenty-four or twenty-five years ago on every side.

What a mighty change they have witnessed! The war-whoop of the savage, and the smoke of the settler's burning cabin as it blazed up anew in the autumn breeze, have given way to the shriek and the smoking trail of the locomotive. Where the evening sun looked down upon the pony express rider as he goaded on his weary steed, or upon the heavy stage coaches lumbering slowly over the road, is now seen the long train of heavily laden freight cars, slowly bearing away the products of a most productive soil. With the speed of the wind, the long train of elegant passenger coaches, filled with human freight now dashes past, and the Indian trail is crossed and recrossed by the electric telegraph, over which are constantly flashing the thoughts and the wants of a busy and prosperous people. Where then were hunted the huge herds of buffalo are now seen large herds of domestic cattle feeding on the luxuriant meadows, and beautiful farms with fields of waving grain, and neat little farm houses. Large towns and cities containing huge brick and stone business houses, churches, and elegant residences, have sprung up. Here and there are beheld nicely finished and furnished little school houses, in which the hardy little urchins, the productions of Nebraska's salubrious atmosphere, are receiving the education which shall fit them for her future leaders and statesmen. Prosperity and progression are all around.

COUNTY NAMES.

BY M. B. C. TRUE.

Editor State Journal: The broad territory of the state of Nebraska is nearly covered by organized counties. It is evident, in view of the great tides of immigration which are and have been surging westward, that the next legislature will be called upon to exhaust its direct power in the organization of counties, in the completion of that work. On that account it may not be amiss or obtrusive for me to make some suggestions concerning the matter of county names.

At present, if I have counted correctly, the state contains seventy-seven organized counties. If the reservations of the Winnebago and Omaha Indians should hereafter be set off into a county, there is territory left for about six new counties. If the western portion of the state should prove capable of sustaining a farming population of reasonable density, then the large counties, Holt, Boone, Cherry, Custer, Lincoln, Keith, Cheyenne, Sheridan, Dawes, and Sioux, must soon be divided and subdivided until the state will have over one hundred counties.

Eleven counties are named for presidents of the United States: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Johnson, Hayes, and Garfield. Nine statesmen of wide fame and great public service have honored Nebraska counties by the gift of their names: Blaine, Cass, Chase, Clay, Colfax, Douglas, Greeley, Seward, and Webster. Others less known, but whose rank is high as public servants, viz., Dixon, Dodge, Howard, Harlan, besides several already named, Hamilton, Knox, Franklin, and Wayne, bring revolutionary services as their countersign. Custer, Holt, Kearney, Sherman, Sheridan, and Stanton find a place in the names of counties in recognition of their services in the war of 1861-5, though Kearney's services in the Indian wars of the frontier were eminent and entitled him to recognition.

A nice, perhaps overwise, discrimination has selected seven only of

the eleven who have filled the gubernatorial office of the state and fixed their names to counties: Burt, Richardson, Saunders, Butler, Furnas, Nance, and Dawes. Local politicians of the state, some of whom are in good repute outside state lines, were not overlooked. These are Brown, Cuming, Dawson, Dundy, Gosper, Hitchcock, Keith, Nuckolls, Sarpy, Thayer, and Wheeler. I do not know where to place Gage, Hall, Lancaster, Merrick and Phelps.

There are several classes of county names that seem to be eminently appropriate. Antelope, Buffalo, and Loup (wolf), represent the wild animals whose pasturage was once the Great American Desert. Cedar, Cherry, and Red Willow evidently signify localities in which those woods grow. Saline designates a natural product of the state, which promises to be a valuable one, but the name has been misplaced, as there are no saline deposits in the county of that name. Frontier and Valley would be well named if they fully designated actual conditions. Frontier county is not on the frontier. Two valleys traverse Valley. Cheyenne, Keya Paha, Nemaha, Otoe, Pawnee and Sioux counties perpetuate six of the Indian tribes whose royal domains were once inside this state.

One who thoughtfully studies the nomenclature of the counties of Nebraska will be struck by the vacancies, by the names that are absent. The name of Fremont, who, in 1842, traversed a portion of the state in his Rocky mountain explorations, and whose services to the nation and to the world in other lines have been eminent, has his name affixed to a thriving city, but not to a county. Wilkinson, who was territorial governor of Louisiana when the territory that is now Nebraska was attached to Louisiana for judicial purposes—the first attempt to organize a civil government in Nebraska—is unknown in our county or city names. It would seem that Governors Izard, Black, James, and Garber made as creditable records and bore as high characters as the seven others whose names have been used. Why these four were ignored or slighted does not appear. The omission of their names appears to be invidious.

One of the names most conspicuously absent is that of Charles Sumner. His name is not attached to a county, city, town, village, township, precinct, or postoffice in the great state of Nebraska. And yet, considering his services to the state, no one has so great claims to such recognition. Mr. Sumner had been in the United States senate

but ten days when he made his maiden speech in that body, December 10, 1851. The speech was in favor of resolutions of welcome to Kosuth, who was then on his way to the United States. In that speech Mr. Sumner gave early currency to, if he did not actually coin, the phrase which the state of Nebraska has engrossed upon her great seal, "Equality Before the Law." This phrase expresses a cardinal principle in Mr. Sumner's life as in Nebraska's history.

In January, February, and March, 1852, during the discussion of the "bill granting the right of way and making a grant of land to the state of Iowa, in aid of the construction of certain railroads in said state," Mr. Sumner took part three times. He supported the bill heartily and advocated at some length the principle of grants to aid railroads in the new states. The title which he gave to his remarks in favor of the bill was "Justice to the Land States and the Policy of Roads." When we remember that very few of the statesmen of the east and south at that time could discern the future greatness and prosperity of the great west, brought about by the land grant railroads, and further remember that settlements in Nebraska would have just begun to-day if the principles then advocated by Mr. Sumner had not been afterwards adopted by the national government, we can realize how much this state owes to him.

But the great senator touches Nebraska's history at another point and still greatly to his credit. The constitution of the state of 1866 restricted electoral and official privileges to white persons. When the bill for the admission of the state came before the senate the following winter Mr. Sumner secured an amendment practically eliminating the word "white" from the constitution of the state. He attempted a similar service for Colorado in the preceding summer, but congress was not then prepared to stand by him and his principles. At that time the republican party was trying to secure "equality before the law" to loyal white and black alike in the southern states, and Mr. Sumner, with conspicuous consistency, would not consent to even a slight departure from that line. Every sturdy loyalist owes a vote of thanks to the great senator for that persistent effort, made against some of his warmest friends. Somewhere upon the broad, free, and loyal plains of Nebraska his name should be carved, either in county or city, or both. Why cannot the next legislature do justice to the man who, by triple cords, is bound to the history of Nebraska?

There is conspicuously another name that ought to be engraved upon the map of Nebraska in the name of one of its counties—Grant. Several precincts and townships already bear his name, but he is entitled to have his name attached to a great and populous county. His services to the nation deserve the recognition long delayed.

The names of Meade, Farragut, Thomas, Hooker, Wilson, Wade, Phillips, and others might be given to counties in Nebraska with entire propriety and with great credit to the character of the people. The Ogallala, Omaha, and Ponca tribes of Indians will be remembered by the names which they have given to cities of the state, but the Santees, Winnebagos, and Paducas have not so far been honored as is their due. The few relics of Indian history remaining in the state, in the manner of tribes, chiefs, and localities, ought to be gathered up and preserved in local nomenclature.

LIEUT. SAMUEL A. CHERRY.

M. B. C. True in a recent issue of *The State Journal* had an article relative to the names of the counties of this state, their origin, etc., and in speaking of Cherry county he assumes that it was so named on account of the wood of that name. But such is not the case, as there is no wood of that nature in the county. Cherry county is named in memory of the late Lieut. S. A. Cherry, Fifth cavalry, who was killed near Rock creek, Dakota, about eight miles north of Fort Niobrara, May 11, 1881.

The tragic death of Lieutenant Cherry recalls many thrilling incidents of the early establishment of Fort Niobrara, and the development of this portion of the state. The particulars surrounding Lieutenant Cherry's death are as follows: About the 8th of May reliable information reached Col. J. J. Upham, Fifth cavalry, then in command at Fort Niobrara, of a plot to rob Col. T. H. Stanton, paymaster U. S. A., then en route from Omaha to pay the troops. He having to come from Neligh by stage the robbers had made arrangements to waylay him at Plum creek. Accordingly, Lieutenant Cherry, with a posse consisting of two reliable sergeants and several privates, was ordered to Long Pine to meet and escort Colonel Stanton back, which

he did. The robbers, who were completely defeated by this timely movement on the part of the military, became desperate, and although few in numbers were of the most hardened characters. Having been frustrated in this they had to resort to some other method whereby to make a raise. Pay-day night they carefully surveyed the surroundings of the post trader's store, but precautionary measures prevented their making an assault; accordingly they moved their base of operations to a road ranch, four miles east of the point, just off the reservation, one of the hardest of the kind known to human depravity, and owned and conducted by H. Casterline. The active participants in the assault were "Tedde" Read, Dick Burr, and Private Johnson, of Troop F, Fifth cavalry. On the night of May 9, 1881, Private Johnson, being on guard, was stationed at post No. 2, in charge of the company's stables. During the time he was supposed to be on post, he with his confederates succeeded in getting into the troop stables and each secured a mount from the best of the horses. They then proceeded to the ranch, entered in a body, and drawing their Winchesters ordered "hands up." The house was in a drunken revel, a dance was in progress, with Casterline behind the bar. On this demand all hands went up with the exception of Casterline's, who dropped behind the bar, two leaden messengers lighting directly over his head. Before his assailants had time to reload, he rose high enough to empty the contents of a double-barreled shot gun into the arm of Burr, and slightly wounded Johnson. Several shots were then exchanged. Johnnie Bordeaux, a half-breed from Rosebud, was shot in the head and killed instantly and two men were wounded, when the assailants withdrew, mounted their horses and made for the thick brush along the Niobrara river. The ranch then became a perfect bedlam. Women half-drunk and half-crazed ran across the prairies, men seemed to lose their wits, firing was done indiscriminately, the only wonder being that more were not hurt. Read and his confederates who assaulted the ranch did so intent on robbery. Casterline, who had something over \$1,200 on his person, by his quick return fire succeeded in defeating their purpose and they were driven away without having accomplished their object.

The next morning at sound of reveille all was active at Fort Niobrara. The news of Johnson's having deserted his post, taking with him the three troop horses, saddles, and other equipments, had reached

the commanding officer. Lieutenant Cherry, with a detail, was ordered in immediate pursuit. By eight o'clock on that beautiful morning of May 10, 1881, Lieutenant Cherry was in his saddle, with "long tom" across his saddle and with a belt full of 45-calibre cartridges encircling his waist, top boots, broad brimmed hat, a ruddy complexion, the very picture of health and soldierly vigor, ready and eager for the chase. It was not long before he disappeared from view, followed by a score of men, who had followed him before, and who were ready to follow him then. After examining foot marks he takes up the trail at the ranch; all day long does he ride, first through sand hills, then through brush, through the river, cross and recross, sometimes following the trail, at others looking for it, all day long in momentary expectancy of their rising out of the brush or from behind some rock where a fight was inevitable, for he knew the men with whom he had to deal. He knew their character and was always in the lead ready to anticipate their movements. Thus did he keep up "double quick" all day until darkness forced him to call a halt and he struck camp at Sharp's ranch, a well known landmark about eighteen miles west of the fort. It would be hard to get at any estimate of the number of miles he led his men on that day. In camp that evening he summed up his day's work, and after consultation with Sergeants Harrington and Marback, concluded that the culprits had headed for Pierre, Dakota. Accordingly he made his arrangements to follow them, and next morning sent two men with pack horses for more rations and forage, they arriving at Fort Niobrara about nine o'clock. These men had orders after loading to overtake him that night some fifty miles on the Pierre road.

In the meantime a volunteer party had been organized under command of First Sergeant Smith, Company B, Ninth infantry, among whom we recall John Guth, of Troop B, Sutcliff of Troop F, Sergeant Polligree, Louis Bordeau, and "Thy," the Indian scout. This party left Fort Niobrara about six o'clock on the morning of May 12, starting north, scouting the country along the state line.

Cherry's detachment having gotten their animals loaded, had started for his camp, when about the noon hour Guth and Sutcliff came into the post at full speed, when Guth addressing the commanding officer said: "Sir, I am ordered by Sergeant Smith to report that Lieutenant Cherry was shot and killed by Private Lock this morning, and that the sergeant is now standing guard over his remains near

Rock creek!" The report spread to the remotest parts of the post at once. All work was suspended, so eager was the entire populace to learn the particulars, whatever they might be. His fellow officers did not know how to view the situation. Circumstances seemed to indicate that Lieutenant Cherry was pressing the outlaws hard, and Lock being a confederate, realized this, killed him, and joined them. It was known that Burr was wounded in the fight at the ranch, which might have caused them delay in getting away and that Lock knew this. Lock was one of the most trusted men in the troop, and if he belonged to such a party of murderers, who among the troops might not. Thus all kinds of conjectures were introduced and discussed, until further developments, in a manner, explained them away.

Not many minutes elapsed before new orders were issued, and B troop, Fifth cavalry (Montgomery), were in their saddles. Captain Montgomery taking half the troop, followed the guide of Sutliff in one direction, while Lieutenant Macomb with the other half went in another, with Guth for guide. Both parties, although scouting different parts of the country, reached Cherry's body at almost the same time. An escort wagon was then well under way, which upon arrival was brought into requisition to carry back to Fort Niobrara the remains of the soldier who but thirty hours before had left it the very picture of manly vigor and buoyant spirits, little dreaming of the fate which awaited him. Captain Montgomery commanded this solemn march to within about four miles of Fort Niobrara, when camp was pitched, the darkness of the night, through a country without roads, making it impossible to travel further. Leaving Lieutenant Macomb with the troop in charge of the remains, he came on into the post. Next morning Lieutenant Macomb selected Sergeant Kelligrew and Privates Guth, Segar, McElwee, and scout "Thy," and turning over the remains to the charge of Sergeant Marbach, started in pursuit of Lock. Marbach arrived at Fort Niobrara a few hours later, when the remains were appropriately dressed and lay in state until the next morning.

It would be hard to describe the deep grief and universal sorrow which overcame the entire garrison. Persons living isolated from the outside world, as were those of Fort Niobrara in '80 and '81, became much better acquainted and attachments grew very much stronger than under ordinary circumstances. They become like one large fam-

ily and this sudden demise of one of their number, particularly one of Cherry's disposition, so unexpected, struck to the hearts of all, and each felt that he had sustained a personal bereavement. On the morning of May 14, impressive services were conducted by Rev. W. T. McAdam, post chaplain, in front of Cherry's quarters, after which his remains were followed to the cemetery, the troops marching "arms reversed." After a short service at the grave, the appropriate salute was fired, after which, as a last token of soldierly love, and a fitting ending of the solemn services, the trumpeter sounded—taps.

The following spring the remains were removed to La Grange, Ind., the home of his mother.

Returning to Lieutenant Cherry's movements, on the morning after breaking camp at Sharp's ranch, it appears that he, intent on giving the country a thorough search, divided his party into three squads, he taking with him Sergeant Harrington, Privates Conroy and Lock. About ten o'clock near Rock Creek, Sergeant Smith sent Guth to report to Lieutenant Cherry that he was in the field and get instructions as to what course to take. Guth, when within three hundred yards of Lieutenant Cherry, heard three reports in quick succession, and, seeing a man running across the country driving two horses, thinking him one of Read's party, pursued, and although the man escaped, Guth brought back the two horses. The man subsequently proved to be Sergeant Harrington, who said he thought he was being pursued by Read's crowd. By this time Sergeant Smith had arrived at the scene of the firing, where he found Lieutenant Cherry lifeless.

Lock had trouble with his lead horse in Rock creek, and some words passed between him and Conroy. After riding a short distance from the creek, Cherry with Harrington at his right, Conroy and Lock in the rear, Lock, without a word, whipped out his revolver and shot at Conroy, but missed him. Cherry, hearing the report, looked back over his left shoulder and exclaimed :

"What's that?" Lock answered that his piece had gone off accidentally. Instantaneously another report was heard and Cherry fell to the right of his horse dead. Lock had ridden up to his left and placed the pistol so close to his side that the powder burned his clothes. The ball grazed his arm and entered his side near his heart. Lock then turned again on Conroy, this time lodging a ball in his thigh, after which he put spurs to his horse and made for the hills west. Har-

ington became so completely dumbfounded that he ran in another direction, coming into the post some time the next day, but never was able to give a coherent description of the tragedy.

Lieutenant Macomb, after leaving Cherry's remains, went west scouting the country to Sharp's ranch, thence to McCann's ranch, where he arrived next morning. Thence he learned that Lock had stopped there while he was in camp only a few miles distant, and that Lock had left the ranch going up the river. Rain, however, covered his trail, making it impossible to follow, and Macomb had to search in the general direction he understood Lock to be traveling, which he did for two days, but satisfying himself that Lock was not in that direction, he returned to Fort Niobrara. Lock turned back a few miles from McCann's, and that afternoon the mail carrier came into Fort Niobrara and reported he had just seen him at Creighton's (now Gulick's) ranch. The commanding officer immediately detailed a party under Sergeant Marbach, who followed him three days through the sand hills south. Their horses giving out, the sergeant hired two cowboys, who followed him up, overtaking him at Jackson's ranch on the Bloody. Lock made no resistance, but begged them not to shoot. While he was being brought back he was in momentary dread of violence and begged piteously that the sergeant and his men would protect him.

It will never be known whether Lieutenant Cherry met his death at the hands of a confederate of Read, or by a dethroned reason. Lock, on being captured, first pretended that he did not know anything of what he had done. When on being told that he had committed murder so foul, he merely said he was willing to pay the penalty. His friends knowing that he had been drinking hard for the past fortnight, reasoned that he, getting out away from drink after having had it for so long, riding so hard without any stimulants, had become crazed and was not conscious of the act at the time. The murder having been committed in Dakota he was taken to Deadwood for trial, but the evidence being so conflicting, the prosecution feared to push the case and a compromise was effected by which he pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, which he is now serving at Detroit, Michigan.

It will be remembered Lieutenant Cherry concluded that the murderers had gone to Pierre, Dakota; also that they had murdered a

half breed named Bordeau. That proved the cause of their capture. The news once at Rosebud, Indians and half-breeds started in all directions, and Tacket, one of their number, coming upon them at West Pierre, got the assistance of an officer, and the two, overtaking them in a skiff just as they were leaving shore, forced them back at the muzzles of their Winchesters, handcuffed and landed them in jail at Pierre. They were subsequently taken to Yankton, where Johnson was killed while trying to escape. Read was wanted at Deadwood for a murder in Dakota, for which he was executed in 1881. Burr disappeared and his whereabouts are not known.

The torch was applied to the notorious ranch, presumably by the soldiers.

Cherry's courage amounted almost to recklessness. For instance, at the time he was shot he was momentarily expecting to run upon the robbers and of course expected a fight. He had his gun loaded and was holding it in his right hand ready for any emergency. Although he had prepared himself it did not occur to him to instruct his men to be on the alert, and when Lock fired upon Conroy, Conroy's carbine was in the boot and his revolver in his saddle pocket, neither weapon of which could he get into position to defend himself. Harrington's gun was across his saddle, but strapped in the sling, where it rested easily, but in no position for immediate action.

Had Lieutenant Cherry lived until July 16, 1881, he would then have seen five years of service with the Fifth cavalry. During that time he participated in the campaign of '77 against the Nez Perces; in that of '78 against the Bannocks, being placed in command of the Shoshone and Arapahoe scouts in the latter campaign—a merited compliment—by his regimental commander, General Merrit. He was adjutant to Major Thornburg, October, 1879, on his march to the rescue of Agent Meeker, of the Ute agency on White river, Colorado. In defense of that command, against a determined and sanguinary assault by the Utes under Chief Joseph, Major Thornburg was instantly killed, and Lieutenant Paddock, Fifth cavalry, Dr. Grimes, a surgeon, and several men were seriously wounded. Lieutenant Cherry, who commanded the skirmish line, distinguished himself by his brave demeanor, and held the Indians in check while the wagon train was neared to water and corralled, and breastworks thrown up from behind, thereby furnishing protection to the command for seven days, while waiting for reinforcements.

Thus ends the career of a soldier and a hero, but a man of unassuming manner, genial and courteous to all, whose memory cannot be dimmed by lapse of years.

The people who, through their "right of petition," had the selecting of a name for the county were most of them acquainted with the subject of this sketch, and the name was selected by universal consent. They knew he shared with Captain Lawson, Third cavalry, the honor of saving Captain Payne, Fifth cavalry (when, after Major Thornburg's death, he had assumed command), from massacre at the hands of the Utes on the White river of Colorado the previous October. They knew that he was considered a hero, coming out of that fight with a record any soldier might be proud of. They knew the esteem in which he was held by his fellow officers, and in what respect and admiration his courage was regarded by his men. They therefore felt they were honoring their country by so doing. Had the war department followed a well established precedent, that gave Forts Phil. Kearney, D. A. Russell, Fred Steel, and many other military posts their name, Fort Niobrara would shortly thereafter have been changed to Fort S. A. Cherry.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OMAHA, ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN TRADITION.

BY ALF. D. JONES, SECRETARY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

OMAHA, May 19.

Editor Excelsior: In your last issue you exhibit some interest in the naval steamship "Omaha," apparently not only for the reason that it is a very fine vessel, but more particularly because it has been honored with the endearing name of our own city. Deeming the subject of sufficient interest to your readers, I will endeavor to give you the Indian explanation of the word. The definition of Omaha, as communicated to me by a native interpreter of the Omaha nation of Indians, conveyed to my mind the following explanation:

The Indians have a tradition that during the early history of the portion of the country west of the Missouri river there existed under the aboriginal government and customs, troubles, depredations, and

consequent wars among themselves, conducted with considerable ingenuity, animation, and power between the braves of different nations. During one of those exciting and savage events transpiring between different nomadic nations of that early period, when in the greatest heat of battle the earth suddenly opened, the ground sunk where the strife was greatest, and the locality of extermination became a living lake of turbulent waters in which was engulfed the entire force of the contending armies. All disappeared and were drowned except one lone Indian who emerged from the fathomless depths of that expansive abyss.

As he arose above the agitated waters and left the splashing waves he looked around him with astonishment and exclaimed, "Omáha," meaning "I am the only one saved," or "above." The word was originally accented on the second syllable, and pronounced as if written "Máh-ha," so far as was observable by the ordinary listener, as the "O" was so indistinctly enunciated that it could scarcely be heard.

OMAHA'S EARLY DAYS.

By Alf. D. Jones, in *Omaha Mercury*, 1889.

The center of attraction during the initiative steps taken toward laying out the city of Omaha was the original members of the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry Company. William D. Brown was the owner of a claim of land over in the Council Bluffs bottoms on which I had laid out an addition to Council Bluffs for him, near the slough on the eastern side of the river. He was also the proprietor of a flat-boat ferry, for the authority of which I wrote the requisite papers and assisted him in procuring his charter from the Pottawattamie county commissioners.

It was with much difficulty that he could navigate the river in consequence of the slough on the east side, the long sandbar in the middle of the river and the low ground on the Nebraska side, and he therefore made but few trips, in which he propelled his boat with oars.

I had suggested to him that the probability was that a town would be laid out on the Nebraska side and that his ferry privileges in the future would be of much importance. He then conceived the idea of

starting a steam ferry. I listened to his suggestion and for the purpose of starting a town on the Nebraska side, in which I expected to be one of the parties, I introduced the subject to S. S. Bayliss and Mr. Jackson and got them interested in the investigation. They became considerably encouraged to take hold and induced others to unite in the enterprise, and before I learned their progress they had agreed upon a union and I was left out. In June, 1853, they crossed the river in the flat-boat, went on to the plateau, out west of town, around by the point afterwards known as Forest Retreat, down by the Smelting works site, and recrossed the river. They then determined to organize, lay out a town, and put in steam ferries.

In July they organized with the following named members, all of whom were of Iowa: William D. Brown, Samuel S. Bayliss, James A. Jackson, Enos Lowe, Joseph D. Street, S. M. Ballard, Henn & Williams. Mr. Brown retained two shares and each of the other parties got one. Afterwards Tanner and Downs procured one of Brown's shares, and General Curtis the other. Dr. Lowe was president and was authorized to and did purchase the steam ferry, "General Marion," at Quincy, Illinois, and brought it up here in the fall of 1853. The making of a grade across the slough was completed that year and preparations for landings on the banks of the river were carried forward.

William D. Brown had been a sheriff in Henry county, a brick-maker in Mahaska, and a ferryman in Pottawattamie county. Samuel S. Bayliss came from Virginia, was going to California, and after getting as far as Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) concluded he could make a speculation by purchasing a Mormon claim on the Big Muddy at the foot of Miller's Hollow, which afterward was included within and became a prominent part of the city of Council Bluffs. James A. Jackson was an extensive general merchant in Miller's Hollow, just above Kanesville, which by my survey was included in Council Bluffs. Enos Lowe was a physician at Burlington, president of the senate, land officer at Iowa City, and at Council Bluffs president of the town company and surgeon in the army. S. M. Ballard was a physician at Council Bluffs and land speculator. Joseph D. Street had been an Indian agent and was a land officer at Council Bluffs. Henn & Williams were land agents at Fairfield. The former was a congressman, and Jesse Williams had been secretary of the territory of Iowa.

The town company had a claim house consisting of logs, put up at the corner of Jackson and Twelfth streets in May, 1854, and in the previous March had employed me to explore the Elkhorn and select a ferry location on that stream, and a full report was made of the topography of the undulating country over which we passed, the names of the streams and the condition of the Elkhorn river and its valleys. They made an equitable division of the lots and made donations of lots to the Methodist church, Masons, and Odd Fellows. They erected a two-story brick house on Ninth street between Farnam and Douglas, and donated the use of it to the territory for the courts and legislature. It has since been torn down. They mapped out four public parks of one square each, two south and two north of the present railroad track, besides the Bluff park of one square in width between Eighth and Ninth streets, and extending from Jackson to Davenport streets, only one of which parks yet remains.

Only two of the original company—Dr. Lowe and William D. Brown—ever resided in Omaha, and they did not move here until 1857. My impression is that all are dead except James A. Jackson, who resides somewhere in the west among the cattle ranges. They had much difficulty in sustaining Omaha, and disbursed considerable money and donated many lots for its advancement. I defined the first exterior lines ever made of their claims and established the corner—in reality made for them the first claim ever made upon the plateau, in May 1854. While establishing the lines I was met near Sixteenth and Davenport by Mule Johnson, who informed me that I was intruding upon his rights, as he claimed the quarter down to that corner, including the present high school grounds, and I informed Dr. Lowe, who met Johnson at that corner, when excited words ensued between them, which resulted in a compromise. They agreed to diagonally divide the quarter so as to give the company the high school square on which to locate the capitol. On the diagonal line from the high school to the corner of Jackson and Seventeenth I located Market street, which has now about all disappeared.

EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

BY JAMES ILER.*

I resided in Otoe county from 1857 till the call for the Nebraska Second regiment of cavalry was made. I enlisted in Company F as a private and served fourteen months under you as colonel of said regiment. I resided about two miles west of the present town site of Syracuse—was among the less than a dozen settlers who first occupied that portion of the Nemaha valley. It was twenty miles west of Nebraska City, which place afforded us mail, milling, and trading facilities.

Becoming convinced that the country could never be settled by the old method of fencing, I became an early advocate of the herd law, which made me somewhat obnoxious to cattlemen and old fogies who opposed the measure. After a couple of years' struggle, we succeeded in awakening an interest in the minds of prominent men in Nebraska City, who used their influence with the press to advocate the adoption of the fence law. In the fall of 1859 a call for a mass convention was made, in which convention it was decided by the republicans to draw party lines, and make the adoption of a herd law the issue. Your writer was chosen as one of the candidates to champion the cause. The results of the canvass showed a largely increased republican vote, but failed by nine of electing.

On returning home again from the service in 1864, I transferred my residence west into Lancaster county. By assisting John Cadman and others, we succeeded in getting him into the legislature, and through him got a special land law for Lancaster and Seward counties. The rapid settlement of these two counties, by reason of this law, purchased the favor of a subsequent legislature to give to Nebraska an optional general law, which has, next to her railroads, made her what she is—a queen of western states.

*This was written to ex-Governor Furnas, in response to a general request from him for notes, items, or descriptions of pioneer days in Nebraska.

In 1860 the people of Otoe county began to agitate the project of a wagon road to Denver, or Pike's Peak, as it was then called. The herd law having been defeated the fall previous, and there being only a small belt of settlement, averaging but a few miles, west of the Missouri river, all of whom were opposed to the law (as they were pretty well provided with timber), I despaired of the country coming in my lifetime to a "paying importance." So I loaded my two wagons, by counsel of my wife, and started for Denver over the well-known "cut-off" from Nebraska City to Fort Kearney. I was about the fifth team that passed over the route.*

Our report with others proved satisfactory to Majors and Russell, who selected Nebraska City as their initial base and turned their great freight teams over it. They soon had a street across these wild prairies from forty to sixty feet wide, worn as hard as the street of an ordinary city, the entire way from the city to Kearney, and thence on, still wider, to Denver. With this great trade, Nebraska City felt secure in becoming the initial point for the Pacific railroad—being so much nearer to Chicago and eastern markets than any rival point—so secure, indeed, that her merchants and capitalists tied up their purse strings and refused to "come down" with inducements. The result bankrupted all her hopes of ever becoming anything more than a first-class county town, whilst Omaha "cast her bread upon the waters," in the proper time, and is now on the highway to the commercial supremacy of the Missouri valley.

*When near the present town of York, my little three-year-old daughter fell from the wagon and was run over by the right fore wheel. I took her up before the hind wheel had time to catch her, but after some muscular twitching of her whole body, she ceased to struggle and to all human appearance life seemed extinct. I laid her upon the ground and began pressing her breast and breathing into her nostrils, with the remark to my wife "I can't give her up," and after about five minutes' earnest effort, she caught her breath and continued to breathe. I went into camp and remained two weeks, at which time the child gave signs she would live. Being joined by David and William McWilliams, of Otoe county, we broke camp in their company, for Denver. With the exception of an emigrant who lost his team over on the Platte, and who had become lost in his search for his team, and who had been four days without food and water, who found my encampment and was refreshed, these were the only persons we saw for over three weeks. On arriving at Denver, and viewing the chances for business in the mining fields then worked, I decided to engage in the business of freighting. In a couple of weeks I started down the Platte, towards home. When near Lone Tree, we fell victims to Indian rapacity, my wife receiving a wound from which she died. We reached our Nemaha home before her death. I am now looking at an arrow wound upon my person received at the same time. It was this suffering that gave me a zest for the Indian service.

PERSONAL SKETCH OF REV. MOSES MERRILL.

The Rev. Moses Merrill was born December 15, 1803. He was the sixth of thirteen children. His father was Rev. Daniel Merrill, A. M., revolutionary soldier for three years in the Third Massachusetts infantry, and afterward a graduate of Dartmouth College. His mother's name was Susannah (Gale) Merrill.

The childhood home until March, 1814, of Rev. Moses Merrill, was in Sedgwick, Maine, where his father was pastor of the Baptist church. At that date the family removed to Nottingham West (now Hudson), N. H., where his father's ministerial labors were terminated in September, 1820, by recall to the Sedgwick pastorate. His son's school privileges were excellent, and included academy as well as district school instruction. His health, however, was not sufficient to warrant him in pursuing a college course. In appearance he was of florid complexion, rather small of stature, slender in form, neat in person, and somewhat diffident. He was so patient, that it was from this characteristic, noted by the Indians, that he was known to them. He early became a member of the church, and was licensed to preach in April, 1829. His young manhood was spent largely in teaching in or near Sedgwick. April 20, 1829, he left his home for Albany, N. Y., where he arrived on the 1st of May. Here he taught a select school until the 22d of September, when his effects were destroyed by fire. For a few weeks he conducted an evening school, but this was abandoned on the 16th of October. He then offered himself to the New York Baptist State Convention as a missionary among the Indians of the state; but no appointment was made. On the 28th of October he set out for Ann Arbor, Michigan Territory, where he arrived November 14. Here, with an elder brother—Rev. T. W. Merrill—a school was inaugurated, which was quite successful. Frequent preaching tours taught him the need of theological study; and in February, 1830, he gave himself wholly to that and to preaching, preparatory to doing mission work among the Indians. On the 1st of June, 1830, he was joined in marriage to Miss Eliza Wilcox.

A correspondence with the Baptist Missionary Union was followed by the appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill as missionaries at Sault Ste. Marie. There they went in the fall of 1832, reaching the station September 20. With them went the prayers and sympathies of the brethren in Sedgwick, Me., where they had spent a portion of this summer previous to and following ordination to the work. The ensuing spring they were expected by the board to settle with the Chippewas at the head of Lake Superior. Before spring this plan was changed, and they were designated to go to the Shawanae Mission, Mo. After a brief stay there and a prospecting tour by Mr. Merrill, the missionary family, on the 26th of October, 1833, set out for Bellevue, Indian Territory (now Nebraska), 200 miles from any white settlement. This place, on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Platte river, they reached after severe hardships, on the 19th of November. (A beautiful view of this mission station may be found among the costly plates of the illustrated Volume of Travels by Maximillian, Prince of Weid.) A school for Indian children was at once opened. Preaching by an interpreter speedily followed. The language was learned rapidly and reduced to writing. The Indians were visited, counseled, fed, and befriended. Along with the gospel they were offered the best medical treatment Mr. Merrill could give.

The work of 1834, with the daily routine heretofore named, consisted in preparing an Otoe spelling book, a reading book making thirty pages duodecimo, and a hymn book. Also a manuscript for a second Otoe reading book. The Indians soon learned to sing the hymns of the little hymn book, WDTWHTL WDWDKLHA EVA WDHONETL, 1834, J. Meeker, printer.

The work of 1835 (teaching, reading to the Indians, preaching, visiting, ministering, etc., understood) was the removal of the Otoes to their new location, six miles from the mouth of the Platte river, on its northern bank. Here, in June, was built their village. On the 13th of July, at Bellevue, the second son was born, Samuel Pearce Merrill, who writes this memorial. September 18 the mission family removed from Bellevue six miles, to the vicinity of the new Otoe village, into a log house sixteen feet square, just completed. Meanwhile another and larger house was underway, and the Mission family occupied that the 4th of December.

In 1836 the general work is like that gone before, only more diffi-

cult and pressing. On the 14th of August was held the first exercise in Otoe at the school house. Quite well attended meetings occurred in Indian lodges.

Similarly occupied was the year 1837. The translation and publication of this pamphlet of Scripture was effected in June. On July 24 the first address to the Indians in Otoe was given. The completion of the additional mission buildings occupied some time.

The year 1838 did not vary much from those preceding. Some Indians had learned to read, the Christian hymns were sung, but nothing further appeared than a growing knowledge of the truth. Mr. Merrill spent several weeks, from June onward, with the Otoes on their buffalo hunt. The seeds of disease (consumption) were there ripened. In 1839, with declining health, with greater turbulence on the part of the Indians, little result religiously was effected. On the 6th of February, 1840, the spirit of this man of God passed from earth. His last words were that some one might be sent to take his place and lead those Indians to Christ. The Otoes who knew him as "The-one-who-always-speaks-the-truth," inquired if he whom they mourned had not a brother who would come and take his place.

The journal record of hardships, losses, dangers, and narrow escapes with life gives reasons enough for the quick termination of this mission by the death of its leader. And the scenes of lust, drunkenness, lawlessness, and murder amid which the wife of this missionary employed herself in teaching these savages were enough to start the stoutest mind from its true center. Sickness, epidemics, cholera, and drunkenness worst of all, ravaged the tribe during these years. The missionary was buried on the east bank of the Missouri river, the Rev. John Dunbar, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, officiating at the funeral.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF REV. MOSES MER-
RILL, A MISSIONARY TO THE OTOE INDIANS
FROM 1832 TO 1840.

July 2, 1833.—To-day called on Mr. Joseph Charles, of Saint-Louis; was very kindly received. He has a large garden, and he generously offered to put up for me the ensuing spring, without extra charge, any articles from his garden, as roots, plants, cions, etc., which I should wish. I am to write him early in the spring. Mr. Archibald E. Orme will aid in this concern.

Mr. Charles is acquainted with Indian manners and prejudices. He gave me the following useful hints: First—Beware of making promises that may in some respects fail of being fulfilled. Second—Beware of handing out to them promises from government which may fail of being realized. Third—Do not be hasty in becoming familiar with the Indians or of inviting them as guests. Fourth—Have a full and fair understanding with the chiefs. See that the interpreters do not impose on you by giving false interpretations. Fifth—Beware of levity especially in presence of the Indians. Sixth—Be friendly—do, rather than propose to do.

September 17, 1833.—Crossed the Platte river opposite the Otoe village. By imprudence in following Brother B. came near being drowned, but God preserved me. Rode all day with wet clothes. In the afternoon my horse was bitten by a rattlesnake. Was kindly received by Major Pitcher at the trading post. He gave me many kind assurances.

* * * * *

September 20.—Rode eighteen miles to Otoe village. In the afternoon Mr. Ellsworth held a council with the Indians and negotiated a treaty.

September 21.—Treaty signed—presents given—Buffalo dance.

January 30, 1834.—Mischingayinge and Muskagaa called upon us and wished to pass the night. They are men of some distinction in the Otoe tribe, and aided us in getting Otoe words. They evidently worship the sun. Are pleasant, but beg for many things.

February 1.—Big Kaw, Warinase, and Voller, chiefs of the Otoe nation, accompanied by two or three others, called on me to-day. Appear very friendly. In the evening held a talk with them. Amidst other remarks, Big Kaw said he did not send the man for wine several days ago. They speak of Mr. Pitcher as being unfriendly. They indirectly asked for liquor.

February 2.—Lord's Day. Meeting as usual—few present except Indian adults and children. In the evening held another talk at the request of the chiefs. It was to beg some corn and potatoes. They said they were very destitute; said also that Big Kaw sent the man for wine above referred to. The last evening they agreed to send one or two children to live with me.

February 3.—This morning they made preparations for leaving—begged for several things. They are evidently of their father, the devil, and his works they will do. God alone can change their hearts. My soul, hope thou in Him alone.

* * * * *

May 6, 1834.—Sent for my horse in order to visit the Otoe village, having heard that the Otoes have returned from the Pawnee village.

May 8.—Found my horse. Made arrangements for leaving on the morrow.

May 9.—Rode to the trading post eighteen miles from Bellevue, hoping to find company to the Otoe village. On my arrival found ten Otoe Indians had just come in to trade, and would return the next day. In the evening called on the Otoe and French interpreter, and obtained also a French and English interpreter, and made further translation of Scripture lessons. I have now the creation, a short account of Christ's two prayers, and a blessing translated, besides some moral lessons.

May 10.—At 9 A. M. set out from the trading house for the Otoe village in company with six Otoe men, all on horseback. The village is twenty-five miles distant—two rivers are to be crossed. On coming to the first river the Indians put our saddles and baggage in a skin, drawn up by a cord round the border of it, partly in the form of a boat. This was put into the water and drawn across by two Indian men. They were obliged to swim only a short distance. I was drawn across in the same way. On our way we passed the remains of a human body. The chief man of our party told me he was an Omaha

man killed two years ago by an Otoe. As we drew near to the second river, which is the La Platte, we halted to let our horses feed and rest. Whilst here one of the Indians informed me that the Otoe who killed the Omaha was present and pointed him out to me. He was a young man and did not at all blush; but on the contrary, he himself showed me an ornament upon his legs which he had taken from the Omaha Indian. This was done in time of peace. The Otoes are a warlike tribe. I am informed that they have a feast of which those only are permitted to partake, who have obtained the appellation of "The braves" by killing some human being. We came to the Platte at 4 P. M. This river is shallow, but wide, being half a mile across. The greatest depth of water where we crossed was not more than five feet. The water is low for the season. Our saddles were taken over as before; I crossed on horseback. The bed of the river is sand, and is constantly changing. A person in crossing, unless he is acquainted with the river, and can judge accurately of the depth by the appearance of the water, is liable to plunge in deep water before he is aware. Eight months ago whilst on a visit to this village, I came near being drowned, through the carelessness of my guide. We arrived at the village at 6 P. M. I was directed to the house of the principal chief. He was absent, but soon came in and welcomed me to his lodge. My horse was immediately unsaddled and taken care of by the wives of the chief. His house, which is among the largest of his village, is more than forty feet in diameter, of a circular form. These houses are built of posts seven feet long, set upright in the ground, upon which long poles are placed, reaching to the center of the roof which is oval. These poles are supported by beams and posts. They are then covered with hay and earth. At the center is a small aperture for the smoke to escape. These roofs are so flat that a person may walk over them with perfect safety. Throughout the day more or less Indians may be seen sitting upon them, and wrapped in their blankets or buffalo robes. The chief had been advised of my coming, and of my object, namely, to see the Indians and to increase my knowledge of their manners, customs, and language. I took with me no interpreter, consequently could say but little to them. An English interpreter for the Otoes is not to be found in this part of the country. There are several French interpreters, but ignorance of their language destroys their usefulness to me. I now find myself in a heathen

lodge containing thirty souls, all gazing on me, and some trying to talk with me. The chief soon handed me some bread made of pounded corn and beans baked in the ashes. Shortly after eating the bread I was invited out to eat by the second chief. The repast consisted simply of one dish of boiled buffalo meat, without any article of food besides. They rarely, if ever, provide more than one dish or kind of provision at a meal or feast. This meat was served up in a large wooden bowl without knife or fork. We were all seated on the ground; a kind of cushion was placed for me to sit on, and the bowl was placed between me and the first chief, who had been invited with me. (A family seldom has more than one bowl.) (The individual who gives the feast, unless a person of rank, does not eat with his guest, but waits until he is done.) No others ate till we were done.

May 11.—Lord's day. Was invited out to eat four several times this morning. The principal chief accompanied me. At one of these feasts three chiefs were present. After the dish was removed I read to them my translation of the creation, and of the perfections of God; also a prayer. All listened attentively and with apparent pleasure. The prayer contains requests for both temporal and spiritual blessings on the Otoes. These Indians appear to understand the meaning of prayer. They believe, as I am informed, that there are two gods, one good and the other bad. And it is a common practice among them, when about to smoke, to offer some request to the good god, whom they call Waukundah, which signifies the master of life. They readily assent to the perfections of God. Passed most of this day at the house of Itan, the American name of the principal chief. Here I collected a few children together by showing them pictures. I then induced them to repeat after me the eight notes; after which they followed me in rising and falling them. This excited considerable interest. Itan was pleased and encouraged the children by occasionally taking a part with them. I also exercised them in saying over the alphabet. I had taken with me several cards, one of which contained the alphabet upon one side, and the eight notes on the other. Another exhibited the crucifixion of Christ. By the aid of these cards I was enabled to give them many ideas which I could not have done without them. They also serve to fix the attention.

May 12.—Ill with headache and fatigue. Read the creation and prayers to those in Itan's lodge. Was invited with Itan to take

breakfast with one of his wives. He has five wives; two only live in his own lodge; the others have lodges of their own, to which they often invite the chief to eat with them. The Indians are extravagant eaters, and seem to delight in nothing more than having a plenty to eat and nothing to do. It is now planting time. The men lay upon their couches or sit upon the ground and smoke their pipes all day long; while the women go from half a mile to two miles to plant their corn, often, too, carrying a babe with them. They are also required to bring their wood and water, which are half a mile distant. They carry large burthens. My heart is pained to see the task imposed upon these women. Oh, may the time soon come in which the men will love their wives as they love themselves! The introduction of the gospel only can effect this. When I am invited out to partake of their scanty feasts, for which I have little relish, I take with me my manuscripts and cards and after eating, read my translation, then write Ojibwa words or sing with the children present. At evening was invited out to eat with another of Itan's wives, in company with himself. She is not more than twenty-five years of age, while he is more than fifty. The feast (so called by the Indians) consisted simply of boiled corn served up in a wooden bowl with a large horn spoon.

* * * * *

May 13.—Rose early and walked out for prayer. Feel depressed in spirit in view of these perishing souls, and am faint in body for want of suitable food. After taking some food, I proposed to Itan and the second chief to visit the cornfield. I had brought with me a few seeds to plant. Their fields are not fenced. They lay on the margin of creeks. We walked a mile and came to Itan's field. Here were three of his wives and some others digging up the ground with large hoes. After we had put in the seeds I proposed to the chiefs to take hold with me for a few minutes and try the hoe. But they would not consent. (Yesterday I saw two instances of anger and some contention between adults.) (Read as usual.) In the evening an Ioway Indian from the white settlement arrived with whisky, which he proposed to exchange for horses, blankets, &c. I could talk enough Indian to make them understand that I considered whisky very bad. Itan joined with me in saying it was bad. They are, however, excessively fond of ardent spirits. I had before spoken with Itan relative to whisky as making them crazy, sick, and con-

tentious. He condemned it in the strongest terms. Said his people were fools for ever getting it. I had been led to this conversation from learning that one chief and fifty men, all Otoes, had gone to the white settlements, taking with them seventy or eighty beaver skins, for the purchase of whisky. These skins are probably worth five hundred dollars. They have been absent ten days and are expected back five days hence. Itan spoke to me most decidedly against this course. He said he told them not to go; and that they left the village in the night. I now said to myself, I shall see whether Itan is sincere in his remarks upon whisky. (These Indians are notorious liars.)

[Mr. Merrill here refers to a loose sheet which seems to be lost.]

May 14.—Before the rising of the sun, heard the voice of an intoxicated Indian. Upon inquiry for the whisky I was informed that Itan had obtained some of it in exchange for a horse. This was sad intelligence; but was soon confirmed. In a few minutes I saw Itan and the next chief in rank walking together in a state of intoxication. Thus false are their professions of temperance. I have seen similar instances of falsehood in other chiefs. What else can be expected from the Indians at large? Itan had too much respect for me to make his house the scene of rioting. He resorted to the house of a brother. In the morning read as usual, and sung with the children. At 10 o'clock A. M. was invited out to eat, being faint for want of food. At 11 o'clock Itan and the second chief came into his lodge in company, both intoxicated. Itan had much to say of whisky, and spoke with great earnestness, addressing himself to me. He said it was bad—that the Indians did not make it, but that Americans made it. He now cursed the Americans for making whisky. I saw it would be of little use to say much at this time—felt depressed in spirit, and immediately withdrew and directed my course towards the river. The Indians saw that I was grieved. I had not gone twenty rods before I heard some one calling me. I looked back, and, to my surprise, saw it was the second chief, who had witnessed my retreat. He beckoned me to return. I returned to him and we sat down on the ground. I told him I felt very bad. He said whisky was very bad—that he had none. His object seemed to be to conciliate my feelings. He was but partially intoxicated. As soon as I saw his object I said a few words, then left him to continue my walk. After

walking a mile, I stopped and called on the name of the Lord, and spread before Him the case of these poor, benighted heathens, so grossly imposed on by the lovers of gain. The white people have introduced ardent spirits among them, and created an appetite for it; and now, although they are forbidden by the laws of the land to take it into the interior for sale, yet they find ways to introduce it by others. May God increase abundantly the efforts put forth to check the distillation of liquor, until it shall be distilled only for the shelves of the apothecary. O blessed day! when will it come? I had not been at my place of retreat more than an hour before a young man, son of the second chief, came to me and sat down by me. I told him I was sorry about the whisky. I then read to him some of my translation. After this we walked in company to the village. Itan's lodge was now quiet. Some refreshment was set before me, of which I thankfully partook. Not more than another hour had elapsed before Itan again entered his lodge. It was with difficulty he could walk. He now addressed one of his wives, and asked for something, I knew not what. As she did not readily get it he became angry, threw off his blanket, put back his hand for his knife to use violence. Two men immediately seized hold of his hands and confined him. It was not long before he became calm, and one man walked with him out of the lodge. Had no more trouble from the whisky. What I have seen of the effects of whisky has been accidental. The house of drunkenness presented, I have no doubt, a scene of wretchedness and strife. In the evening an Omahaw man came into the lodge and sung an Indian song to induce some one to give him food. He kept time with a kind of rattle made of a hundred small shells or pieces of horn attached to a stick by strings. Fatigued and distressed, I lay down on a few skins upon the ground to rest for the night.

May 15.—In the morning walked out as usual for prayer. On my return found Itan in his lodge and sober. He again welcomed me by shaking hands. Felt depressed in spirits in view of yesterday's scenes, (and am faint for want of food. At 9 o'clock had handed me a small piece of bread). A young man interested himself in giving me Otoe words. It is a considerable part of my labor here to enlarge my Otoe vocabulary. The few sentences in Otoe forbidding drunkenness, theft, lying, and fornication, which I had with me are heard with attention and assented to. The agent of these Indians, who exerts a great in-

fluence among them, is known to be decidedly opposed to their getting ardent spirits. The agent is now absent. This may be a reason why they assent so readily to what I say on this subject.

There is a class of men here called Washwahe, or medicine men. They are men advanced in life, and are the physicians of the tribe. To-day they had much to do for the wounded Ioway man before spoken of. I was permitted to witness only the closing exercises. The medicine men were sitting on one side of the lodge, and the sick man, naked, sitting upon the other side. When I entered the lodge the old men were singing, aided with beating of the drum, sound of rattles and small wind instruments. After the lapse of a few minutes, they commenced dancing around the poor man, who was no doubt expecting to derive great benefit from these exercises. Near the sick man were placed several dishes with water. Whether or not this water was supposed to possess some peculiar virtue I do not know. But as they danced around, they took this water in their mouths, and occasionally would spurt it upon the head of the sick man. These exercises continued half an hour after I entered the lodge. The spectators then dispersed and I followed them. How various are the delusions of benighted men! I saw one of these medicine men perform the operation of cupping on an infant at the breast. The incisions were made with a large penknife and the blood drawn with the mouth. This operation was performed four several times in succession on different parts of the body amidst the shrieks of the infant babe. In one instance I was applied to for medicine, which was administered with good success. In the evening was invited to eat with the young man that came to me yesterday in the field.

May 16.—Soon after my morning walk I was invited out to eat with the chief. After reading my translation I collected together some children of the lodge and sang with them; the chiefs in the meantime encouraged them by taking part. On my return to Itan's lodge, collected my little school together, which is now readily done. I told them I should return home to-morrow; and that the one who could this evening name the most letters should receive a present of a toy book. These children are ten in number. Three of them are more than twelve years of age, one of which is a son of Itan. Two of these oldest boys, after the others had dispersed for play, came to me as I lay upon my couch, fatigued and ill, for the purpose of learn-

ing more of the alphabet. They remained with me for an hour, applying themselves closely, and of their own accord; in the meantime they sung once or twice. This sight gave me pleasure in the midst of my pain. In the afternoon was invited to eat with the second chief. I here witnessed an Indian dance of pleasure. It was performed by twelve young men. Their heads were adorned with feathers; their bodies were painted white and their faces red. (They had two poles eight feet in length, covered with red cloth, and adorned with feathers of different colors.) They stepped at the sound of the drum with fifes and rattles; their gestures were extremely awkward, and required a great deal of muscular strength; they exhibited at various lodges. The young men spend much time in painting and decorating themselves. (What can be done to enlist their attention? Means must be devised to induce them to read. Something inviting must be set before them; and much effort put forth to accomplish this object.) (But what can be done without either an interpreter or a knowledge of their language?)

At evening called the children together to read and receive their present. Two of them had learned twenty-two letters each. They can with me raise and fall the eight notes correctly. I was amused to see their friends come behind them and listen closely to ascertain whether or not the children did sing. Itan requested them to sing without my aid. They did so, and succeeded well. The Indians were much pleased with this performance. The chief then wished each one to sing alone. With this they complied, but not with so good success. I have also exercised the children on a church tune which they sing very well with me. The Indians have a strong attachment to their children, and are extremely unwilling to be separated from them any length of time. In the dead of night some Indians came into Itan's lodge and sung Indian songs with beat of drum, sound of rattle, etc.

May 17.—Arose as usual before others and walked out for prayer. On my return Itan, who had agreed to accompany me to my house, to see the school, his blacksmith, etc., asked me what I should give him for going in with me. I replied that I did not expect any compensation for visiting his village and could not make him any for visiting me. And that if he did not wish to go in I would excuse him, as some of his people were going in to-day. The Indians are extrav

agant beggars; and this was only a plea to get a present. I said no more and left him. I soon learned that he had sent for his horse, together with mine, and was making preparations to go with me. Our horses were brought up late in the morning. Itan called the children together to read and sing before we left. At 12 o'clock, all things were in readiness, and we set out for my residence accompanied by an old man and a youth. We crossed the Platte several miles below the former place of crossing it. Our horses were now compelled to swim. As we were late in starting, it was our expectation to encamp by the way. But having good success in getting over this river, I told them we could perform the route before sleeping. We had three other streams to cross, each of which required that we should take over our saddles and baggage by hand, and lead the horses. These streams are from two to four feet deep, the sides are extremely miry and the banks steep. At half-past 9 o'clock arrived at my residence in safety, and found my family usually well. Truly I can say, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.

* * * * *

June 7.—The Otoe family left to-day for hunting. We had given a pair of pantaloons to a naked boy, but his friends said they were bad, and were unwilling that he should wear them because they were made of coarse cloth. Gave a girl, miserably clad, a calico dress. Had asked for a girl to live with us. They refused. After they had, as we supposed, all gone, the girl to whom we had given the dress returned to my house, and said she was going to live with me. She had, however, come without her dress or blanket. From this fact, and from other circumstances, we have full reason to believe it is a plan to get more clothing.

* * * * *

June 10.—The interpreter and a Frenchman are about sending to the settlement for provisions, etc. I called on the interpreter and expressed a wish to him that he would get no more whisky. He replied that he did not know how it would be. I observed that I thought the agent would be sorry to learn, on his arrival, of their having whisky.

June 12.—The horses were brought up and preparation made for the journey, but the guide refuses to go. * * * I learn that Itan and his band have gone east to the Missouri river to hunt buffalo.

Several trappers have arrived to-day from above. There is a great scarcity of provisions, it is said. The Indians are living on roots. These men are from the Punkaws, a village of 800 or 1,000. They are a branch of the Kaw nation, it is said, and speak the same language with them, and with Omahaws. They have raised corn, these men inform me, but do not now. The Mendans and Grovonce, the Omahaws and Pawnees are the only Indian tribes north and west of us that raise corn.

* * * * *

June 20.—Saw an American, Mr. Greenwood, who has lived with Grovonts and Mandan Indians. He gives a flattering description of that country, also missionary prospects. These tribes are stationary and live near together. They number 400 warriors each; are friendly; raise plenty of corn; meat also is plenty. Mr. Greenwood has a Grovont woman with him. He understands and can speak the language of the Grovonts—his woman can speak the Mandan language, and understands English. He would engage as interpreter if wished. He has been in the country twenty-six years; can speak most of the languages of the upper Indian tribes. He says there is a Mandan interpreter who is pious. His name is Kipp—is from New England. The Grovonts have just been troubled by the Sous, a powerful tribe of Indians. Mr. Greenwood says the language of the Mandans is extremely hard to learn. He would serve as an interpreter for \$400, and probably for \$300, and would supply the mission family with buffalo meat. Mr. G. is not on friendly terms with the American Fur Company. He has just been fired on by the Saunte Sous and has lost his horses.

* * * * *

October 2.—Through the kindness of God, reached home in safety. Found my family usually well and surrounded by Indians. They have taught them two tunes and two verses in Otoe. * * *

October 3.—Sung with the Indians who are here waiting for the arrival of the agent. They are very fond of singing. The room is often filled, and mostly with men who engage in singing. Women and children join.

October 4.—Teach them singing and reading.

October 5.—Lord's day. Room mostly filled with Indians. First exercise in Otoe. Indians are attentive.

October 12.—Brethren Dunbar and Allis are with us. The agent and Lieutenant Lea excused themselves from attending worship.

▷ * * * * *

December 25.—Rode to Rubedouys, thirty-five miles. Learned that some Frenchmen left Mr. Roy's yesterday with whisky for the Otoes.

December 26.—Started at daylight with the hope of overtaking them. Hired an Indian guide. He went one mile and returned. I pursued my journey alone. After going twenty miles I lost my way and returned. I providentially reached a Sac lodge just at dark. Feel distressed in view of my detention. Pray the Lord to overrule it for good. In this fruitless ride I lost my tent, and had strong fears lest I should meet with difficulty in getting back again. But the Lord directed my way and preserved me. Last evening had a long season of singing with the Indians, most of whom are Ioways. I had been at Rubedouys but a few minutes before I heard an Otoe youth singing one of my hymns. I was immediately called on to lead in this exercise. In view of my delay, do deeply feel the importance of carefully improving every opportunity of accomplishing the work before me. Through one delinquency, a great train of evils may follow. In the afternoon of this day, eight Otoes arrived at Mr. Roy's post. They had come sixty miles to exchange their furs for whisky.

December 27.—This is not the house of God nor the gate of heaven. It is rather the house of Satan and the gate of hell. During the past night the house has been in a bustle. So far as I could judge, whisky was bought and drank by the poor Indians. This is truly a work of darkness, but not altogether a work of darkness, for two kegs of whisky were carried from this house this morning by Indians. At the same time several Indians at the house were drunk, and one complained that the whisky was bad, because he had drank plentifully without becoming intoxicated. The laws of the land are thus set at defiance. A vicious appetite has been created by the whites, and is now taken advantage of to cheat and ruin these benighted souls. They are complaining of starvation, and at the same time leave their families to give away their little means of subsistence for whisky at an extravagant price. They will trade their horses, guns, and even their blankets for this poisonous drink. And in the midst of the enjoyment afforded by this beverage, they will quarrel, fight, and

perhaps commit murder. How dreadful at the great day will be their condemnation, who carry on this deadly traffic. And can they be guiltless, who knowing the evil, do not strive to correct it, but like the Levite and priest, pass by regardless of it? This evil saps the foundation of Indian reform. It is unsafe for the missionary to be with them at these seasons, and they often occur. Whilst the missionary is compelled to witness the sad consequences of this traffic upon the souls and bodies of these heathen, he can do comparatively nothing to prevent it. He looks to God—he looks to his brethren—he looks to his country—he sighs and hopes the time is near when this snare of Satan will be broken asunder. Spent considerable part of the day in teaching the Indians to sing and read. The traders here inform me that the Otoes sing my hymns very much. At evening, rode over to Rubedouy's at his request. He wanted aid in writing to Mr. Chouteau, the Ioway agent. Taught singing and reading as usual. Learned more of the impositions practiced on the poor Indians by wicked white men. * * *

December 28.—In the morning saw a hasty separation of man and wife. The man (a French trader) told his Indian wife to be gone. She in a rage, scolded, then threw her knife at him, and in half an hour put up her articles and left the house, perhaps never to return, except on business. At noon recommenced my journey in company with nine Indians. They had four kegs of whisky. Called at some Sac lodges. Rode twenty miles. Camped by a small creek. After taking some refreshments I lay down to sleep. My companions in travel however were not inclined to sleep. They partook of their idolized beverage, at first moderately. I entreated them to lie down. They objected, saying we will not get drunk. They continued drinking and singing their own songs until one became intoxicated. I then arose, told them they were getting drunk, and I felt bad. As I arose, one of them was just getting the keg for another drink. I entreated them to desist. The Indian who had the keg now set it down. At this some were angry. The greater part, however, listened to me, or were silent. For some minutes the Indian stood by his keg waiting for direction to bring it forward, or to put it away. At length it was proposed that I should give them bread, and the keg should be put away. All but one consented to this, and the keg was put away. After I distributed the bread, I took the keg and put it by my pillow and again lay down

to rest. The Indians continued talking and singing until midnight, **at** which time most of them started on their journey, taking with them **all** their *whisky*. It was a severely cold night.

December 29.—Arose early and continued my journey in company **w**ith those that remained with me through the night. On asking **w**hy the others left in the night, I was informed that they were dis-
pleased because I had stopped their drinking. After riding forty **m**iles we came to six Otoe lodges. Here we passed the night. I had **n**ot been in a lodge but a short time before I was asked to sing. The **c**hildren soon came in and joined in singing. Before I lay down the **o**wner of the lodge and chief man of the place informed me that the **I**ndians were going to drink whisky. He said they should not come **i**nto his lodge to disturb me. He accordingly left a man in his lodge **t**o keep it quiet that I might sleep, whilst he went out to join the lov-
ers of the inebriating cup. During the night he came in several times **t**o see if all was quiet, himself being half intoxicated.

December 30.—Through the night heard the voices of the drunk-
ards at the neighboring lodges. Early in the morning prepared to **l**eave—saw some drinking Indians fighting, whilst others half
drunken were separating them. I hastened away as fast as possible **w**ithout receiving any harm. A drunken Indian once came into the
lodge, but was immediately turned out.

* * * * *

March 27, 1835.—Off at half-past 6. Met a pirogue going to Belle-
vue, under command of Mr. Searcy, of Clay County. The boat con-
tained eleven or twelve barrels of alcohol or whisky for Mr. Fonta-
nelle, an Indian trader in the mountains. Alas for the poor French
and Indians of the mountains.

March 28.—Edward, an Omaha trader, informed me that the
Omah Indians sell corn at from 75 cents to \$1 per bushel in trade.
Calico is worth \$1 per yard.

* * * * *

May 31.—Lord's day. Rev. Sam. Parker preached. Messrs.
Dunbar and Allis present—these last mentioned have been at my
house for several weeks.

July 13, 1835.—At 9 o'clock P. M., Mrs. Merrill was safely deliv-
ered of a fine son. I will again set up my Ebenezer and say, Hith-

erto hath the Lord helped me. * * * This child is a child of prayers. We asked of the Lord a son—He hath given us our request.*

July 14.—At morning worship read 1st chapter of 1st Samuel, sung 127th Psalm L. M.; Mr. and Mrs. Renz were present. In prayer dedicated our son to God. May he be the servant of God from the womb. Help thy servants to train him up for Thee. Help us to say, Do with him as seemeth Thee good. Preserve his life, his health, and prepare him for Thy service upon earth.

* * * * *

July 13, 1836.—Birthday of our second son. Mrs. Merrill and myself have set apart the fore part of this day for fasting and prayer in behalf of this son, Samuel Pearce. Thanks be to the Lord, who, in answer to our petitions, gave us this dear child, and hast graciously preserved his life and rational powers, and restored his health. Our prayer is that he may grow up in the service of God. Holy Father, wilt Thou give Thy servants wisdom to train him up for Thee. May his heart be sanctified in early life, and, like Samuel of old, may he wait before the Lord.

* * * * *

July 13, 1837.—Samuel P. Merrill is two years old to-day. Mrs. Merrill and myself, in accordance with our previous agreement, spent the morning in fasting and prayer for the welfare of this our son. * * * He is a pleasant and interesting child. He can repeat several lines of poetry. The Otoes learn him many foolish words, and often tease and fret him.

* * * * *

July 13, 1839.—Birthday of Samuel Pearce Merrill—he is four years of age. * * * We pray for wisdom to train him up for God. He has at times been desirous of getting a new heart, and asked his parents to pray for him. He has forgotten many hymns that he committed to memory. He is not prompt in obeying—is frequently corrected.

September 18, 1835.—Removed my family to the mission station on the La Platte. * * * Many seem opposed to this location.

September 20.—Lord's day. Meeting at my own residence, which is a log building sixteen feet square, just erected by my men.

* This son of Mr. Merrill was the first white child born in Nebraska.

October 13.—Doctor Whitman, a Presbyterian missionary, returned from the mountains. He had a prosperous journey.

October 15.—* * * General Hughes with sixty Ioway Indians is at Bellevue for the purpose of making peace with the Omahaws.

* * * * *

November 12.—Have been thus far prospered in the erection of mission buildings. Have suffered for want of a more comfortable habitation.

November 14.—Have labored hard to prepare my house as soon as possible for my family.

December 4.—Removed my family into our dwelling house.

May 15, 1836.—Doctor Whitman arrived this evening.

July 26, 1836.—*Of the Otoes' hunting.* Most of the Otoes left for their summer's hunt the last of May. For some weeks previous they were very destitute of provisions. Most of the Otoes went west to the buffalo region—some south to hunt the deer and elk—a few east to hunt buffalo and elk. The family of Mehltrunca remained here through the summer, except being absent about two weeks. Itan with several lodges came in July 24th,—brought but little meat. The Otoes from the deer hunt at the south came in the 27th July—the Otoes from the buffalo hunt came in the 31st July—all complained of having little or no meat.

* * * * *

August 2.—For several days past the Otoes have been drinking whisky and fighting. One Otoe man is dangerously stabbed. * * * Whilst drinking as above mentioned, an Ioway man fell into the fire and was severely burnt.

August 5.—Gave an Indian feast to the Otoe and Missouri chiefs, and eleven scholars. Our present number is fourteen. Some of the principle Otoe men were displeased at our partiality for our scholars in feeding them, and neglecting others. We believe that good will result from the labors of this day. The Otoes will see our object here more plainly.

August 6.—In the spring the Otoes planted corn contrary to their instructions near to the village. The cattle soon destroyed several fields. The Otoes injured one ox. I told them that if the cattle ate up their corn, to let the cattle alone, and that I would give them from my field as large a piece as they destroyed. To-day those were called

together whose fields were injured or destroyed, in order to accompany me to examine the fields and measure them. Eight fields were destroyed. The Otoes were very destitute of provision. I now feed several sick people. The Otoes are in great fear of the Sous.

August 14.—Lord's day. At 11 A. M. had exercises in Otoe at the S. house for the first time; twenty-five or thirty were present. The chiefs promised to attend, but failed. Some Ioways arrived to-day with whisky, wishing to get horses. Four horses were soon given them. How wretched are these souls! Complaining of starvation, and giving away horses for whisky! Many of them are sick—am daily administering to them, and giving to them a little hard corn. This is the third or fourth season of drunkenness since their return from hunting.

August 21.—Lord's day. Yesterday and to-day at family worship several Otoes were present, and we read and sung in Otoe first. Met (for the first time) for religious worship, at an Otoe house (Widroned's), twenty-five or thirty present. Most are absent at their fields. All are quiet and some attentive.

* * * * *

September 3.—Iskutupe, son of Jokdpe, died last night—he has been ill ten or fifteen days. Was under the care of Otoe physicians. Several times sent him coffee and bread. Twice by request gave him purgative medicine. His illness was ague and fever—at last fever only. He died immediately after coming out of their steaming house. This morning visited the house of mourning. It was painful to witness the wailings of these heathen. They weep as they that have no hope. They say their friend is lost. Some old men who had killed their enemies and stolen horses, gave to the spirit of the deceased the virtue of these deeds of bravery that it might go happy to the world of spirits. For this gift the old men received presents of cloth. Wailing continued among the relatives till 11 o'clock A. M., at which time two persons took the body of the deceased, which was wrapped in a skin and blanket, and bore it slung on a pole, to the grave. After the body followed the relatives bearing articles and provisions for the deceased to be interred with the body. The body was placed in a sitting posture one or two feet under ground, with a covering of poles, mats, and earth. The relatives buried the body; none others except self and wife were present.

* * * * *

September 5.—Administered medicine to the sick. For several days past have visited a sick woman with a child of ten days—she has the ague and fever, and is near to death. Her husband is also sick in another lodge. This woman lies day and night alone in a skin lodge, unable to help herself. I have expostulated with her sister and relatives, but in vain. I have visited her twice a day and uniformly find her alone, and miserably destitute of food and raiment—have occasionally sent her food, and have induced her friends to send her food. She lies without complaining of her situation. How wretched is the condition of the Indians in this life! * * *

September 6.—Visited the sick at the village at 6 A. M., gave nine potions of medicines, returned at 10 A. M. wearied and faint. The woman spoken of yesterday is still alive, but dying. Sat by her a while. Some of her relatives came and looked into the lodge. I went out to them and tried to induce them to go in and sit beside her, but in vain. I heard others of her relatives, or the same, soon after, in another lodge lamenting her death—this was false ado. The poor infant (shall I say it?) was taken out of the lodge last night by the hungry village dogs, and eaten. Alas for the poor Indians! Their estate is darkness and death. The woman died before noon. * * * Messrs. Dunbar and Satterlee have arrived at Bellevue.

* * * * *

October 14.—Visited Bellevue in expectation of attending the proposed treaty with the Sous, Omahaws, and Otoes. The agent and sub-agent, Major Pitcher, propose to give the above tribes in merchandise \$4,500 for a quitclaim to all lands on the northeast side of the Missouri river. The agents also in the same treaty propose to give to the Otoes, in view of destitute situation by reason of removal, 500 bushels of corn at their village next April, also give the Omahaws one farmer and break up and fence 100 acres of land. Thanks to the Lord who put this into the hearts of the agents. May this treaty be ratified in due time, and these poor Indians be benefited thereby.

November 3.—For some time past have been assisting in completing the school house, which was to have been done before this time.

December 3.—Br. Curtis and wife have been waiting on the other side of the Platte till to-day for an opportunity of crossing over.

December 15.—Am this day thirty-three years of age. In review-

ing the last year I see much cause of gratitude to God. He has at times caused me to rejoice in Him—He has preserved the lives of the mission family—He has given us general health—He has given us needed assistance in secular labors; He has caused the earth to bring forth corn for us; He has preserved our dwelling and substance, save one ox; still more, He has located one-half the Otoe tribe at this place; He has caused a field to be opened for them; He has given us favor in their sight; He has prospered us in some degree in teaching the youth, and imparting religious instruction; He has caused the truth to make a deep impression on the minds of some of the mission family who were enemies to God; He has sent on two servants to labor as missionaries among the Omahaws; He has also preserved and provided for Moses D. [the eldest son, who was left in the east when his parents came as missionaries]; He has prepared a sister in the flesh to die in peace with a glorious hope of future blessedness; He has prospered His servants at home and abroad (I mean all His devoted children) in their work of faith and labor of love. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? Thanks and praise be unto His blessed name. May a sense of His goodness rest upon me from this time forth, for it is of His mercies that I am not consumed. May the ensuing year be a year of the right hand of the Most High in building up His kingdom in this dark land. Help thy servant to be careless for the things of this world, and more for the things of the next—to have more regard for others and for the things of God, and less for myself—to have my missionary work continually before. Leave me not to retaliate in any degree, but help me patiently to endure evil, and seek the good of those who may injure me. In short, quicken me, I beseech Thee, and help me to seek first Thy kingdom and righteousness. Amen and amen.

December 19.—Br. Curtiss removed his family to the school house yesterday, having been with me two weeks.

* * * * *

March 12, 1837.—Feel depressed at times in view of my prospects among the Otoes. Have been three years in their country; but what have I done for them? The first year and a half I was situated at
v, twenty-five miles from the Otoe village. My means of
so scanty that most of my time was necessarily taken up
o worldly matters, providing for my family. The next

year was much taken up in erecting mission buildings. Have obtained a scanty knowledge of the Otoe language. Have not the means of obtaining an interpreter. Cannot at home have access to one. Have not the means of obtaining the confidence of the Indians as practiced by the traders—namely, feeding them and giving presents; and also by being familiar with them through an interpreter, or, what is still better, by a knowledge of their language. By administering to the sick I have gained the good will of many—by making some translations have prepared the way, I trust, for future good. What now are my prospects of benefiting the Otoes? I cannot expect a good interpreter, nor can I expect the means of feeding the Otoes and making them presents. How then shall I gain their confidence, without which I cannot hope to benefit? Their influence is now wholly on the side of sin and Satan. They are led away by their own lusts, and by wicked white men whose sole object is worldly gain. How shall this influence be brought over to the side of truth and righteousness? The answer seems to be this, By the acquisition of the Otoe language, the faithful preaching of the word of God, accompanied by the Holy Spirit to their hearts and consciences. If an interpreter could be obtained, yet the gospel could not be imparted by this channel in its purity. Even through a pious interpreter it might lose much of its excellence. When our Saviour sent forth His disciples to preach the gospel he did not provide for them pious interpreters, but gave them a knowledge of the language in which they were to preach. * * *

March 18.—Several families have returned to the village this week. A young Otoe man accidentally shot to-day a daughter of Kratlgawa. Hopes of recovery are entertained. Other evils have occurred during my absence, namely, Itan accidentally shot a girl through the leg. He purposely stabbed a man (Tehokamdner) though not the person he intended (Wdkrerlkwa) it is said. Mekahl stabbed mortally Mr. Bebee, a Frenchman, at Mr. Roy's. Much intemperance has prevailed among the Otoes the past winter. Mr. Allis, [a missionary to the Omahas] and Fawfaw have been threatened by intoxicated Otoes. Some sober Indians have demanded food and were angry for denial. The traders have spoken against the missionaries, saying, God was angry with the Otoes for having such people with them, and therefore was killing them. Two of our scholars died the last fall. Most of

those that died were taken ill at Roy's trading house. The Indians forget the evils they inflict on each other while intoxicated.

* * * * *

March 29.—Mr. Case [the farmer] had difficulty with Otoes yesterday and to-day. Kratl-gawa and Hlcekeglka came to the other side of the Platte river and wished for a canoe, which belonged to Mr. Case, an Otoe farmer. He proposed to go with the canoe and bring them over, provided they would duly compensate him in advance. They did not do this, and he refused to let them have the boat. He had been using the canoe in the Platte, and as he was taking it to his house the Otoes seized the canoe and took it from him. He, however, at first resisted; one of the Otoes, Wdpohlgkl, drew his knife and threatened to stab him, at which Mr. Case struck him on the arm and knocked his knife out of his hand. The Otoe again seized the knife and renewed the attack. Mr. Case fled, the Indian followed, but being outrun he took a bow with arrows from one near by him, and threatened to shoot, Mr. Case still running. This occurred yesterday. To-day Mr. Case has been in continual fear. Some whisky arrived this morning, and after Wdpohlgkl and others were drunk, he said he would kill Mr. Case, and made an attempt to break into his house, but was prevented from doing injury by Hlcekeglka. It is but a few weeks since an Otoe killed a Frenchman near the mouth of this river without any provocation. He was in a state of intoxication. Within a few months, knives have been drawn on Mr. Allis and Fawfaw at Bellevue, and on Robert Doherty and Mr. Case at the Platte river. To what will these things grow unless a speedy check be put upon them by punishing the murderer and aggressors (Mikahl). A padlock was shot from my corn house door by an angry Otoe. Another Otoe, a young man, came into my house in my absence and demanded bread. Mrs. Merrill gave him a piece, which he at first refused; afterwards he took it and with violence threw it on the floor and demanded more, which was refused him. He said he would kill both her and me. He soon went out and shot a ball through my wagon bed. He stated, and others have said the same, that Mr. Roy says, that it is not good for a teacher to be here, that God was angry with the Otoes for keeping him, and on that account was killing those that had been learning to read; two of whom had died. Other Otoes say that Mr. Rubedouys tells them the same thing. This subject is not

named to a few, but it appears that many, if not most of the Otoes are thus filled with prejudice against having a teacher; at least, this conversation has this tendency.

April 1.—Intemperance still prevails—Itan has come and the company. It is said that he discharged his pistol this evening at Robert Doherty. Mr. Case appears to feel, as I understand, very unsafe at his residence. Considerable part of this week has been taken up in attending on the sick in my own family. * * * Itan and Hlce-keglka are at the village, together with forty or fifty others. One infant child recently died here. * * *

April 3.—The Otoes are so troublesome that my neighbors have requested me to draw up a petition for the establishment of troops near here. This evening some of the Otoes broke into the dwelling house of Joseph L. Dougherty and stole sugar and bacon. Mr. Case has resolved upon removing from the Otoe village, so that the mission family alone will remain near the village, Messrs. Gilmore and Dougherty having already commenced removing.

April 9.—Most of our scholars are absent this week on a short hunt. Itan's wives have left him and their village. The agent is looked for daily. * * *

April 14.—Two men from a trading expedition in the Indian country called on me to-day. They state that one-half of the furs purchased in the Indian country are obtained in exchange for whisky. They also stated that the Shiennes, a tribe of Indians on the Platte river, were wholly averse to drinking whisky but five years ago—now (through the influence of a trader, Captain Gant, who by sweetening the whisky induced them to drink the intoxicating draught) they are a tribe of drunkards.

April 27.—Three chiefs have come to the village and many Otoes. Most of our scholars are in and read daily.

April 28.—Gave a second feast to scholars. The present week have had an average attendance of seventeen scholars, mostly young men of the first families. Thanks to God for present success. We hope soon to have a number able to read with readiness. Soon after dinner received intelligence that the wives of Itan, who absconded a few weeks ago, had returned, together with the two young men who had taken them. The chief had previously declared that he would kill one of the young men the first opportunity. He was not in the village at

the time the young men came in. He had to pass the mission house after he received the intelligence; and as he passed, walking rapidly, Mrs. Merrill and myself went out to see him and dissuade him from his purpose. We pled with him, but in vain. We warned him of the consequences, but to no effect. He was determined upon revenge, and hastened on his way. The two young men, aware of the design of the chief, had entered the village singing the war song as a kind of challenge. They had taken their stand in some timber near the village with weapons of death. Mr. Martin Dorion, the interpreter, accompanied the chief, endeavoring to pacify his rage and prevent strife; but to no purpose. The chief fired a musket at one of the young men, (and discharged a pistol at him afterwards) and missed him. In a moment one of the chief's friends shot the same young man, on which he fell. He, however, soon raised his rifle and shot the interpreter through the right arm, and the chief through the body. Immediately, a brother or near relation of the one first wounded shot Itan a second time, on which another of Itan's friends shot him through the body. Soon a third young man shot Itan through the body. He then shared the same fate of his predecessor. These three young men are Otoes, and died the same evening. Their names are Wdkrerlkwa, Hrokajkone, and Hehakjifa. The men that shot them are Plgaifa, Hrvanufa, and Mokagawa. Itan died the same evening. It is said that twelve rifles and two pistols were discharged in this quarrel. Two of the young men shot were scholars, two of those that shot them also were our scholars. These latter two have fled to escape death. Alas for the poor Otoes!

April 29.—The Otoes are in great agitation, and full of revenge. One part are eager to revenge the death of their chief; the other part are equally eager to revenge the death of the young men. In some instances the same family are divided on this subject. It is said that two of three remaining chiefs are striving to restore peace. But so far all is vain. Many have fled for their lives. It appears that a grudge has long subsisted in the breasts of some against that part of the tribe called Missouri. Mehlhunca is represented as at the head of this matter, and is seeking the destruction of that part of the tribe. The first man of this part of the tribe came to the mission to-day for protection. It is firmly believed that there are many Otoes now in pursuit of those men engaged in the contest—particularly those en-

gaged with the chief; and if they find them will certainly kill them. One young man to whom I had lent my horse to ride a short distance was fired at several times.

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May 1.—A young Pawnee man has for same reason strayed here alone. He came to my house this morning. Soon after some Otoe young men came in and wished to decoy him out of my house for the probable purpose of taking his life. Have kept him in my cellar safe from harm. The old men (Otoes) wished me so to do.

May 7.—Lord's day. Major Dougherty and Lieutenant Thomson arrived here. Brother Curtiss is about going to the settlement for men to erect a dwelling house.

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May 26.—Witnessed the delivery of annuities to the Otoes and Missouris. Counted the number of married men present—190. There were probably ten or twenty absent. In the distribution of the annuities among themselves, there was at close much confusion and insubordination. The powder, lead, and tobacco were taken away without the knowledge or the consent of the chiefs, so that they and many others had very little, if any, of these articles. In the division of the flour, also, they were so furious that half a barrel was wasted, as I was informed. These last circumstances were not witnessed by me, as I left before the division, and soon after the delivery. The agent required these Indians to make some réparation to J. Bernard for killing his swine. He also reproved them for their intemperance. He also spoke to them of the importance of living in peace among themselves. It is evident that there is much alienation of feeling among them. And more than this, they are still thirsting for the blood of one another. A horse was taken to-day from one party by the other. Another storm seems approaching which threatens to scatter, and perhaps destroy them.

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May 29.—To-day the agent delivered to the Otoes the balance of the 500 bushels due them by treaty. After this the chiefs and principal men, in council, requested the agent to deliver them their next year's annuities in money instead of goods. They also declared their wishes for peace.

* * * * *

June 3.—Mr. Vasquez, from a trading fort on the south fork of the Platte, called on me to-day. His location is 500 miles above this place, and within ten or twenty miles of the mountains. One of his men found a shot gun and pouch ten or twenty miles above Grand Island, and sixty or eighty miles above the Pawnee villages, belonging, as they state, to Doctor Satterlee, who recently went out on the winter's hunt with the Pawnees as a physician and missionary. He left here last fall. In January he left the Pawnees in company with Mr. Sublette and two Pawnee men on a visit to the Shyennes—he spent one month at the fort above spoken of, and left there on the 30th of March to return to the Pawnees. The two men stated that they left the doctor six days' travel from the Pawnee villages with his horse unable to travel—it was done at his request, as they state. If the above statement be true, the doctor must have pursued his journey to this place, and there, in consequence of sickness or starvation, or by the hand of some ruffian, ended his toils upon earth. Doctor Satterlee had been in this country less than a year.

The Omahaws received their annuities to-day. At the close of the day some disturbance took place between them and the Otoes, also among themselves. The agent had previously left on his return home. Alas for the poor Indians!

July 28.—A steamboat arrived at Bellevue with 100 Putawatamie Indians, accompanied by Gen. Atkinson, Col. Karney, Indians, and Dr. E. James, sub-agent. These Indians, with many others of the same tribe, are to locate on the other side of the Missouri.

August 24.—Mehlhunca, the second Otoe chief, called this morning as usual, and took breakfast. He returned yesterday from a visit to the trading post above, having been absent two days. He stated that the traders (La Force and Roy) told him it was bad for their teacher to live near them—that he (the chief) was no better for it—that I gave him not fine clothes, no sugar and coffee—that I did not feed the Otoes, nor feed and clothe their children. After we had endeavored to do away the prejudice from his mind, and to show him the evil of intemperance, I left him with Mrs. Merrill. He soon became angry; said he was going immediately to the trading post to get whisky in exchange for horses. How long shall this evil prevail here like an overflowing stream? O that God would, in mercy to these poor souls, speedily dry up the fountains of this poisonous stream. The chief ex-

pressed much opposition to the Puttawatomies, locating on the other side of the Missouri, and eating up their game. Our prospect of benefiting the scholars is again cut off for awhile, as they fear, or dislike to come in such a state of things. Visited the sick this morning as usual, finding most of them better. O that God would raise up a deliverer for this people; that is, an officer of government who would not fear to do his duty in prosecuting those who, regardless of the laws of their country, sell ardent spirits to their red brethren. The Otoes inform me that Mlscaifa with several other Otoes have robbed the caches of one of the Pawnee villages (I believe the Grand Pawnee village), and brought away five horses loaded with robes, coats of great men, etc.

August 26.—Visited the sick this morning and administered to them. The chief accompanied me on my return home. He appeared calm and conversed in good humor. He spoke of removing to the other side of the Platte river, and twelve or fifteen miles above. He said it was not good to live near the white people on account of the young men, women, and children stealing from them. This was his pretended reason. He had before said that the white people did not give the Otoes food and clothing, and that the traders had told him that if he and his people would remove away from the white people (that is, the teacher, farmers, and blacksmith), they would make them presents. The true cause of all this complaint against the white people is evidently this: The white people use their influence in exposing intemperance, and consequently injure the trade of these retailers of ardent spirits. They therefore wish to get the Otoes by themselves. We have at present nine scholars—to these we give a piece of bread every day they read. As soon as the other scholars come in we propose doing as heretofore, namely, giving them a dinner once a week. This morning the scholars expressed much dissatisfaction because we did not feed them abundantly, and said they would not read. The chief, whom we have fed almost every morning, said it would be good for me to buy flour and pork and feed him, and not always give him corn bread and butter with a little dried beef. This chief has been seated with us at our table and partook with us. The traders do much to alienate these Indians from us. Our hope is in God alone. * * * In the afternoon, Dr. Edwin James and his wife and son called on us to pass the Sabbath. Walked with him to the village to see the sick.

he approved of the course I have pursued towards them. We called on the chief and had a talk; I acted as interpreter. The agent told him that he wished the Otoes not to visit the Puttawatomies much, as some of them are intemperate, and they might quarrel.

August 29.—Visited the sick—two new cases of feverish habit; administered to them as usual. At evening visited again. Received a letter from Dr. Whitman of May 5, 1837, dated Wioletpos, near Wallah Wallah, Oregon Territory. Mrs. Spaulding's health was improved by the journey. They arrived at Wallah W. on the 3d September. At that place they found abundance of provisions. The missionaries have located themselves in two places. Dr. Whitman has erected a habitation in Spanish style, namely, of clay bricks dried in the sun. They are twenty inches long, ten inches broad, and five inches thick. The doctor has put in twelve acres of corn and one of potatoes—had sowed peas and barley. The doctor has the aid of two Oroyhe men and a half-breed girl. He is located 300 miles by water from Vancouver. Freight one dollar per hundred. Articles cost him about the same as at Bellevue. Those Indians had not before cultivated corn—they now all labor without exceptions. They also look to the missionaries for instruction on all subjects, even how to inflict chastisements for offenses.

August 30.—Brother Curtiss, a Baptist missionary, came early this morning, having lain out all night. He has selected his location on Blackbird creek, fifteen miles below the Omahaw village and about a hundred miles above the mouth of the Platte river, and one-fourth mile from the Missouri river, the main channel, however, being a mile from his location, being separated by an island. The company lost their way in going up and went out to the Platte river. The report of the 27th inst., relative to the Sous killing six Americans at the Pawnee villages is contradicted. It is stated that Mr. Gray, a missionary who accompanied Rev. Mr. Spaulding and Dr. Whitman over the mountains last year, was returning with several Indians of that section to solicit more aid, and that 350 miles above here, on the Platte river, they were attacked by 200 Sous, who killed five of the Indians and took several of their horses. An Otoe from the buffalo hunt has come in to-day. He says the Otoe children and some adults have the small-pox. They are expected in within ten days. Br. Curtiss expects to remain from four to six weeks and then go again to his

mission station, either with or without Sister Curtiss. She may remain a short time longer.

September 1.—Was called to visit a sick woman at Bellevue this morning. Mrs. Merrill accompanied me. Since the traders have spoken so much against reading, etc., the scholars have been less punctual in attendance. On our return were overtaken by an Otoe man who had been to the upper trading post (Roy's & Co.) He said Mr. Roy talked to him a long time and told him that I was continually sending letters to the agent, the president, and others, relative to the misconduct of the Otoes; that if the Otoes did not have money soon (I do not know whether reference was made to their payment next spring and the present scarcity of money, in consequence of which some Indians are paid in part with goods where money was due, or a payment sooner of which they have had no expectation, but probably the former, fearing that the Otoe payment might be made in part with goods, in which case he would lose his cash trade with them), I should be the cause of it; that I was bad and ought to go away from the country, etc., etc. Mr. Roy told him, he said, to tell this matter to the chiefs and all. I told him these were false statements; that I was sorry that Mr. Roy had talked to him thus; also, that one of the Pawnee teachers was expected to go among the Putawatomes, and that their agent wished for more teachers and would be glad to have me go there too. I told him I should not go, but would live with the Otoes. He said it was good for me, and that Mr. Roy's talk was bad.

September 2.—Visited the sick this morning—have one patient only, son of the chief—he is threatened with the pleurisy. The chief and several others spoke to me relative to going to live with the Putawatomes. I told them I should not go. They replied with much interest that it was good to remain with the Otoes. * * *

January 31.—Feel depressed in view of things here, and of my own want of faith and zeal. * * * My wish is to convey to these Indians the knowledge of salvation; but alas how is my time otherwise taken up! First, I am called to visit the sick among the Indians; second, among the white settlers around; third, attend to the Indians as they come and go, and taking charge of articles left by them when hunting; fourth, attend on the calls of the agent, both when he is here and when absent; fifth, reading, talking, and preaching to the Indians; sixth, preaching to the whites; seventh, correspondence; eighth, at-

tending to the concerns of providing for my family, in getting a hired man and girl and in overseeing matters. Am now doing domestic labor.

August 18.—Sent a request to Messrs Dunbar and Allis [Presbyterian missionaries] and Curtiss, to attend a temperance meeting at the Otoe village on the 21st inst. Spoke to Robert to interpret for me on the Sabbath as in time past. Mrs. Merrill reproved him and Benjamin for passing a night in the village at a dance. They both took great offense.

August 19.—Lord's day. Robert did not attend. Visited the village at 10 A. M. for the purpose of holding a meeting. Found them about collecting for a feast at the lodge of Joklpe. Spoke to them at length of the history of Job. At noon held Bible class, and at 3 P. M. held conference. * * *

August 21.—The expected assistance at temperance meeting did not arrive. For this reason and some others, the meeting was deferred till tomorrow. Received a visit from Captain Gantt, Mr. Papin, and two daughters of Mr. Harding.

August 22.—Temperance meeting at the lodge of the Pipestem at 3 P. M. Thirty chiefs and braves present. Spoke to them of the two roads, temperance and intemperance. Showed them the result of temperance and intemperance, of giving their horses, etc., for ardent spirits.

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August 25.—It is said that fifty Ioways are near (at Weeping Water) with fifteen kegs of whisky for the Otoes. They wish to obtain horses. At 11 o'clock A. M. gave a feast to twenty-five chiefs and braves in order that I might give them another talk on temperance. Endeavored to show them the folly of giving their horses for whisky. I fear for the Otoes lest they give themselves up to intemperance. My address was well received. At evening the Ioways came into the village with their whisky. It is said that a son of Pipestem whilst in a state of intoxication broke a keg of whisky. His father came to the mission filled with fear for the consequences.

August 26.—Lord's day. It is said the whole village, with few exceptions have been drinking; among them are a few temperance members. Two men have been stabbed and cut badly, Wdoka and Hajla. Wdnimeno has also been beaten, and his ear cut off. It is also

Said that the Otoes have given the Ioways (6) six horses. * * *

The Ioways left the village last night from fear arising from the wounding of Wdjoka. Gave breakfast to eight or ten men who have not drank whisky. A little after noon Wdjoka died of his wounds. His friends were greatly enraged, and for some time were bent on taking the life of the murderer. Shkeca is wounded; Wduimeno, son of Carwtoifa, and, it is said, many others.

August 27.—Gave a feast to fifteen scholars and five chiefs. The Otoes who have been intoxicated deny it. They are ashamed to have us know it. At evening eight or ten Sacks arrived with one keg or more of whisky.

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September 15th.—Visited the sick at the village twice to-day. In consequence of the late deaths the Otoes are dissatisfied with the whites. They say that they have listened to the whites and now they are dying off. The Otoes tell me that the traders say if I were not with them they would make presents of whisky to the chiefs. The Otoes also say that the Putawatomies and Winnebagoes tell them that they have killed many whites, and sing about it. It is positively affirmed that one of the braves, Klhikaifa, who has recently lost a son, is getting up a war party against the Kansas. I spoke to the principal chief of the importance of stopping it. Am informed that he sent a man to request him to desist.

September 27.—Am informed that all the chiefs except Noakeglka have been intoxicated—there has been some quarreling among them. The Pipestem has fallen into the snare. * * * Have received a visit from Mr. Smith, a Catholic priest from the Putawatomies. He has sprinkled a hundred children and adults of the Putawatomies; has a small school—proposes, as soon as permanently located, to take a hundred children of different tribes and board them. He administers to the sick.

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February 11, 1839.—For three days the Missouri Indians have been removing over the Platte for the purpose of forming a separate village, either at the mouth of the Saline or near the mouth of the Platte.

February 12.—To-day held a meeting at the mission house expressly for the women. The women absent themselves from the meetings on the Sabbath by the wish of the men. The room was filled

with them. Rejoice at this opportunity of teaching them the word of God. After meeting gave them a little bread. It is a custom among these Indians that whoever convenes them will give them something to eat. This feeling may be the greatest inducement for them to attend, but I pray it may not be the greatest good resulting from their assembling to hear the gospel.

February 19.—Called the chiefs and principal men and proposed to them to open an English school at the school house for their children of from six or eight to ten or twelve years of age, including about twenty scholars. They were much pleased with this proposal. I informed them of the necessity of prompt attendance in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining the language. I proposed to give the children a little bread daily at the close of the school. I also told them that the white people would probably soon locate near them, and therefore it was of the more importance for their children to learn English, which would require several years.

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May 30.—Went up in the steamboat to the issue house. Before noon received a letter from Mrs. Merrill stating that the Otoes or other Indians had threatened to rob the mission house last night, and requesting my return. Accordingly returned; after a season of conversation and prayer and consultation, thought the Otoes would be more peaceful, seeing they were detected in their trick. The few Otoes here said that the Sous were here, and so feigned themselves Sous, came round my house at night before the doors were closed, and when Mrs. Merrill attempted to shut a door one pointed his gun at her to shoot her. My family remained in the chamber all night—had Otoes guns to defend themselves. Presuming they would be more quiet, I returned to Bellevue to pursue my journey to the settlement for medical advice. Had some query as to duty in the case.

May 31.—Early in the morning left Bellevue in steamboat for Leavenworth. The Otoes renewed their attacks last night at my house—that is, they came round, pretending to be Sous. One of their party was providentially kept in the house this night. No attack was made. My family had continued alarmed throughout the night, expecting the Indians to break in and murder them. My family had some neighbors with them at night—kept in readiness for attack.

* * * * *

August 1.—The way before us is dark. We would cheerfully take in Otoo children to board, clothe, and teach if we could remain here quietly. The young men are very impudent and troublesome, and no one to restrain them. To-day a boy of twelve or fourteen years was displeased with me because I did not buy of him an article which he wished to sell. After I went out he said, in the hearing of Mrs. Merrill, that he was angry and wished to kill a white man—he was brave, etc. As soon as I heard of his foolish talk, I told him to leave the house and not talk thus. Soon after he returned with a gun and an ill-disposed young man to revenge being turned out or sent out of the house. The young man came with his knife drawn to inquire into the matter. I had just before conferred favors on this young man, and he had promised to do better. I now referred him to his promise, and the favor showed him. He yielded, and they went away. The chiefs are afraid to call these young men to account. We are thus, in a manner, at the mercy of these worthless young men.

* * * We sometimes fear that we shall be compelled to leave, at least for a time, our field of labor. We hope the time is not distant in which these Indians will be brought into due subjection, that we may successfully pursue among them our labors. * * * I have a hired man, but I cannot safely leave home for a day lest they disturb my family. It is now with difficulty that I can get along with them. Formerly Mrs. Merrill felt perfectly safe day or night, with or without a hired man, but it is not so now. In many things they trample upon my property and rights unreprieved, except that I and a few Otoes speak against it, which they heed not. They occupy my pasture with their cattle and horses when it suits their convenience, often leaving the fence thrown down. They steal my potatoes, pumpions [pumpkins?], and corn by night. As we are alone, it would not be prudence to resist this theft. How long we shall be able to live quietly in our own habitation is uncertain. Indeed we are now often disturbed. My family fear these vagrant Otoes. These Indians do not feel friendly toward white people. They are ungrateful for favors received.

SOME INCIDENTS IN OUR EARLY SCHOOL DAYS IN ILLINOIS.

BY W. H. WOODS.

When making a short address in Illinois years ago, for convenience we divided the early inhabitants of the state as we knew them, 1849 to 1860, as spies, cavaliers, and puritans. By the former we mean of course the original hunters, trappers, and nomads who made no permanent homes, and of course founded no schools.

The cavaliers, who often settled in companies or colonies, and very often founded towns or villages, were nearly always invested with a certain love of education, and desired as a rule that their children might at least have a certain amount of preliminary knowledge of the three R's. Yet this love was not usually strong enough rooted to bring about the proper results. Well do we remember our first experience in one of these schools in the spring of 1849. We were then about ten years of age, and had already spent five years in two country schools in England; one five miles from Manchester, and the other eight from Sheffield. In these two places the schools had been placed in localities especially chosen for health and convenience of access; the teachers were both members of learned societies, who had grown gray in their respective offices; and expected to remain in office during life. But the school which we now attended was in a small building of one room put as far back in the scrub as it was thought safe to put it, and over a mile from the principal portion of the population, although the city boasted of over 1,200 inhabitants, of several successful manufacturing, stage and steamboat lines, and was at that time in a healthy stage of growth, with two or three new but very comfortable churches. In three months we not only were blessed with three separate teachers, but also with a vacation of a whole week for want of a pedagogue. But then this town was, as you can surmise, pro-slavery; its principal traffic was with St. Louis, which was probably 100 miles away.

In another place, not very far from Jacksonville, in one of the finest farm regions then in the state, we found a nice village with two stores,

a Postoffice, stage office, hotels, blacksmith shop, and other conveniences, with a neat little frame church just outside the village, and a neat little well kept cemetery. The family in which we lived was possessed of several hundred acres of splendid land and a large amount of stock, a large orchard twenty-five years planted. Yet the children, as for many years past, walked four miles to school; three miles beyond the village, for over one mile of the way through a lonely piece of chaparral, to a log school house set in the deep woods, close by a spring (the latter was considered of more importance than the good spelling of the teacher). The situation was so lonely, the woods so tall, and the place so eminently dangerous that we have known little children to go over a mile to the nearest house during a heavy rain rather than remain in the building or its immediate neighborhood. It may seem superficial to add that this neighborhood was also a pro-slavery one.

But then, perhaps the strangest incident that we have time to record was probably about 1854, on the prairies six or eight miles south of where now stands the flourishing city of Bushnell. On an elevated lift of prairie was a colony of people, originally, I think, from Ohio and Kentucky; and good, kind-hearted people we found them to be; probably nearly all the elder ones could read and write, but they maintained no school, although they had been settled for many years and were all of them at least above want. Just north of the colony lay a low piece of flat prairie, two miles wide, that it was impossible to cross with a wagon; on the north side lay another stretch of land containing some clay, and although not so rich as the other it seemed to have a peculiar quality that was dear to the heart of a New Englander. At least two or three Puritan New Englanders purchased farms here in these cheaper lands, and although quite poor, a school house very soon rose upon the edge of the swamp. But they were too poor to hire a teacher. So a visit was made to the other settlement; a day was appointed when the citizens from both settlements came together with oxen and plowed a strip two rods wide through the tall grass, and two miles long for a footpath for the children. The next year the path was so filled up with bumblebees and rattlesnakes that it was necessary to open up the furrows anew. In another year a lean-looking New Englander had purchased a run-down farm on the south side and lived in a log cabin. In a few months a

school district was formed and a neat frame building erected and a school begun. Other fanatics purchased other run-down farms, and in three years nearly the entire population had changed, and where one school had formerly barely had an existence, five schools dotted the prairies. The cavaliers had nearly all moved on in search of newer farms, where manure and New England farming were no longer a necessity. And although not strictly connected with this article, the reader will not be any more surprised than we were to know that during the war, in this particular region there was no draft necessary.

PERSONAL AND OTHER NOTES OF THE EARLY DAYS.

BY G. L. MILLER.

I read a telegram in the *Republican* of yesterday from Pierre, announcing that there was great rejoicing among the cattle men because Mr. Lamar had revoked the order which was to compel them to remove their herds from the Indian lands. Pierre is the French name of a flourishing town on the Missouri river, which was taken from a military post, near the place upon which it is located, that was called Fort Pierre. It was the point upon which General Harney concentrated a considerable force of troops, Maj. W. Wessells, father of Lawyer Wessells, commanding after the battle with the Indians, at Ash Hollow, thirty-one years ago. The only white people that were in that part of the Missouri valley, in those days, were soldiers and a few fur traders. The only cattle herds were buffalo and elk herds.

I was spending an hour with Adjutant-General Drum, in the war office at Washington, a few days ago, when the subject of his military life on the border and the battle of Ash Hollow came up. General Drum, who was then Lieutenant Drum, was there. He corrects some false impressions, and relates an anecdote of General Harney in connection with that fight. It was rumored at that time that General Harney betrayed Little Thunder into his camp before the attack, with deception, in order to gain an advantage. General Drum scouts the report as utterly groundless. He agrees that Indian women were killed, and says it was impossible to avoid it. The Indians were sur-

prised by a night march that was difficult and dangerous. General Drum relates an anecdote of General Harney as follows:

After the battle, Lieutenant Drum, who was aid-de-camp and adjutant on Harney's staff, was ordered to count the number of Indians killed. He did so. The slain numbered exactly twelve. This did not suit General Harney, and, with violent oaths, he swore that more had been killed. "Report 200," thundered Harney. General Drum replied that he had been over the field personally with great care, and that there were only twelve Indians killed in the fight, so far as he could discover, intimating that if any different report was made it must come from somebody else.

I told the short story of my visit to Fort Pierre in some notes that were first printed in the *Omaha Nebraskan*, which was edited by Theodore H. Robertson, in the autumn of 1855, just about thirty-one years ago, and have repeated it in other publications perhaps too many times since. I will not go over it again now. It was a wild experience with the then barren wilderness of that unsettled region of which all Nebraska was a part. It was my first contact with the army in which I was employed by the chief quartermaster of the expedition, Capt. P. T. Turnley, in a professional capacity to attend to the troops that were being transported to the scene of a probable Indian war on several steamers. "Billy" Wilcox of this city was at the wheel of one of them as a pilot, and it was sometimes interesting, as well as exciting, to hear him "talk back" to Captain Turnley, who insisted on being pilot himself two-thirds of the time in the struggle that had to be made by the old stern-wheeler, William Baird, to steam and spar over the sandbars.

In those days Calhoun was the leading town in Washington county, and E. H. Clark constituted the principal population. From the earliest settlement of Nebraska he has been a prominent citizen of the county. His daughter Cora is postmistress of Blair. De Soto became the leading town in the county afterward, and a curious old town it was, when Mr. Thomas P. Kennard kept its leading tavern, George W. Doane practiced its law, George Scott was its chief banker, and our regretted friend Powell and Judge Wakeley, who was then associate justice of the territory, were leading citizens. Arthur Bird and Lucius Wakeley were sporting with Missouri river malaria and also their babyhood. Blair was an unborn place in those times.

Tekamah then consisted of Benjamin R. Folsom, Major Harrington, George Thomas, William Beck, Mr. Gibson, and a few more, with a few wooden buildings with thin walls to mark their several abodes. J. N. H. Patrick and Augustus Kountze had not yet gone into the land business in the county of Dakota. Neither of them had arrived here in that year. They put in their lively appearance a year later, Mr. Kountze coming from Ohio, and Mr. Patrick from Pennsylvania. Augustus and Herman Kountze had not then begun to play ball with great banking institutions by pitching them out of Omaha from Broadway to Denver, nor had Mr. Patrick discovered "Happy Hollow" and himself as a suburban "land monopolist." Robert and John Patrick had yet to become the manly, physical giants that they now are.

The germ of Sioux City had been platted by Dr. Cook, now no more. He had caused two or three log huts to be built on the bank of the river. It amused me at the landing to hear the hopeful doctor discourse upon the future town, which he was sure would be a large place, with "millions in it" for whomsoever should invest in its site at that time. Fortunate man he was to live to see Sioux City have a large population and business, and become the seat of as intelligent and refined a community as can be found in any part of this western country.

Let us call up the roll of Omaha's dead to remember that the late and much-lamented Ezra Millard early saw the promise of Sioux City, and may be said to have begun his active life there. Dr. Cook's dream of the Pacific railroad as the future heritage of that place was not all a dream. The Sioux City branch, diverted from its true line in our state by the piracy of railway cormorants, became a reality long before Dr. Cook went out from among us. But Ezra Millard's quick eye saw that in Sioux City he was just 100 miles too far to the northward for the work he had set himself to do in the world, and he changed his base and fortunes by coming to Omaha. With what energy and zeal and prudent forecast he, while caring for his own fortunes, promoted those of Omaha, all of us know who relied upon him for wisdom in counsel and ready courage in action. This people cannot place too many garlands upon the grave of Ezra Millard, who was a tower of strength to Omaha in the doubtful days, and who was the embodiment of social and manly qualities that placed him at the very front of our best citizenship.

I close these hasty notes of men and things by making mention of the change in the proprietorship of the *Omaha Republican*, which was the *Nebraska Republican* in 1858, when E. F. Schneider and H. J. Brown established it, the first number being issued twenty-eight years ago on the fifth day of last May. It was then, and long afterwards, a weekly paper. The late Dr. Gilbert C. Monell, the grandfather, on his mother's side, of Mr. G. M. Hitchcock, the accomplished editor of the *Evening World*, owned it in that year, and this marked the first change in its control as the organ of the republican party, and of one very lively republican faction. The next change came in August, 1859, when Mr. E. D. Webster, an apt pupil of Thurlow Weed, came on the scene as the owner and editor of the paper, and also of the territorial republican machine, who changed the name of it from *Nebraska Republican* to *Omaha Republican*, which was a good thing in itself. Mr. Webster was perhaps the strongest political manager of Mr. Weed's methods in politics who has ever been here since the Omaha Indians departed from their old haunts and village a few miles southwestwardly from Omaha. Under his control, when the civil war impended, the *Republican* was inclined, like Mr. Horace Greeley, to let "the departing sisters go in peace."

The next change came in September, 1861, when Mr. Lincoln was in power, with Mr. Seward secretary of state, Mr. Webster having been called to Washington as his confidential secretary. Mr. E. B. Taylor of Ohio had been appointed register of the Omaha land office, and, accompanied by Mr. E. A. McClure, he came to Omaha, and the two gentlemen became the fourth company in the list of the *Republican's* owners and editors within three years. Soon after this transfer the paper was issued tri-weekly, the paper being reduced in size and issued in the evening. John Taffe became associate editor with Mr. Taylor, and they were a strong pair, as the *Herald* had reason to know in 1865, when it appeared on the scene. It may be here stated that it has always been my own opinion that through all its numerous changes the *Republican* never has had so strong a political editor as E. B. Taylor, and I doubt if any other paper in the state ever had when Mr. Taylor was aroused to his best, although Mr. E. D. Webster was a readier and brighter man. His style was in clear-cut English, and when occasion called, he could deal with adversaries with argument and retort and humorous sarcasm that attracted the reader and was

not always comfortable for his opponent. I was young and inexperienced in the editorial calling, and my ambition, I presume, was partly gratified when I reached the point of securing the frequent attentions of Mr. Taylor. After January, 1864, I forgot to say, the *Republican* became a daily, and was published in the evening.

The next change came in October, 1865, when Gen. H. H. Heath, who once commanded at Fort Kearney, became the editor, the firm being Heath, Taylor & Co. In 1866 General Heath retired and Mr. Taylor resumed the editorial charge, and the name of the paper was changed to *Omaha Daily Republican*. In April of the same year, Mr. St. A. D. Balcombe, who had been agent of the Winnebago Indians, appeared on the scene, and Balcombe & Co. owned the concern, Mr. Taylor selling out to Mr. Balcombe in July following, who assumed control, editorial duties, etc., etc., as sole proprietor. But Mr. Taylor was needed again, and he resumed his old place as editor in 1869, retiring again in 1870 to give place to Mr. John H. Teasdale of Ohio, who was brought here to write down the country. Mr. Teasdale's service continued only seven months, when Waldo M. Potter of the New York *Saratogian* was brought out, and again change came over the management if not over the spirit of the *Republican*, by being equal partner and editor-in-chief of the paper. Like Mr. Teasdale, he brought with him a high reputation as a writer, but, unlike Mr. Teasdale, he well deserved it. Mr. Potter was an excellent man and a strong editor. He retired and left the state in 1871, and was succeeded by Mr. C. B. Thomas, who was a brilliant writer, but I never regarded him as strong as either Taylor or Potter, although far more finished and graceful in style than either. The *Tribune* had been started with Mr. Thomas as editor and the papers consolidated under a hyphenated name. John Taffe again reappeared in the chair editorial, and in 1876 he was succeed by Mr. D. C. Brooks, who wrote with ability. In later years Mr. Casper E. Yost and Mr. Fred Nye have owned and managed the paper, with Mr. Nye as editor, and now come Messrs. Rounds, Taylor, and Rothacker into the broader field of a state and city, whose strength and promise find no better expression, unless it be in the bank thermometer, than is found in its enterprising newspapers.

PAPERS READ ON THE LAYING OF THE CORNER
STONE OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY
COURT HOUSE.

Mr. Mason's address was in part as follows:

Towards the latter part of June in the year of 1861, we chanced to meet Mr. William T. Donovan on the streets of Nebraska City, and upon learning that he lived on Salt creek in the neighborhood of the wonderful salt basins, we made arrangements to accompany him thither, that we might see for ourselves the country in which these wonderful basins were situated, and of which we had heard so much.

If we remember rightly, after passing the major's farm four or five miles out, we passed over an unbroken wilderness, with the exception of Wilson's ranch, situated at Wilson creek, and also McKee's ranch on the Nemaha, where the widow McKee and her sons lived. This was twenty miles out, and near the present town of Syracuse. The next improvement that we found was that of John Roberts, on the Nemaha, near the present site of Palmyra, and five miles further to the west there lived a Mr. Meecham, a Mormon, who had been left by the wayside. These were all the people we saw until we reached Salt creek. After enjoying the hospitality of our friend's home for the night, a somewhat novel mode of conveyance was constructed for our trip to the basins. A tongue was fastened to the hind end of a wagon, and a pair of springs was made of some short ash sticks with a board across the ends of them for a seat; our carriage was complete with a team of oxen to draw us thither. On the 2d day of July, 1861, we followed the trail down Salt creek to the mouth of Oak creek, where we forded the stream. There was at that time on the west side of Salt creek a magnificent grove of honey locust timber, and a little to the south of the foot of what is now known as O street, in the large bend of the creek, there were perhaps a hundred majestic elms and cottonwoods, with occasionally a hackberry and honey locust. Those lovely groves would now, if they had remained in their natural grandeur and beauty as we saw them then,

be of priceless value to the city for a park. Joseph, the elder son of Mr. Donovan, was our teamster and guide. The big flies that infested the low bottoms were a great inducement for our oxen to move on, and at times our ride was quite exciting, as the oxen would first dart one way and then another to get the benefit of the brush that was scattered along to rid themselves of the flies. It brings peculiar thoughts to mind as we look around us and consider the changes that twenty-six years have wrought.

There was one dim track that crossed the site of the future city from east to west that had been made by hunters and those in search of salt, besides the one mentioned running up and down the creek. As we viewed the land upon which now stands this great busy city, we had the exciting pleasure of seeing for the first time a large drove of beautiful antelope cantering across the prairie about where the government square now is. As we forded Salt creek, just by the junction of Oak creek, what a struggle we had in making our way through the tall sunflowers between the ford and the basin. There was something delightful about the scene that met our eyes. The basin was as smooth as glass, and resembled a slab of highly polished marble.

The wrecks of several old salt furnaces and two old deserted cabins were the only signs of civilization. All was wild and solitary, but our soul was filled with rapturous delight. The geese and brant had undisputed sway, and the air was filled with their shrill notes.

The nearest human habitation to either the basin or the present city, was that of our friend Donovan, on the Cardwell place on Salt creek, about five miles south of the ford. Joel Mason lived a mile further up. Richard Wallingford also lived just across the creek. John Cadman lived just across the county line, as the counties were first formed, in old Clay county, and where the village of Saltillo now stands. Dr. Maxwell lived in that neighborhood, also Festus Reed; and above Roca, J. L. Davison and the Pray family had located.

Wm. Shirley, on Stevens creek, was the nearest settler to the eastward. Charles Retslef and John Wedencamp, also Judge J. D. Maine, held the fort a little further up the creek, and Aaron Wood was located near the head of Stevens creek. John and Louis Lode lived down Salt creek near Waverly; also Michael Shea and James Moran. To the westward it was a complete wilderness.

Darwin Peckham (now of this city) commenced making salt on the 20th of August, 1861. Salt was very scarce during the war times; was high in price, and necessarily a great number of people came to scrape salt. They came from all the settled portions of the territory, from Missouri and Kansas, and as far east as central Iowa. Going for salt in those days was like going a fishing—it was all in luck. If the weather were perfectly dry they could get plenty of it, for it could be scraped up by the wagon load, but just a few minutes' rain would end the game. Men have been known to come a full hundred miles to arrive just in time to see a little rain clear all the salt off the basin in a moment, and they left to hold an empty sack; after the rain the basin would look as black as ink. Many farmers would bring their sorghum pans to make their salt, and when they had enough or were tired of making more, they would trade off their pans for salt. When the weather was dry many would scrape more than they could haul home, and they would trade off their scrapings at 25 cents per 100, receiving in return boiled salt at \$2 per 100. In dry times considerable salt was accumulated, and as soon as the first rain came, scrapings would be worth from 50 cents to \$1 per 100. Pilgrims would grab for it. They brought all manner of provisions to trade for salt—meat, flour, chickens, butter, fruit, potatoes, eggs, and others were willing to go to the groves and cut and haul wood for it; others would haul up a large pile of wood and then rent furnaces for the night and work all night and thus get a supply. So those that were situated there had salt to sell, scrapings to sell, furnaces to rent, and generally provisions to sell. Some even came and traded clothes for salt. One party brought two four-horse wagon loads, 5,000 pounds of flour from Winterset, Ia., and he received an even exchange of 5,000 pounds of salt for it. It was a lively time, for hundreds were coming and going continually during the fall.

Many distinguished men visited the salt basins during that fall, among whom were the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Hon. P. W. Hitchcock, afterwards United States senator, and his excellency, Governor Saunders.

When the winter season began the salt business stopped, and the time was spent in hunting, etc. On the first day of May, 1862, a county convention was held at the basin, and nearly every man in the county was there. The season of 1862 was exceedingly prosperous.

Great numbers of people came and went every day. Numerous other furnaces were started, and the salt works presented quite the appearance of business.

We live in what may be called the early age of this growing state, and we know that our posterity through all time are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us the train of great events. We know and realize that our own fortunes have been happily cast. We do not read or contemplate the history of past events without feeling something of personal interest, without being reminded that it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is more impossible for us to contemplate with unaffected minds the interesting scenes of the past in the growth and settlement of this state and this country. We cherish every memorial of the early settlers; we revere their fortitude and patience; we admire their enterprise; we will teach our children to venerate their memory and worship and obey the law. We lay the corner stone for the temple in which it shall be administered and interpreted. To us the story of the labors and the sufferings of the early settlers can never be without interest. In a time of extraordinary prosperity and general happiness, of national honor and distinction, and the universal prosperity of a young and growing state, we are brought together in this place by a love of order, by a reverence for law, by our admiration of justice, to lay the corner stone of a temple consecrated to the administration of these sovereign virtues upon which the perpetuity of our institutions depend—the foundation, the corner stone of the court house you have now laid. With prayers to Almighty God for His blessing, and in the midst of these witnesses we have begun the work. It will be prosecuted to completion, resting upon a broad and solid foundation; rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, may it remain so long as the work of man shall last, a fit temple for the administration of the civil law, our only sovereign king and ruler; and may that law be the expression of the ripest human intelligence, the only ruler of a sovereign state. Our object is by this edifice to provide a safe and suitable place for the preservation of the records of the past and the future, and to attest the importance of the achievements already made in a respect for law and order, and to keep alive these sentiments and to foster a constant regard for the principles of law as the sure salvation of freemen and a triumph over barbarism, anarchy,

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discord, and social ruin. In our reverence for law and its impartial administration we should call to our aid not reason alone, but sentiment and imagination, for neither is wasted nor misapplied when appropriated to giving a right direction to human affairs. And let us here open the springs of feeling in the human heart in a love for discipline, in a deep reverence for law, for social order, and a faithful administration of justice as God shall give us to know it. Let us not forget while we lay the corner stone and the foundation of this magnificent structure, the temple is a vain thing when compared with the human hearts and souls that erect it and the generation of worshipers that shall come after us. If the worshipers in the temple come to worship in a spirit of teachable humility, with pure hearts and clean hands, with developed intellects and enlightened conscience, the temple is consecrated and made holy, and before it, as the symbol of administrative justice, men may then bow in reverence; but if it becomes the home of the money changers, and a den of thieves, it is a monument of disgrace, an emblem of disease that indicates the decay of virtue and the approach of social ruin. To the bench and bar of Lancaster county, as high priests in the ministrations of this temple, I commit the sacred, high, and holy duty of its preservation from dishonor. To you and the people I commend a profound reverence and respect for law, and may each one and all when called to discharge the official duties within its sacred precincts feel that the place where they stand is holy ground. Let them remember that the seat of the law which they administer is in the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world.

THE BUILDING.

The new court house will be a noble structure. The size is 150 feet from north to south and 100 feet from east to west. A high basement and three full stories give an opportunity to use four floors for offices all through the building. The construction is absolutely fire proof. The outer walls are of rock-faced sandstone from Berea, O. The heavy inside walls of hard brick, laid in the best cement mortar, extend through to the roof. Wood is used only in the doors, windows, and furniture of the offices. The tile floors are supported by steel girders, arched between with brick. The slate roof is supported by steel rafters, and all roof ornamentation is of iron and copper.

Bonds to the amount of \$200,000 for the new building were voted on the 1st of July, 1887. Plans were advertised for immediately, and a few weeks later the design submitted by E. E. Myers, of Detroit, was accepted. His plans were remarkably fine, but the building could not be erected for the amount available, and after advertising and readvertising for a bid that would be within the bounds, the commissioners finally, on the 3d of January, 1888, rejected the Myers plans and advertised for a new set. In the competition which followed, F. M. Ellis, of Omaha, was successful, and the contract for erecting the building was awarded to Mr. W. H. B. Stout, his bid being \$167,497.42. This will leave a neat sum for furnishing the building and beautifying the grounds.

The walls of the tower and many of the partitions are now completed to the top of the first story, and several courses of stone are laid on the first story around the building. The interests of the county are looked after by Mr. Eugene Woerner, and it was the verdict of all who examined the building yesterday that all material and workmanship that have yet gone into the structure are the very best.

HISTORICAL.

The history of Lancaster county, prepared by County Clerk O. C. Bell and deposited in the stone, is as follows:

Lancaster county was organized in 1859, and contains 864 square miles, and had a population at that time very limited. The history of the county from its organization is as follows:

The first steps toward perfecting a county organization were taken in the fall of 1859, when a public meeting was held under the "Great Elm" on the east bank of Salt creek, near the northwest corner of the present Burlington & Missouri River railroad grounds, to consider the advisability of such action. As a result of the meeting, W. T. Donovan, J. J. Forest, and A. J. Wallingford were appointed a committee to select a site for a county seat. They chose a part of the present city of Lincoln, which was laid off in 1864, and named "Lancaster." Very soon thereafter an election was ordered by the county commissioners of Cass county, to which the unorganized county west was attached for judicial purposes, to be held at the house of William Shirley, on Stevens creek, October 10, 1859. At this election the following officers were elected: for county commissioners, W. T. Don-

ovan, J. J. Forest, and A. J. Wallingford; county treasurer, Richard Wallingford; county clerk, L. J. Loder; recorder, J. P. Loder. A general election for Lancaster county was held October 9, 1861, at the house of Capt. W. T. Donovan, at which time twenty-three votes were cast, and resulted as follows: for delegate to congress, J. Sterling Morton, eleven votes; Samuel G. Daily, twelve votes.

In 1863 a part of Clay county, that part comprised in the south one-third of the present Lancaster county, was set off, giving to the county its present proportions, which is thirty-six miles north and south by twenty-four miles east and west.

The following will show the roster of officers and the year in which they were elected, viz.:

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

- 1859—W. T. Donovan, J. J. Forest, and A. J. Wallingford.
- 1863—William Shirley, Richard Wallingford, and John W. Prey.
- 1864—William Shirley, P. S. Schamp, and John S. Gregory.
- 1865—John W. Prey, Richard Wallingford, and Aaron Woods.
- 1866—John W. Prey, Aaron Woods, and Silas Pratt.
- 1867—Aaron Woods, Silas Pratt, and W. R. Field.
- 1868—Silas Pratt, W. R. Field, and John Prey, with P. H. Sud-
duth to fill vacancy.
- 1869—W. R. Field, John Prey, and Robert Faulkner.
- 1870—W. R. Field, Robert Faulkner, and O. J. Martin.
- 1871—Robert Faulkner, O. J. Martin, and John D. Lottridge.
- 1872—O. J. Martin, John D. Lottridge, and H. H. Spellman.
- 1873—John D. Lottridge, H. H. Spellman, and J. Z. Briscoe.
- 1874—H. H. Spellman, J. Z. Briscoe, and H. D. Gilbert.
- 1875—J. Z. Briscoe, H. D. Gilbert, and W. E. Keys.
- 1876—H. D. Gilbert, W. E. Keys, and J. H. Wilcox.
- 1877—W. E. Keys, J. H. Wilcox, and H. D. Gilbert.
- 1878—J. H. Wilcox, H. D. Gilbert, and J. H. McClay.
- 1879—H. D. Gilbert, J. H. McClay, and W. J. Weller.
- 1880—J. H. McClay, W. J. Weller, and W. E. G. Caldwell.
- 1881—W. J. Weller, W. E. G. Caldwell, and H. C. Reller.
- 1882—W. E. G. Caldwell, H. C. Reller, and W. J. Weller.
- 1883—H. C. Reller, W. J. Weller, and W. E. G. Caldwell.
- 1884—W. J. Weller, W. E. G. Caldwell, and H. C. Reller.

1885—W. E. G. Caldwell, H. C. Reller, and Alba Brown.

1886—H. C. Reller, Alba Brown, and H. H. Schaberg.

1887—Alba Brown, H. H. Schaberg, and Thomas J. Dickson.

County Treasurers—1859, R. Wallingford; 1865, William Guy; 1867, Milton Langdon; 1869, John Cadman; 1871, R. A. Bain; 1873, C. C. White; 1877, Louis Helmer; 1881, R. B. Graham; 1885, Jacob Rocke.

County Clerks—1859, L. J. Loder; 1861, J. P. Loder; 1863, Milton Langdon; 1867, S. B. Galey; 1869, R. A. Bain; 1871, R. O. Phillips; 1875, W. A. Sharrer; 1877, R. D. Silver; 1879, L. E. Cropsey; 1881, J. H. McClay; 1885, O. C. Bell.

County Superintendents—1867, F. A. Bidwell; 1869, A. M. Ghost; 1873, J. N. Cassell; 1875, A. G. Scott; 1877, S. G. Lamb; 1879, H. S. Bowers; 1885, F. D. McClusky.

County Judges—1861, Festus Reed; 1863, J. D. Main; 1865, Luke Lavender; 1867, John Cadman; 1869, S. B. Pound; 1871, A. L. Palmer; 1875, A. G. Scott; 1877, J. R. Webster; 1879, J. E. Philpott; 1881, C. M. Parker; 1887, W. E. Stewart.

Sheriffs—1861, J. P. Loder; 1863, Josiah Chambers; 1867, J. H. Hawks; 1869, Sam McClay; 1877, J. S. Hoagland; 1879, Gran Ensign; 1883, Samuel M. Melick.

County Surveyors—1865, P. S. Schamp; 1867, E. Tullis; 1869, Milton Langdon; 1871, J. T. Murphey; 1873, Tom I. Atwood; 1875, J. P. Walton.

Coroners—1864, John Crim; 1871, F. G. Fuller; 1873, J. O. Carter; 1875, F. G. Fuller; 1875, J. W. Strickland; 1876, L. H. Robbins; 1877, E. T. Piper; 1881, A. J. Shaw; 1883, N. J. Beachley; 1885, E. T. Roberts; 1887, C. A. Shoemaker.

Clerk of the district court—R. N. Vedder; 1878, A. D. Burr; 1884, E. R. Sizer.

County Attorney—Royal D. Stearns.

Register of Deeds—John D. Knight.

The popular vote in 1860 was 23; 1865, 125; 1870, 1,116; 1875, 2,360; 1880, 4,931; 1885, 5,108, and 1887, 6,670.

The value of real estate and personal property in the county as returned by the assessors for the years 1874 to 1888, viz.: 1864, \$36,616; 1865, \$145,612; 1866, \$202,647; 1867, \$366,855; 1868, \$467,425; 1869, \$973,309; 1870, \$1,526,099; 1871, \$3,184,036;

1872, \$4,482,118; 1873, \$4,269,865; 1874, \$4,359,685; 1875, \$4,405,913; 1876, \$3,836,124; 1877, \$3,615,156; 1878, \$3,801,342; 1879, \$3,768,626; 1880, \$4,934,130; 1881, \$5,189,790; 1882, \$5,217,380; 1883, \$6,124,240; 1884, \$6,345,330; 1885, \$6,451,585; 1886, \$7,649,592; 1887, \$9,342,135; 1888, \$9,628,122.

It has been ascertained from the records of the county judge's office that there was a marriage license issued on the 22d day of September, 1866, by Judge L. Lavender, to Alexander Burd and Mathina Porter, who were married September 25, 1866, by J. H. Young. Since that time they have issued from that office 4,755 licenses, and during the year ending November 1, 1888, 495 licenses have been issued.

The first letters of administration were issued to Henry Cramer's estate, April 17, 1860, William Henicke, administrator, and since that time they have filled more than 7,000 pages of estate records.

First case filed December 20, 1868, John D. Brown v. W. R. Field, the amount involved being \$100, and since that time there have been more than 5,000 cases.

HARDY PIONEERS OF DIXON COUNTY.

BY W. HUSE.

The first white settler in Dixon county arrived here about thirty years ago. John Stough and S. B. Stough, who came here in the latter part of 1856, and B. Cavanaugh, who arrived in May, 1857, have given us a history of the condition of affairs here at that time. In May, 1857, the settlers were few and scattering, and we here give a list of them:

Starting up South creek, the three nearest settlers to where Ponca now is were Adam Smith, John Bunce, and Gearhart Carson, who lived and "bached it" on the farm now owned by Wm. O'Conner. All these three settlers moved from here to Missouri several years ago, and still reside there.

Next beyond the O'Conner farm, and on the place owned by Mr. Harry, lived a German, Christian Dugsheath.

A short distance above and at the place now owned by John En-

ders, "old man" Coogler and John Snyder made their home. Near them, on what is called the Gorman place, Andrew Smith lived.

An Englishman, Thomas Denning, lived opposite where the South creek Catholic church is. Near there, but on the east side of the creek, on the Lynch place, Bill Jones had pitched his tent. Then going up the creek one came to the places of Robert McKenna and Dan McKenna, the former of whom made the first kiln of brick in the county. They lived about three miles this side of Martinsburg. Both have since moved away, Robert to California and Dan to Missouri.

Beyond the McKeennas lived James Murphy, on the farm now owned by Tim Hurley and adjoining where the village of Martinsburg now is. Murphy afterwards moved to Dakota county and died there.

There was no village of Martinsburg in 1857. Martinsburg was first laid out several years afterward by one Crockwell, a Mormon, and named by him Galena. No buildings were erected until a mill was built by J. Martin, who re-christened the town Martinsburg.

A short distance from Martinsburg, on the place now owned by Wm. Gillan, his brother, Michael Gillan, lived.

Adjoining the Gillan place was the farm of Dan Donlin. He was frozen to death several years afterwards, and his family now resides near Ponca.

The next settler up the creek was James Stott, who lived on the P. G. Wright place. Mr. Stott soon after, in the summer of 1857, moved to Covington. He was afterwards county clerk of Dakota county, and receiver of the United States land office. He died in Dakota City about three years ago.

A German, August Montauk, lived with Mr. Stott on his claim, and moved to Covington with him.

Next above was the claim of George Flowers, a German. He sold out to John and Barnard Kavanaugh in the spring of 1857.

A short distance south lived two Germans named Fred and Chris Terror, who soon after moved away.

There was no land surveyed at that time. Squatter sovereignty prevailed. A claim was supposed to contain 300 acres, more or less, generally more.

Those were all the settlers on South creek in the spring of 1857.

Two settlers lived on the Daily creek, viz., Pat Daily, who lived where Krause's place is, and after whom Daily creek was named, and Owen Sweeney, who lived about a mile farther up the creek. Mr. Daily now lives below Jackson.

Here in Ponca the first house was built in the fall of 1856. It was built by William Henry and Frank Hoesé, and was not far from where our railroad depot now stands.

Down the creek from Ponca Henry Parshal, Henry Ford, and Charles Buckman and wife lived on the farm now owned by Uncle Deck Huddleston.

At the mouth of the creek was the first sawmill ever built in the county. It was owned and run by Aretus Whitcom, his son-in-law, Amos Dexter, and Daniel Bradford. A young man by the name of Preston Hotchkiss worked for them. All have since moved away. The mill was burned in the winter of 1857-8, by the Indians, as was supposed.

John Stough and S. B. Stough lived in the timber near Ponca landing. Up the creek towards Newcastle, James Clark, Marsh Lathrop and Deacon Rahn lived near where E. M. Bisbee's farm is. James Alexander was here at the time on the same farm he occupied at the time of his death. John Sader and his family lived west of Newcastle and John Hardee and Wm. Fister had their claims close by.

This list comprises all who lived here in the spring of 1857. Some have moved away, others have died, and now but few of those old settlers are left.

At the time Cavanaugh moved here Judge Arnold came with him, and in the course of the summer several others found their way into the county. Among them were Edward Serry, Herman Beason, John Malone, A. Curry, John McKinley, Sam McKinley, Gustavus Smith, S. P. Baltzley, Henry Fuller, and Mr. Bramble. In 1858, N. S. Porter, E. M. Bisbee, C. W. Todd and many others arrived. Ponca then contained about ten souls, and the county had a population of about fifty.

In those days everybody was hard up, yet they probably enjoyed life as well as they do now. There were lots of game and any quantity of Indians. At that time Sioux City was a steamboat town of five or six log buildings, most of which were taverns and saloons, and its inhabitants were generally considered a pretty tough set. Across the

river the Indians as yet held undisputed sway. Elk Point and Vermillion and the many other enterprising cities of Dakota, were not born until years afterwards.

NEBRASKA'S FIRST NEWSPAPER.

William C. Upjohn, of Papillion, Neb., recently sent to the *Papillion Times* a very interesting account of the first newspaper ever published in Nebraska. Mr. Upjohn has the first copy of the paper struck off from the rude hand press. It was called the *Nebraska Palladium*. It was published for the first time in Bellevue, November 15, 1854, and was the first printed matter published in what was then the territory of Nebraska. According to Mr. Upjohn the event was appreciated as one of decided importance in the progress of the new country, and among those who gathered that November day thirty-two years ago to witness the birth of the typographical wonder, were Gov. T. B. Cuming and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fenner Ferguson, the Rev. William Hamilton and wife, the Misses May and Amanda Hamilton, Dr. E. N. Upjohn, Congressman Bird Chapman, George W. Hollister, W. A. Griffin, and Theodore S. Gillmore.

Dr. E. N. Upjohn gave a dollar for the privilege of turning the press for the first paper, which was then removed by Governor Cuming and passed to Chief Justice Ferguson, who read the following :

"Thus quietly and unceremoniously was the birth time of printing in Nebraska. Thus was the *Nebraska Palladium* inaugurated into public service. This event, although to some it may seem unimportant now, will form an epoch in history which will be remembered ages after those present on this interesting occasion are no more. The *Palladium* is issued from Bellevue, a beautiful spot, amid the far off wilds of Nebraska ; issued in the very wake of heathen darkness, and, we might say, in its midst. We have taken joint possession with the aboriginal occupants of the soil. Our office is visited by the dark children of the prairie, whose curiosity prompts them to witness the operation of the art by which thought is symbolized and repeated in ever-enduring forms on the printed page. As the Indian disappears before the light of civilization so may the darkness and error of the human mind flee before the light of the press of Nebraska."

In looking over the pages of this paper, says Mr. Upjohn, we find the name of but one man then in business in Sarpy (or Douglas county, as it was then) who still resides here—namely, Mr. Schimonski, of Bellevue. Perhaps all the adults who were here in 1854, and who still reside here, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. In conclusion Mr. Upjohn states that he is in favor of the organization of an old settlers' association to revive the memories of 1855-56, many persons still being alive in the state who can speak of them with the interest of personal experience.

II.—BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.



S. P. MAJORS.*

Mr. Majors was a native of Kentucky, being born near Franklin, in Simpson county, April 27, 1819. He worked on the farm until his sixteenth year, attending district school in winter. At the age of sixteen he engaged in the stone and brick mason work. In 1837 he removed to West Point, Lee county, Iowa, where he remained until 1838, when he removed to Jefferson county, in the same state, living on a farm, but devoting most of his time to masonry.

In 1850 he removed to Libertyville and engaged in mercantile business. He continued in this business until 1857, when he sold his stock and bought a farm, but soon bought another stock of goods and went into business again. In a few months he moved his goods to a small town on the line between Missouri and Iowa, where he remained but six months, when he removed his stock to Peru, Nemaha county, Nebraska, remaining himself in Iowa. He was admitted to the bar at Fairfield, and practiced law a year. He then removed with his family to Peru. At this place he continued in the mercantile business and the practice of law until 1863, when he sold his stock in Peru and bought in Brownville. After being in Brownville a year he moved back to Peru and opened a store. In 1866 he engaged in farming and stock raising, in which business, in connection with the mercantile business, he continued until his death.

At the age of twenty he was married to Miss Annie Brown, also a native of Kentucky. They have had a family of eleven children, but five of whom are living. Mr. Majors made a profession of religion at seventeen, and joined the M. E. church, where he has been a faithful, consistent member. Politically he was a democrat until the organization of the republican party. He was a delegate to the first constitutional convention of Nebraska, and was chosen president.

He was elected to the state legislature in 1870. As a member he was faithful and watchful. He viewed things from a common sense

* These biographical notices are compiled from newspaper clippings made by ex-Governor Furnas.

platform and spoke and acted with dignity and decorum, becoming a representative of enlightened people.

He was on the impeachment trial of David Butler.

Perhaps he did more in getting our present State Normal building than any other man. He has held many prominent positions in Nebraska, and is widely known. He is father of Hon. Thomas Majors, one of Nebraska's most prominent men. He owns a cattle ranch near Ainsworth, in care of his son, whom he was visiting at the time of his death. I have been acquainted with Mr. Majors several years and I don't think I have ever heard aught against him. Everybody that knew him was his friend.

His wife has been unwell for some time, and being so old it is feared she cannot stand the shock. To her and his children the sympathy of many Nebraska people will be extended in full measure.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE BY PROF. J. M. MCKENZIE.

A great sorrow has come to our community by the sudden death of one of our most honored and respected citizens.

Having been intimately acquainted with Mr. Majors as a fellow citizen, a friend, and brother in the same church since 1866, I consider it a great privilege to be permitted to say a few words concerning his life as a citizen, friend, and Christian. He was a Kentuckian by birth, and possessed some of the traits of character that mark the citizens of that noble state. From his boyhood he was especially noted for his high sense of honor, and though not permitted the privileges of a scholastic education he was a great reader and was always well posted on the current events of the day. At the opening of the rebellion his patriotism mastered his fatherly instincts, and he sent out his two sons with a father's blessing to defend the sacred rights of his country. He was always keenly alive to the best interests of the state and county in which he resided, and while he had no ambition for the honors and emoluments of office, he was an ardent republican and endorsed its principles with all his heart, and ever tried to carry them out. He was president of the first constitutional convention, and in 1871 he represented his county in the legislature, and the same year was again a member of the constitutional convention. In his place in the halls of legislation he was dignified, self-possessed, and active. When he spoke he invariably commanded the attention of

the house, and few men wielded a greater influence on the floor than Hon. S. P. Majors.

To him more than to any other one man belongs the honor of putting the State Normal School in a condition to claim the attention and support of the state. Whatever he undertook he accomplished, and he left his office with a character unsullied, and a reputation for candor and probity that few of his fellows could boast. His name was frequently mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial chair, but he invariably discouraged such allusions. He sought no such honors; he loved most of all his home and a spotless reputation. As a business man, Mr. Majors was far seeing and of a singularly good judgment. None that followed his advice ever had reason to regret it. True, he could not always avoid the mistakes of others, and was sometimes embarrassed through the want of good judgment in other persons, but as a financier he had few equals.

As a husband and father he was almost a model. He loved his family tenderly but not blindly. Whatever may befall any son or daughter of his, each will always confess his father's example by word and act was noble and elevating. Mr. Majors loathed anything like a dishonorable act, and no man living can say he intentionally did a wrong. Generous, often to a fault, he never let the poor leave his door unalmsed.

But his character shone out most clearly in his life as a Christian man. At the early age of seventeen he professed religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and since that time, for a term of fifty years, he has never dishonored his God or his church by any course of action. Most of that time he had been an officer in the church, and many a discouraged brother or sister has been cheered by his words of comfort. During the past year he has especially cheered the hearts of his Christian friends by his great activity in the cause of his Master. He has seemed especially anxious for the conversion of his neighbors and neighbor's children, and in laying him away to rest every one who knew him, saint or sinner, feels of a surety it is well with his soul. But who will fill his place? In the line of battle when the fatal bullet strikes down a soldier his comrades press up and close up the gap, and while, in his case, he leaves noble sons to carry on his work in the state and social circle, yet who shall fill his place in the church?

The whole community feels the loss. "A prince in Israel hath fallen." The most sincere and heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved and sorrowing widow and the afflicted family.

JAMES W. SAVAGE.

By the death of James W. Savage, which occurred at his home in Omaha on Saturday evening last, Nebraska loses a citizen who has been a prominent figure in legal, political, social, and educational circles throughout the whole history of the state. He came here in the year of the admission of Nebraska into the Union. He has resided here continuously since, and has been closely identified with the growth of the state and the development of its metropolis. Belonging to the minority party, he held few political offices, but nevertheless wielded a marked influence in the formation of our institutions.

As a lawyer he stood second to none in the commonwealth. As a public man his influence was for clean party management and honest government. He was esteemed by all who knew him as a type of the true American man. His tastes led him to literary pursuits as well as to close judicial analysis of the law. Year by year his reputation as a scholar widened, but his studies made him more or less of a recluse, and there are many of our younger public men who heard much about Judge Savage, but failed of an opportunity to make his acquaintance.

Judge Savage sprung from sturdy Puritan stock. He is a descendant of Anne Hutchinson, the founder of a noted New England religious sect, and many distinguished men and women belong to the family. The subject of this sketch was born at Bedford, New Hampshire, in 1826. He received his early education at Phillips Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in 1847. Three years later he began the practice of the law in New York City, where he remained until the outbreak of the rebellion. Entering the army a captain, he served for four years and was mustered out a colonel. In 1867 he removed to the infant state of Nebraska, locating in Omaha. He early became a leader in his profession, and would have held important public offices had not his party, whose nominee he was on several occasions, been in a hopeless minority. Nevertheless, he was selected

a regent of the university in 1872, and three years later was elected judge of the third judicial district, overcoming an adverse majority at that time and again four years later. He made such an excellent judge that he would undoubtedly have been kept in the service indefinitely, had he not felt the strain to be too severe and resigned before the expiration of his second term on the bench.

Judge Savage always remained in touch with the college world, and was frequently called upon for addresses upon various subjects by the different organizations meeting at the university. It is known that during one of the periods in which the university was without a chancellor, this important position was offered to him in the hope that his acceptance would end the troubles which were less than ten years ago threatening the usefulness of the institution. It was impossible for him to take upon himself the arduous duties of the place, however, greatly to the disappointment of the friends of the university.

To Judge Savage the Nebraska State Historical Society is indebted for a number of papers costing a vast amount of research, and bearing the impress of a trained mind and a fine literary taste. His "Discovery of Nebraska," "A Visit to Nebraska in 1862," and "The Christening of the Platte," will not only be an invaluable part of the recorded history of the state, but will be read with pleasure and profit long after the state shall have forgotten the generation which knew the gentle, courteous jurist and scholar who was their author.

Bar addresses were delivered as follows:

JUDGE WAKELEY.

The lesson of death is ever before us. Perpetually the problem comes to us, why are the good, the noble, the honored taken from the full fruition of life, while the base and ignoble remain to occupy and trouble the earth? There is no answer except that He whose wisdom is unfailing, He whose justice is infinite, has so ordered the affairs of this world.

The life and work of such men as James W. Savage answer the skeptic question, "Is life worth living?" And when such a man meets death with a Christian's serenity, and a soldier's courage, faithful to friendship, duty, and love until his last hours—even such a death attests the worth and nobility of life. If my friend could have

known that I would speak these few words of him when he should be gone, he would have asked that I should utter no mere formal eulogium, nor one word of praise which I should not sincerely believe to be his due. Nor will I do so. But I may justly say this—and it is much to say with truth of any man—that from boyhood to the mature manhood in which he died, as student, as scholar, as lawyer, as soldier, as judge, as tenant of many official trusts, as philanthropist, as citizen mingling in business affairs, he took and bore his part conscientiously, bravely, zealously, purely, and went to his end “leaving in life no blot on his name.”

We of Omaha knew Judge Savage by personal association for some twenty-three years. So much has been said of him here and elsewhere, that I will speak only, and speak but briefly, of two or three phases of his life in which I knew him best. You who met him at the bar knew with what courtesy, with what fairness, with what respect and deference to the court, yet with what firmness and faithfulness to his cause, and with what general success he conducted his legal contests. And to all this his brethren of the bar have borne most ample testimony to-day.

When, many years ago, in a convention for presenting a candidate for judge of this court, I moved his nomination, I ventured to pledge that, if he should reach the place, his administration would be pure, wise, elevated, and enlightened—so free from guile, or suspicion, or unfairness, that the public would rest in absolute confidence of his judicial integrity. And so it proved. And so, again, the public trusted him. Twice he was chosen over a large political majority, at a time when party tests were somewhat stronger than they have been in later years. As a judge, you know that he was patient and courteous almost beyond the demands of the place. His learning, his clear judgment, his strong good sense, and his sure instinct and perception of the right and wrong of a controversy seldom permitted him to go far wrong. And there was ever an inherent dignity in his bearing and presence, that made his court room a fit sanctuary of justice. It was not the dignity of arrogance, or of pompousness, or pretense, or that which comes from the mere sense of authority. It came, rather from the consciousness that a great power for good and for justice among men was in his hands; that he was there to use it righteously and fearlessly, and that he was secure from all bias or tempta-

tion to misuse or pervert it. It was the perception and recognition of this, in the judge, which made men ashamed to misbehave in his presence, and made them accept his judgments with seemly deference.

We recall that during his incumbency and to the time of his resignation, eight years ago, he performed, alone, the judicial service for this district, where now the industry of four judges scarcely suffices for the work—a most forcible proof of a surprising increase of court business. And the bar has so increased, that not many of you here to-day were active practitioners before him when his service began. He had a warranted ambition for judicial preferment; and later became a candidate for judge of the supreme court of Nebraska. Such was the public confidence in his merit and fitness, that he nearly attained the place against an adverse political majority of more than 20,000 in the state. It was a lost battle, well fought; and, as a true soldier, he accepted defeat.

Without over-desire, or special aptitude for accumulating wealth, and abhorring all devious or extortionate methods of money-getting, he was content and proud to live by his honorable earnings, in the simplicity, the independence and real dignity of an American citizen and gentleman. Yet who, knowing him well, and thus knowing his generosity, his sensibility, his sympathy with every form of need and suffering—brute or human—who, so knowing him, did not wish that his open hand had held some large share of the misused treasure heaped and hoarded in hereditary vaults, or held in the miser clutch of greed and avarice, or sown recklessly to the winds by speculative adventurers. With him as its almoner, wealth would have sent out its benefactions widely and broadly for the blessings of the poor, the weak, the destitute and the stricken, and for the aid of religion, learning, literature, and art, wherever these potent agencies were working for the redemption, the betterment, and the elevation of men. In the broad humanity of his heart and his nature, these and kindred ends were among the chiefest and latest aspirations of his life.

But the night hath come, and he can work no more. Through all his life he met unreluctantly the demands of duty whensoever or wheresoever they came to him, and obeyed them with such ability and such understanding as were given to him. Finally, he heard the call of the Great Commander, and passed without fear and without faltering, from life to death and the hereafter.

ARTHUR C. WAKELEY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONORS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR :
In so general an expression of sorrow at the loss of one of our oldest and most honored members, I feel that it would be ungrateful to the memory of a cherished friendship should I forbear some humble tribute of affection and respect. In common with the members of the bar, I feel that in the death of Judge Savage this community and the people of every class have lost a citizen whose wide philanthropy and whose cultured tastes have always been exerted for the public good; that this court has lost a jurist whose purity of life, and whose excellence of judgment have ornamented and exalted for so many years the bench upon which your honors sit. But more especially I feel that in his death every member of this bar has lost a valued personal friend. I admired in him the incorruptible judge, the eloquent advocate, the lettered scholar, and the brilliant lawyer. But I love to remember him rather as a friend. I remember very well, your honors, the first case I ever tried in this court. It was in the old court house. Judge Savage was on the bench. He had appointed me to defend a prisoner in a criminal case, and I shall never forget the kindness and the consideration which he showed me in the conduct of that case, nor can I ever forget the graciousness with which he overlooked my inexperience and the delicacy with which he relieved my embarrassment. It happened that I was afterwards associated with him in some cases and I also had the pleasure of seeing him in his home upon many occasions, and there was about him to me—and I have heard others say it also—a certain charm and sweetness of manner, a cordial affability and sincerity of expression which seemed to lift young men into a higher zone and place them on his own high level. Always kind, he was always approachable. I know of many beginners at this bar to whom his help and kind encouragement have been a continual incentive. He was a comrade to us; we knew and felt proud of his comradeship. He talked with us and we with him as freely and as familiarly as one young man might with another, yet in our eyes he never lost a perfect dignity and respect, and I doubt, your honors, whether there has ever been a member of this bar who was more in accord and sympathy, more in touch, with its younger members and with young men everywhere than was Judge Savage. It is said that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the

man than anything he had said. And as often as I have listened to the eloquent words of him whose loss we mourn, I to-day could not but think there was that in the man himself which made them eloquent. I never left his presence without a spur to nobler resolve and higher things. He has gone from us, but he has bequeathed to us the memory of a stainless life which will reign, an influence for good, when these scenes and the theatre of his achievements shall have entirely vanished.

The eloquent Prentiss once said that "there is no appeal for relief from the great law that dooms us to the dust." But in looking though the record of his life, who is no more, we can almost say that where there is no error there need be no appeal.

LEAVITT BURNHAM.

To the many able and eloquent tributes of press and voice, paid to the memory of Judge Savage, I desire to add a single one—an incident connected with his life and death.

Within the garments last worn by him in active life, there was found, after his death, a poetic fragment—by the poet Tennyson—which is so suggestive of Judge Savage's clear faith and belief during life, and of the composure with which he met death, that I venture to present it here. It is entitled, "Across the Bar," and runs thus :

Sunset and evening star,—
 And a clear call for me;
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

For such a time as moving, seems a sleep
 Too full for sound or foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again—home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that—the dark,
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark.

For though from out my bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
 When I have crossed the bar.

JOHN D. HOWE.

The great master has said :

Be chided for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

Ordinarily, on occasions like this, I have been forced to remain silent by an embarrassing consciousness that lost in feeling the power of speech. I owe to the memory of him who was for many years my near friend, no ordinary tribute. This obligation possesses the sanction of a debt that must be paid. I should always chide myself if I should remain silent now.

Others have spoken of Judge Savage as soldier, lawyer, and judge. That he was brave and faithful in all these characters, all know. But to be a soldier, lawyer, or judge requires little more than what is common-place in character or ability. I prefer to distinguish our deceased brother as a citizen and friend. For more than twenty years our friendship, that began at first sight, endured, and it strengthened with every passing year as surely as the seasons brought the flowers that bloom in the spring, the summer's wealth of harvests and the frosts of winter.

The best achievement of any man in our favored country and time is to be great and true as a citizen. Special honors bring with them their own reward. They are embellishments. The citizen stands for character, uniform and constant, without reward save the consciousness within which one may only measurably, and to a very limited extent, share with another. It is the daily walk. The wearing out of one's shoes—a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and every day, till the end. Laurels and flowers are not flung in the pathway of any man every day; they are the gifts of the holidays and the carnival days of his life. And so it is that the feet that walk true in the morning and at noon-tide and at sun-down—when rested and when weary—make foot-prints and path-ways which all may follow and by which none will be misled.

The cheers and plaudits of the people spur one on to special endeavor; they are rewards which many seek and none are indifferent to. But truer greatness is that of faithful citizenship, whose virtues are practiced in the by-ways that men walk in day by day. The tourist at Oxford is shown Addison's walk, a shady and retired place. Here, unknown, he meditated and wrought. In maturer, if not

Greater years, the light of his work, backward flung, redeemed the walk by the river's side. What a man is, is what he is when he is alone. To see him then is, as it were, to see him naked as he was born. There is then no affectation, or dishonesty, but the truth. Approximating this is the man in his "daily walk and conversation."

The greatness of citizenship is the truest and best greatness, except only the greatness of unostentatious goodness. Among the greatest and best of the earth are many who have gone through life's long journey without cheer or plaudit, leaving names "writ in water" only.

We all know of those whose lives were but the execution of missions to do good in the humbleness and shadow of obscurity. They were known to those only who loved them, and so honored them. The greatness of these surpasses the greatness of all others. Next to it comes the greatness of the citizen, pure and simple. But the springs of both are the same. The works of each are the outward evidences of the internal nature and spirit. Such are born, not made. Judge Savage was great in his citizenship, to which were added many graces of character that embellished his life and sweetened the lives of others—which drew to him men of many minds and made friends of all.

As a result of no ordinary mental struggle in my endeavor to give form to my thought upon this aspect of his life, a picture formed itself in my mind and persistently occupied it. It was of a field of undriven snow, without track or stain upon it.

As a friend, Judge Savage was warm, loyal, steadfast, and honorable. These words are few in number, but how powerful! I will not weaken their force by adding others.

With such views as I have expressed, how is it possible for me to bring to this memorial meeting richer tribute than this, which goes to his truth as citizen and his loyalty as friend! If so be there is "a land that is fairer than day"—which is the fairest product of God's handiwork known to men—I can conceive of no purpose for which it could have been created if not to furnish an abiding place for such as the brother whom we mourn. As he penetrated the shadows of the dark valley, with the fortitude which the good man and citizen may always feel, let us indulge the hope, in the inspiration of our mother's faith, that a beacon was set in a window of the house of many mansions, to guide him not to friendly shelter only, such as we offer the traveler benighted here below, but to the hospitality of God for life everlasting!

HENRY D. ESTABROOK.

There are reasons personal and peculiar why I wish to add my voice to the heart-swell of sorrow that goes out from this community for the loss of Judge Savage. Much of what I wish to say may be considered by many as ill-timed, possibly indelicate. It may be so. I only know that the impulse which moves me to speak finds me in no condition to balance the niceties of conventionality. I speak out of a full heart.

I once wronged Judge Savage. The injury was public and documentary. I wish my retraction to be equally public and matter of record. Thank God! I squared it with him before to-day! At the time of my advent to the bar, Judge Savage presided alone over this district and my first case in a court of general jurisdiction came on for trial before him and a jury. Like most beginners, I was ignorant and awkward in the presentation of my case. He was patient and long suffering. During the trial something occurred which I construed into a reprimand and it mortified me deeply. He evidently noticed my emotion, for at the noon recess he called me to him and asked if he had said or done anything to hurt my feelings. I said that he had. He stated that he was sorry; that it was unintentional; that he would not consciously wound the feelings of any member of the bar, much less a young man just starting upon his career. Nothing could have been kinder. With atrocious audacity I replied that if he owed me an apology it was before the jury where the injury was done. His face flushed—as well it might, but he replied very gently that he was sorry he could not agree with me, and the matter dropped. I wish to be understood that he was wholly right and that I was altogether wrong. Unfortunately I did not always think so. This is my one excuse, the only mitigating feature of my subsequent conduct. I longed for a chance to get even. It came. Judge Savage was nominated by his party for the supreme bench. His cause was espoused by many republican papers throughout the state, including the *Omaha Bee*, upon the ground that a judicial contest should be essentially non-partisan, and that the paramount qualification of Mr. Savage for the position must be conceded by every citizen irrespective of politics. For several weeks the republican organs were nonplused. They dare not attack by so much as a syllable the entire fitness of the democratic candidate, physically, morally, intellectually. The campaign prom-

ised to be honorable, and clean, and fair, and impersonal. In the meantime I was at work upon an article attacking Judge Savage viciously upon numerous grounds and professing to prove my assertions from the records. How partial, garbled, and mendacious this attack was, goes without saying. I handed my screed to the *Omaha Republican*. It was stereotyped and kept as standing matter in that paper throughout the campaign. Now I do not know that this article contributed one iota to the defeat of Judge Savage in that election. I do know that the authorship of the article having been revealed, I had the mean satisfaction of seeing those poisoned shafts strike and wound the object of the attack. His retaliation for this indignity—the only retaliation he ever made—was to leave me alone. The time came when I saw my action in its true light; when I realized how much worse than a lie may be a half truth; when I was capable of estimating at its real value the royal nature of the gentleman whom I had sought to injure and to contrast that nature with the malignity and puerility of my own. I could endure it no longer. Something over a year ago, after years of separation and estrangement, I offered Mr. Savage my humble apologies, and the letter I received in reply was so generous, so kindly, so gentle, so tender, that I can never recall it without a lump in the throat and a suffusion of the eyes. As I re-read it the other day, perhaps for the twentieth time, there was a portion struck me as pathetically prophetic, and I venture to quote it. Speaking of himself he says:

“My age and infirmities admonish me that I shall not long haunt the court house, and nothing has troubled me more lately than the thought that when I leave it forever I shall go without the regard of every member of the bar. I have good reason to hope now that I may take with me only good wishes and farewells. Let us meet once more on the old footing and look upon the past years only as an ugly dream.”

I knew Judge Savage after reading this letter if I never did before. Mr. Chairman, all young men choose their hero—either from the pages of history or from the persons immediately about them. The character of this hero becomes at once their standard of excellence; his achievements their constant emulation. Now I know of no man either in the pages of history or out of them, whom I would sooner commend as a pattern and exemplar to the younger members of this bar

than James W. Savage. And for the reason that his life and accomplishments present no impossible ideal. The offices that he filled were none of them so exalted as to attribute his success to accident or superhuman abilities, and if he had never filled an office, our veneration for his character and our sorrow for his loss would be the same; for we can all of us testify that Judge Savage borrowed no lustre, derived no factitious glamour from any position he ever occupied. He always dignified the place. Indeed he can scarcely be said to have aspired to office. The office rather aspired to him; for such as he filled came to him as it were by the laws of moral gravitation. I would rather be Judge Savage as the Dean of Bellevue college, than the last two incumbents of the presidential chair! Mr. Savage was a great man in the best meaning of the phrase. His scholarship was ripe, his legal attainments more than ordinary, his intellect strong and vigorous; assimilative, perhaps, rather than creative; but all these qualities, dominated by a moral force, a sensitive intuition of what was right and an inflexible determination to maintain the right, that made him distinctively and essentially great. For "it is only noble to be good." The poet is right, and Judge Savage had, consciously or unconsciously, caught the spirit of that hero of heroes, that paragon of mankind who first revealed to us the beauty of holiness, the majesty of selfhood, the possibilities and glory of human character. For whence else came that gracious courtesy which he displayed at all times and to all alike? Whence that repose and simplicity of life which kept him aloof from the scramble of politics and the greed of office? Whence that genial, happy, contented mind that brightened all about him and never shone with greater effulgence than in the hour of death? Whence that satisfying success in life which inspired him, in those last dread moments, to utter words of hope and cheer and comfort, instead of that dismal wail of Disraeli's: "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." Horrible summary! Old age had no regrets, for he had done his duty! Time had, indeed, sifted ashes on his head, but the heart within him glowed to the very last with all the fervor and buoyancy of youth. Whence, I say, came that serene dignity, that placid, patient courage which enabled him, as the waters of Jordan splashed upon his feet, to gaze down into their pellucid depths without a tremor, without an effort to escape the rising tide? Ah, it is in these supreme moments that we see revealed, as by a lightning flash, the one indubit-

able truth, that the thing, within the reach of all is, after all, the only thing on earth worth striving for!

GEORGE W. AMBROSE.

Some years ago, on the sands of Fall river, near Newport, there was found a skeleton, encased in disjointed and corroded armor. The poet Longfellow, in that exquisite ballad entitled 'The Skeleton in Armour,' has caused the skeleton to speak, and he uses the following language:

I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse,
Thou dost this man's true tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
 For this I sought thee.

So to-day I would give nothing but the true tale of this man's life, and utter nothing but the keenest expressions of regret at his death.

Judge Savage and myself came to this city in the spring of 1867. I made his acquaintance upon the second day of his arrival, and from that day to the day of his death I am conscious that I was his friend, and believe that he was mine. In the twenty-three years of active professional labor at this bar, there never was a written stipulation between us, there never was an angry or even a hasty word. We have often in familiar intercourse compared ideas on questions of law which have arisen, and in which one or the other of us had been actively engaged. At the formation of this court, under the constitution of this state, in the spring of 1867, Savage, Cowin, Chase, and myself were admitted to this bar upon our certificates of admission in other states. Savage was the first one of that quartette to die. Of the members of the bar then here, engaged in the active business of their profession, there are but four left. The business of this court was then attended to by Redick & Briggs, Poppleton, Woolworth, Doane, Meredith, Howe, Estabrook, Brown, Swartzlander, and O'Brien. Of that number Briggs, Meredith, and O'Brien are dead. Redick, Brown, and Estabrook have retired long since from the active work of their professions; Doane is upon the bench; leaving Messrs. Poppleton,

Woolworth, Swartzlander, and Howe the only four members then at the bar who are now engaged in the practice of their profession.

These reminiscences and thoughts upon the past impress me with the idea that we are growing old. The words come to me like a wail; I feel that if I could I would put out my hands and push away this old man called "Time," drive away this silent feeling that as the clock upon the mantel ticks away, we are journeying very fast, and where? Oh, if there was some fountain of youth, where the tired man might plunge and feel once more the bounding blood, drive away the care lines from the brow and the silver from the hair! When our time shall have come, it will be then as it is now; not one atom of the business world will cease its movements; the laughter of the child at play will not be hushed, and the world will move on, and others will take our places and work, and the old man will rest beneath the sod, growing old no more.

It is a great mistake to think that the best thoughts of man find utterance in human language. They come to us all in silent meditations and adoration, and no ear ever hears, and no heart is ever gladdened except the heart of Him who is the Father of us all.

The nature of Savage was spiritual, earnest, highly poetic, and sympathetic; and if the incandescent light of the past could be turned on, the glow would reveal that the unuttered thoughts of him we mourn were far brighter than any of those which have pleased us when we heard them. Savage was a copyist. Did you ever view the paintings of the old masters, by the side of which hung the copy? Go look, if you never have, and observe that while the old is perfect and massive, the new, touched by a master hand as well, is resplendent with roseate hues, and a newer life, touched with the ever present.

In such a sense he was a copyist. His mind was stored with the lore of the masters of literature. He made large drafts upon them, but what he brought to us from them was tintured with a newer life and a holier purpose.

"Noise and heat are born of earth, and die with time;

The soul, like God, its source and seat, is solemn, still, silent, sublime."

So with our brother.

AN ARMY REMINISCENCE.

A writer who signed himself "C. K.," sent the following letter to a local paper a few days after the death of Judge Savage:

In the early months of 1865, Colonel Savage, with his command, the Twelfth New York cavalry, was in advance of the army of General Schofield from Newbern, N. C., to Goldsboro. General Bragg was met about half way, at Kingston, and in a night attack upon the Union forces by eight separate charges was defeated. Early the following morning Colonel Savage, with his command, moved out of Kingston on a broad turnpike road. When about one mile out a terrific explosion occurred at the head of his command. It was a torpedo, a thirty-pounder, whirling a horse and trooper into the ditch. For a minute the command was paralyzed. The writer galloped to the front, and, with a saber, found two more torpedoes of the same kind and removed them. From that time I took up torpedoes in front of the command of Colonel Savage for about two months, and no loss occurred thereafter. Three regiments of rebel cavalry were continually in his front and in every engagement they were whipped. One morning they ambushed the command of Colonel Savage. He knew they outnumbered his force three to one. How cool Colonel Savage looked when he saw his men fall but a few rods in advance. His order was, "Half draw pistols and half draw sabers!" The enemy beat a retreat, and from that eventful morning Colonel Savage ordered a charge upon these three regiments almost daily and never failed to jump them to the end of the road, and often captured many prisoners. This is a tribute to the memory of a gallant soldier, whose command was never put to rout.

RESOLUTIONS.

The trustees of Bellevue college met and passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove from us the Hon. James W. Savage, who for years has been a trustee of Bellevue college, be it by us

"Resolved, That we place upon record our appreciation of his uniform interest and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties as a mem-

ber of this board, his constant courtesy, his valuable advice, and his ready liberality.

Resolved, That we have this action spread upon our minutes, and that we furnish the same for publication in the Omaha daily papers."

The Omaha public library and reading room was ordered closed from 12 o'clock to 6 on Tuesday, November 25, the day of the funeral. The directors passed the following resolutions:

"The directors of the Omaha public library, in expressing their deep sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. James W. Savage, wish to show their high esteem for his rectitude of purpose, faithfulness to duty, and kindly disposition, not only in all the relations of life, but especially in the discharge of all the labors pertaining to the work of our board. His enlightened and enthusiastic interest in the library work during a long period as a director, and including nine years' service as our president, has raised a debt of gratitude which this community can never discharge, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby testify to his worth as a citizen, a neighbor, a friend, as a member of this board, and we tender to his relatives our heart-felt sympathy; and further, that as a testimony of our appreciation it is ordered that his portrait be procured and hung in the library, to the end that all may bear witness to our appreciation."

CONGRESSMAN JAMES LAIRD.

James Laird was born at Fowlerville, Livingston county, New York, June 10, 1849, and several years later accompanied his parents to Michigan, residing in Washtenaw and Lenawee counties. He enlisted July 24, 1861, in General Stockton's independent infantry, which a year later was changed to the Sixteenth Michigan infantry. He enlisted as a private, but was promoted to second lieutenant of Company G for gallant and meritorious conduct, and less than a year later, to captain of the company, serving until mustered out August 26, 1865. During service in the war he received four musket shot wounds and a sabre cut, the latter at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8, 1864. At the battle of Gaines Hill he was shot through the body and left for dead on the field; was picked up by the confederates, made pris-

oner, but thirty days later made his escape. After the war he turned his attention to the study of law at the Wesleyan college, Adrian, Mich. In 1868 he went to Ann Arbor University, Michigan, and continued his studies there. He graduated in the law college with the close of the term of 1871, and in June of that year was admitted to the Michigan state bar, after which he practiced law for a short time at Lansing. He came to Nebraska in July, 1872, located at Juniata, and at once began the practice of law in partnership with A. H. Bowen. In 1877 he associated himself with B. F. Smith. In 1879 the firm moved their law office to Hastings. He has always taken an active interest in state politics, was a member of the state constitutional convention of 1875, and in 1880 was one of the republican presidential electors of Nebraska. In 1882 he was nominated by the republicans of the Second congressional district, and elected to the Forty-eighth congress, receiving 12,983 votes, as against 10,012 cast for S. V. Moore, the farmers' alliance candidate, and 3,010 votes cast for F. C. Harmon, democratic candidate. Renominated in 1884 for a second term, he was re-elected by a vote of 21,181 votes, against 17,650 votes for John Stickel, anti-monopoly candidate, and 1,176 votes for B. Crabbe, prohibitionist. In 1886 he was again renominated and re-elected to the Fiftieth congress by a vote of 21,373, against 16,315 votes for McKeighan, democratic and anti-monopoly. In November last Mr. Laird was elected for the fourth time, to the Fifty-first congress, by a vote of 27,950, against 19,120 for Hastings. Mr. Laird was not married, and no immediate relatives survive him.

HASTINGS, NEB., August 17.

The death of the Hon. James Laird has been expected in Hastings for nearly a year. The first evidences of his physical and mental decline showed themselves about a year ago. It then took the form of a steadily increasing melancholia, accompanied by irritability, which was at first attributed to an affection of the stomach. During the campaign of last fall Mr. Laird completely broke down. He took to his bed and prophesied his certain death, and it was with the greatest difficulty that during Senator Manderson's speech in Hastings Mr. Laird was induced to dress himself and make a few short words of address from the platform. The campaign over, he became morose, secluded himself in his room and required the constant attendance of a nurse.

The disease was plainly of nervous origin, and there were evidences of general paresis which were unmistakable. Change of air, and especially of surroundings being prescribed, he was taken to Eureka Springs in Arkansas, returning in January to Hastings very much worse than when he left. At the earnest solicitation of the Nebraska congressional delegation he was taken, in February, to Washington in the hopes that under the care of his old physician, Dr. Sowers, he might become convalescent. For a short time after his arrival he seemed to improve in health, especially after, by the imperative orders of his physician, a change in attendants was made and a Mr. Jacobson, of Hastings, was placed in charge of the sick room. All efforts, however, to arouse him from the deep gloom which had settled over his mind were unavailing, while he was perfectly rational upon all subjects except his own condition. During the last month of his life he took some interest in political matters in the second district, dictating letters and endeavoring as best he could in his weak state to perform the duties of his office. He sank rapidly in strength. A visit of two months at Atlantic City, on the seaside, seemed to improve him greatly, and several weeks before his return home he took daily exercise in the open air, walking several miles at a stretch. Since his return to Hastings his decline has been rapid, and the death which he had anticipated for so long took place to-day at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Laird had lived for many years in the second district of Nebraska, and left behind him a large number of very warm friends, who will feel in his death a sense of personal bereavement.

He was in his prime of a strong, vigorous, and aggressive nature. He was impetuous and never shunned a conflict. He was a hard fighter, fertile in political expedients, with a strong confidence in his own resources, and fully appreciative of those of his adversaries. On the platform he was a ready and forcible speaker. While lacking the arts of the finished orator, he made up for the deficiencies of early education by reading and mingling with men. He had a peculiar magnetism, which attracted others and held them when once won. While averse to compromise he often changed his enemies to personal friends by the charm of his manner and the warmth of his sympathies. In congress he attached himself to very many of the people in his district and state, especially the old soldier element, by the careful attention which he paid to all demands upon his time in the way

of claims, pensions, and correspondence. He was methodical and prompt in all such matters, and as a consequence, secured results which told.

He was comparatively a young man at the time of his death. He had lived at high pressure for years, throwing himself thoroughly into the enjoyments of life and drawing heavily upon his vitality at a time when men of less impetuous temperament would have been laying up a reserve for the future. There is a general expression of regret over his death among all classes in this community, where he was best known and where recollection of the failings which he had in common with many men is lost in remembrance of the hundreds of kindly acts which he did for those in need whenever it lay within his power to assist.

REV. WILLIAM S. HORN.

Rev. William Stribling Horn was born in Kentucky, May 9, 1814, and resided there until he was twelve years of age, when with his parents he removed to Illinois and settled upon a farm near the present site of Beardstown, Cass county, then part of Morgan county. In 1834 he was married in Bureau county, that state, to Miss Silvia Hall, one of the Misses Hall who were taken captive by the Indians during the Black Hawk war of 1832 after massacring their parents and ten other persons at the Hall homestead. After his marriage he resided in Cass county until the year 1844 or 1845, following the occupation of a farmer and local minister of the Methodist Protestant church, having entered the ministry at the age of twenty-two years. After leaving Cass county he removed with his family to Bureau county, where he lived until 1850, and during that year came west and settled in Atchison county, Missouri. In Bureau county, Illinois, and Atchison county, Missouri, he followed the trade of gunsmith and on Sabbath days filled the pulpit, his sons attending to the farm work. In 1854, when the first immigration to Nebraska began, he was one of a party to come to this state, and located a claim at the head of Honey creek, three miles southwest of Peru, now owned in part by A. J. Richardson. With his family he removed thereto May 5, 1856, being one of the earliest settlers. He subsequently sold this land to

William and Samuel Chambers, and purchased his father's claims, one mile southeast of Peru, now owned by his son-in-law, R. T. McAdams. Rev. Horn was twice elected president of the Nebraska conference of the M. P. church, which position he filled with credit and honor, during which time he traveled over the state of Nebraska and Iowa in the interest of church work. About the time the capital was transferred to Lincoln, he removed to that place and assisted in laying out the first plat of that city. He purchased a farm south of the town site, which place he made his home until five years ago, when he located in Lincoln, and three years ago he removed to Auburn. At the time of his death, May 25, 1888, he was seventy-four years and seven days old. He leaves a wife and nine children; seven sons and two daughters, two of his sons having died during boyhood. The funeral took place Friday last from his late residence in this city, Auburn, and the remains were conveyed to the cemetery of the M. P. church in London precinct and interred that afternoon, services being conducted by Rev. Strickler, of London.

Mr. Horn's life has been one of activity and great usefulness. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, and a highly prized neighbor and friend, and his death is universally regretted, and to the sorrowing wife, sons, and daughters, and other near relatives much sympathy is extended.

JOHN HETH.

John Heth died at his late residence in this city on Tuesday last, January 14, after a long and painful illness, at the age of fifty-six years. He had suffered from organic disease of the heart for two years and more, and, for the most part during this time he was incapacitated for active business. He was a man of splendid physical strength and powers of endurance, and to this he owed a surprising resistance to the incurable malady from which he suffered.

John Heth was a native of Virginia, and was born in Richmond on the 6th day of January, 1834. He was a son of John and Margaret Heth. He was educated at Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, and first engaged in civil engineering in West Virginia. Ill health turned his attention to the west, and he came out to the wild country

in 1854, to Forts Atkinson and Riley, where his famous brother, General Henry Heth of the old army, was then stationed. At this time he was a mere boy, but his genial and generous spirit, his cultivated manners and resolute energy, gave him a wide popularity in the army, and the following year (1855) he became a member of the firm of Dyer & Co., post traders at Fort Kearney. He became post trader soon afterwards in his own right and interest, in which capacity he did a lucrative business until he sold out at the outbreak of the civil war. It was at Kearney that Mr. Heth became widely known, in and out of the army, for those honorable and generous qualities which held and always preserved to him a large and influential circle of friends. Among them were the most distinguished soldiers, dead and living, of the army, including the famous Mexican hero, Charley May, Winfield Scott Hancock, Lee, Harney, Albert Sidney Johnston, General E. B. Alexander, George H. Thomas, Fred Steele, John Gibbon, John E. Summers, and others too numerous to mention. In 1857 he was commissioned a lieutenant in the regular army by Mr. Buchanan, but did not enter active service and soon resigned.

In February, 1859, he was united in marriage to Miss Martha Miller at Hedgeland, near Richmond, Ky. Mrs. Heth accompanied her husband to Kearney, where they resided until 1864, when Mr. Heth removed to Nebraska City and engaged in freighting across the plains, in mercantile pursuits in Nebraska City and in milling at Syracuse. It was here in Nebraska City and Otoe county that Mr. Heth and his family were perhaps best known in social life, and where many of their attached friends survive. The hold that he had upon that people was shown when Hon. O. P. Mason, Hon. D. P. Rolfe, mayor of Nebraska City, Mr. Miller of Lincoln, and Robert Lorton, the foremost citizens of the state, braved the severest weather of the season and came all the way to Omaha to attend his funeral and to bear the pall at the bier and grave of their departed friend.

In 1876 Mr. Heth removed his family to Lincoln, where he represented the stock interests of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and was traveling representative of several business concerns, removing to Omaha several years ago, where he has since resided and where he has been in the service of the Union Stock Yards Company. Mr. Heth never sought public office or honor. He was a member of the State Historical Society, and when the Omaha natives of the south,

who include many of our first citizens, organized the Southern Society, Mr. Heth was chosen as its president.

This is the simple record of the life of the dead Virginian, whose death is so widely regretted in this state and city, but it would not be complete without further mention of his qualities as a man by one who knew him intimately for nearly thirty years, who is glad to bear testimony to his natural nobility of character, to his generous nature and warmth of heart, to his devotion to his family and kindred, and to his loyalty to friends. A more elegant gentleman in point of consideration for others and in polished manners never lived among us than John Heth. It was his fortune to be the pioneer of pioneers of the trans-Missouri region. His life was full of proofs of his courage and daring in the long race conflict which it cost to subdue the country from savagery to civilization, and his mind was a storehouse of memories of men and events who made this conquest possible in our day.

Mr. Heth was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. If his faith had fallen away in the latter years of his life, when the shadows began to darken, that faith returned to him in abundant measure. He died a Christian, urging those whom he so dearly loved and all friends, not to put the matter off as he had done. His death bed was one of calm resignation and serenity through all sufferings, and he was far more solicitous for others than he was for himself.

A stricken wife, one daughter, Mrs. W. F. Vail, and two sons, John Harrison Heth and Stockton Heth, General Harry Heth, and one other brother and three sisters were the chief mourners at the grave of our departed friend.

The funeral took place at Trinity Cathedral in this city, Omaha, on Thursday, January 16, at 1:30 P. M., Dean Gardner officiating. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather the church was well filled with a large and influential congregation who gathered to testify their respect for the dead and their sympathy with the bereaved family. Dean Gardner never read the beautiful church service more impressively. The pall was borne by Hon. O. P. Mason, and R. P. R. Millar, of Lincoln, Hon. D. P. Rolfe, mayor of Nebraska City, and Robert Lorton of that place, and Hon. J. G. Megeath, B. B. Wood, P. J. Nichols, and Captain W. T. Wilcox, and the burial took place in Forest Lawn cemetery.

HON. N. B. LARSH.

The sad news was heralded throughout Nebraska City at 7 o'clock, December 22, 1887, of the death of Dr. N. B. Larsh, which occurred at his residence at the hour mentioned, from a congestive chill. His wife and two daughters, Mrs. Fred Smith and Little Gwed, Drs. Watson and Herschy, and Mrs. Larsh were at his bedside in his last hours. It is a sad blow and causes general sorrow throughout the city. He was in his fifty-seventh year. He walked across the river yesterday and drove to Percival, Ia., to visit his daughter who was confined to her bed, and contracted a serious cold by the trip. Though feeling badly he was about the city attending to business all day until 5 o'clock, when he went home and was taken with the chill which caused his death two hours later. Dr. Larsh was among the oldest residents, and had many friends throughout the state. He was superintendent of the insane asylum in 1871, when it was destroyed by fire, and has, during his residence in the state, been quite prominent in its politics. He was a life-long republican, and went out as surgeon of the First Nebraska, under Colonel John M. Thayer, in the late war. His term of office as mayor of the city expires May 1, 1888. The sudden demise of so good a man causes much grief throughout the city.

Dr. Larsh came to Nebraska City April 9, 1859, where he practiced until 1882, with the exception of three years' army service and two years as superintendent of the state insane asylum. In 1862 he entered the army as assistant surgeon of the First Nebraska, and served nearly three years. He was a member of the territorial legislature in 1861-2, and of the state senate in 1872. He assisted in the organization of the State Medical Association, and was president and held other offices therein. He also held the position of alderman and other city offices. Dr. Larsh was born in Eaton, Preble county, O., January 6, 1835, and lived there until 1857. Then he went to Darke county, and practiced for two years at Palestine, when he came to Nebraska City. He graduated from the Miami Medical College at Cincinnati, March, 1857. He was married at Nebraska City December 22, 1856, to Ella

S. Armstrong, a native of Ohio. They had seven children. The doctor was a member of the A. F. and A. M. lodge, chapter and commandery of the Knights of Honor, and of the Royal Arcanum. At the time of his death he belonged to the state and county medical associations, and was mayor of Nebraska City.

W. F. CHAPIN.

The remains of W. F. Chapin, whose death occurred at Grand Island November 4, 1885, were brought from that place yesterday afternoon and taken to Greenwood, where they will be buried to-day.

The name of W. F. Chapin is prominently connected with much of the early history of Nebraska and Lincoln. He came to the territory at an early day and settled at Stove creek in Saunders county, upon a homestead. He was a member of the last territorial legislature as a float representative from Saunders and Cass counties in 1867, and was in the chair at the time of the famous deadlock under a call of the house, which resulted in the drawing of pistols, and was one of the most exciting episodes in the legislative history of the state. He was a fine parliamentarian and possessed of good ability, and always took an active part in the proceedings of the public bodies of which he was a member.

In 1869 he was appointed receiver of the Lincoln land office, S. McConiga being register at the same time. In 1870, while still receiver at the land office, he was elected the first mayor of Lincoln, succeeding C. H. Gere, who as chairman of the board of trustees, had been the head of the city government.

In 1872 he was a candidate before the republican convention for the nomination of governor and was defeated by Robert W. Furnas by a single vote. This closed his public career. He lived at Lincoln until five or six years ago, when he moved upon his farm in Saunders county. He retained an office here as a partner of Judge Crooker until two or three years ago, when he moved to Grand Island.

DR. JAMES PORTER PECK.

Dr. J. P. Peck died yesterday morning, February 20, 1887, at 5:40 o'clock, at the family residence, 1724 Davenport street, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Dr. Peck was the oldest practicing physician in the city of Omaha, and a man well known and universally esteemed. His health had not been of the best for some time, but he attended to his daily duties until three weeks ago. At that time an affection of the heart developed, accompanied by sinking spells, and the symptoms gradually developed until several days ago, when the attending physicians pronounced recovery hopeless. He called in the services of Dr. Summers, and the following Monday, January 31, was critically examined. That day he walked out in the forenoon to his office in the Arlington block, and again in the afternoon, and that night was seized with another sinking spell, which confined him to the bed from which he never arose. Last Monday Dr. Peck's condition became worse and pneumonia set in. The disease progressed, involving both lungs, and the doctor gradually sank from the time of the development of pneumonia. His death had been constantly expected for two days before the end came, but his great vitality prolonged the final stroke. His death was painless, life quietly ebbing away without a struggle.

James Porter Peck was born in Summit county, Ohio, October 11, 1821. When an infant his family moved to Hudson, and in 1833, from Hudson to Cuyahoga Falls, both in Summit county. At the age of ten years Dr. Peck went into the office of the *Ohio Observer* to learn the printing business, and he worked at the trade most of the time until nineteen years old. While an employe of the *Ohio Statesman* at Columbus he began the study of medicine, devoting such leisure time thereto as he had. In the spring of 1842 he went to Chillicothe and regularly began the study of medicine, but from sickness was compelled to give it up for a vocation which would yield means of subsistence. In the same fall there was a division in one of the political parties, and Dr. Peck was employed to run a campaign paper at Chillicothe. Afterwards, until the spring of 1848, he was employed

as a dry goods salesman at Chillicothe and Circleville, when he went to Akron and resumed the study of medicine. In the cholera epidemic of 1849, in company with his preceptor, Dr. Evans, he went to Sandusky, where the disease had been so fatal and the panic was so great that every physician had left the city, and business was suspended. In the spring of 1850 Dr. Peck graduated at the Cleveland Medical College, and in June was married to Miss Elizabeth H. Quies. He located at Akron and remained there until 1856, when with his wife and two sons he removed to Omaha. Dr. Peck was somewhat engaged in freighting in 1860 to 1866, but was always actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He was often called to great distances in important cases, and endured all the hardships incident to a new and sparsely settled country.

Dr. Peck was one of the landmarks of Omaha, where he had lived for the last thirty years. He was a man of the strictest integrity and one of the purest of men. His professional brethren esteemed him highly, and those of the people who knew him placed the utmost confidence in him. The physicians of the city will meet to-night at the office of Dr. Tilden to take action on the death of Dr. Peck. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the family residence.

The death of James Porter Peck probably comes as a personal bereavement to more people in Omaha, outside of family and kindred, than that of any other medical man who has lived here since the early settlement. No man in all our wide professional acquaintance was ever more beloved by those who trusted their lives in his strong and gentle hands. Abundant opportunity for observing his manners at the bedside of the sick, his winning smile and kindly greeting, make plain the reason for this kind of feeling, which is as honorable to him as it is creditable to those who so warmly cherish it. Dr. Peck has been a conspicuous character among us for thirty years. The writer of this knew him intimately and well through the walks of his long and useful professional life, from the hour he came to this city in 1856 to this sad day of his death, and it is no disparagement to others to say that he was, perhaps, for native strength of mind and ability to analyze the nature, and measure the force of the diseases which he was called upon to treat, the strongest man who has ever been among us. This does not mean that his favorite theories respecting alterative

treatment were the best, or that he was always right. What is meant is that James Porter Peck was a man of such marked intellectual strength and well-balanced mental qualities that, when he was at his best in critical cases, he never had a superior, and it is a question if he ever had a peer, in Omaha.

We have no heart to dwell upon the sorrow that comes upon the family and kindred who mourn the loss of a husband and father who loved as strongly and tenderly as he was loved in return. It will be comforting to them to know, what they have not the least occasion to be told, that thousands here are standing near to them in sympathy in this sad hour, and also with a sense of personal loss which moves them to keen regret. Friends have lost the professional guardian of their loved ones, one who never slept when he was needed, and who never wearied in the work of relieving and saving, and the community a man, a citizen, and a physician, whose position and character made him something like a sturdy landmark in its social and professional life. From the wide circles in which he was always so welcome he will be sadly missed. Every respect will be paid to his memory by the members of the great profession of which he was in so many respects an ornament, and it will be tenderly cherished by those who knew the real charms of his personal character and appreciated his professional ability and worth.

JAMES THOMAS ALLAN.

James Thomas Allan, another of Omaha's oldest citizens, died suddenly at 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning, November 21, 1885, at his residence, corner of Twentieth and Cummings streets.

Mr. Allan was born at Pontiac, Michigan, September 30, 1831. He was of Scotch descent, his father being a native of Glasgow. After receiving his education he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Pontiac, in which he developed business capabilities in a high degree. In 1855, when the idea that the Indians were capable of civilization first began to spring into prominence, his father was sent to Bellevue, Nebraska, to take charge of the Mission house in that place. He was accompanied by his son, who remained with him until 1859, when he

came to Omaha. In that year he became manager of the old Herndon house, and two years later assumed the proprietorship. During his occupancy of the hotel it became one of the most famous hosteleries in the west. Thomas Durant and George Francis Train were among its most frequent guests, and if some of its rooms could speak they could tell many stories of the plans which were discussed for the future of the Union Pacific road, and the doubts and fears which beset its officials in the early days of its inception. The hotel at that time was the center of life in the town. All the stage coaches started from its doors, and no ball or merry-making was considered a success unless held at the Herndon. Mr. Allan's kindness as a landlord is proverbial among the older citizens. After conducting the Herndon house for about six years, he and his brother-in-law went to Julesburg, Plum Creek, and Cheyenne, where they established similar houses. On his return to Omaha he was appointed superintendent of carriers, which position he held successfully under Mr. Kellom and Mr. Yost. His was the first appointment to that office in Omaha, and he started out the first carriers in the city. There never was a more popular official connected with the postoffice, and his resignation was a matter of great regret. Among the carriers themselves he was greatly beloved, both for his kindness of heart and his liberality.

At the time of his death Mr. Allan was president of the State Horticultural Society, of which he was one of the founders. He was for a long time secretary of the organization, and always took deep interest in its welfare, as well as that of the agricultural society, of which he was also a leading member. Mr. Allan was considered an authority on all matters pertaining to horticulture and agriculture, and had written much upon those subjects. His book entitled "Forests and Orchards" created a great deal of favorable comment. He was correspondent of the *Journal of Forestry*, Edinburgh, and of a French magazine, as well as a contributor to several American publications. He was an honorary member of nearly all the agricultural societies in the country, and was frequently consulted by the Department of Agriculture and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Mr. Allan probably contributed as much to the welfare of Nebraska as any other one man. He was influential in getting the better class of settlers to come here. Such was his well-known probity and excellence of judgment that his advice was constantly sought by eastern capitalists.

For several years he has been superintendent of tree planting on the Union Pacific road and has done effective work in that direction.

Mr. Allan's private character was irreproachable. He was devoted to his family and faithful to his friends. He was a whole-souled, earnest Christian man, and his death is deeply regretted by all who knew him. His health had been failing for some time and yesterday morning, unable to sleep, he arose at about 6:30 o'clock and started to go out on the lawn. Fifteen minutes later his daughter found his body lying upon the grass with life extinct. Dr. Mercer was at once summoned, but could do nothing for him. His death was probably caused by apoplexy. He leaves a widow and six children who have the profound sympathy of the entire community.

It continues to be our melancholy duty to chronicle the departure of one after another of the men who assisted at the birth of Nebraska as a territory and of Omaha as a city. Only yesterday it was our sad duty to announce the death of Peter Hugus. To-day we record the death of James T. Allan, who died suddenly at his home in this city at the age of fifty-four years. Full particulars of the life and death of Mr. Allan will be found elsewhere in the *Herald* this morning.

Mr. Allan had been prominent in Nebraska life for thirty years. He was a man of large intelligence and conspicuous usefulness. Few men were more zealous or able in discovering and publishing the agricultural and horticultural advantages of our state. He wrote and printed much in respect to its capabilities, and was always in advance of a distrustful public opinion in regard to them. He lived to see his most sanguine views and predictions of their extent more than realized. Mr. Allan was long prominent in the organization of the state that proved its claims to confidence in state and local exhibitions of what it could produce, and did much, in association with Governor Furnas and others, in giving them practical direction. Few men will be more missed from the influential circle in which he moved in this work for twenty years, and his death will be widely regretted in the state as well as in this city where he so long resided.

MRS. MARY A. McCOMAS.

Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, Robt. W. Furnas, Brownville, Nebraska, April 28, 1887, Mrs. Mary A. McComas, aged eighty years, three months, and twenty-eight days. She was the mother of Mary E. Furnas and E. M. McComas, her only living children, both residents of Brownville. She has been a continuous resident of Brownville since April, 1856—over thirty-one years. Her maiden name was Mitchell. She was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania. During her infancy her parents moved into Harford county, Maryland, where she grew to womanhood. March, 1826, she and Daniel McComas were married. The following fall they moved to Greene county, Ohio, crossing the mountains in a private conveyance. From there they went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where the husband died in 1835, leaving the widow with three small children. As a means of supporting herself and children, she adopted the vocation of nursing the sick. Thus she became an expert in the use and administration of medicines, and treatment of diseases. Here the Good Samaritan traits and habits were formed, which characterized her whole life, ever afterwards.

The endearing names "Aunt Mary," and "Grandma McComas," were household words in all families, in all places where she resided, for more than half a century. Few, if any, human beings administered more kind, genuine, Christian, pure angelic offices than did Mrs. McComas. The Florence Nightingales, during the carnage of war, did noble work in the military hospitals, and on the field of battle, which only their sex could do. These, however, were of comparatively brief duration. Grandma Comas devoted a whole lifetime, as it were, to the sick room, and by the death bed of her afflicted fellow beings, ameliorating in all possible ways their condition, and in a quiet, modest, unheralded manner, really, her left hand not knowing what her right hand did. All ages, sexes, and conditions of her race, were the recipients of her bounteous God-like deeds.

The writer of this brief, feeble tribute would be remiss in duty, if in this connection he failed to acknowledge the personal life-saving

deeds of this good woman. His first introduction to her was, when an orphan apprentice, alone among strangers, on a sick bed, with promise of fatal results. Here her omnipresent ministrations cooled parched lips; her motherly hand bathed a fevered brow, softened a matted pillow; her presence frightened death from the door, causing him to live until life's fitful fever with her was ended, and as a mourner, with others, accompany her remains to the silent city of the dead, and, with her children, share in tears of sorrow.

From early life she was a devoted member of the church, her daily walk giving evidence of the truthfulness of the Christian religion. She died, as she lived, in the fullest faith. Of late, feeling that the days of her active work and usefulness were over, she oftentimes expressed not only a readiness and willingness, but even an anxiety to be called home, asking only that when the summons came, she might respond promptly and without suffering. This He in whom she placed her trust granted. She was sick but a few days, during which time there were no perceptible indications of suffering of any kind. She passed away as quiet and peaceful as the sleeping babe at a mother's breast. She well earned the beautiful Scriptural plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

She sleeps in yonder churchyard, on the hill, where heaven's winds will fan the verdant covering of her grave, and through the overhanging evergreen boughs, whisper fitting requiems, until the "dead shall be raised incorruptible."

MRS. DOUGLASS.

Mrs. Ozuba Douglass, the oldest woman in the west, and by far the oldest in Omaha, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. B. A. Hall, 2010 California avenue, yesterday. She was born May 8, 1786, at East Long Meadow, Mass., and lived there until her folks moved to New York. In 1862 she came to Nebraska, and has lived here ever since. She was twice married, but both husbands died. Her mind was clear and she entertained a large circle of friends to within a few weeks of her death.

The following descendants will attend the funeral at 4 o'clock this

afternoon: Mrs. Hall, daughter; Mrs. M. E. Wilker, granddaughter; great great grandson, Mat Wilker, and the children of Mr. and Mrs. Mat Wilker, who are her great great grandchildren. At the time of her demise she lacked less than a month of being 102 years old. The funeral will take place from the residence at 4 to-day, and the remains will be buried in Prospect Hill.

Our city papers published notices the past week of the celebration by Mrs. Ozuba Douglass of her 101st birthday. The Nemaha county papers made mention of the death, at Brownville, of Mrs. Mary A. McComas, mother of Mrs. Robert W. Furnas, at the age of eighty years. These names carried me back twenty-four years, to the period just after my arrival in Nebraska. For three months my home was on the Omaha Reservation, and there, in the family of Governor, then Colonel, Furnas, agent of the Omaha Indians, I met and knew Grandma McComas, as even then she was called by all who knew her well. To all around her she was a devoted mother and friend. Even the Indians came in for a share of her sympathies and ministrations, when in need and sickness. Although we have not met for many years, I still retain the most pleasant recollections of her kindly, thoughtful ways. One of the pioneer settlers of Nemaha county, she had hosts of friends there to pay her the last tribute of respect and affection. Up to within a very short time she has retained her faculties in a remarkable degree, and the news of her death comes unexpectedly to those who, like myself, were not near to note her recently failing health.

A year or two later I first met Grandma Douglass, also on the reservation. I well remember that on her eighty-third birthday she drove, accompanied only by a five or six year old child, her great grandchild, I think, from the Reservation Mill to Decatur, a distance of about thirteen miles. Almost twenty-one years older is she than Grandma McComas, whom we accounted old, and yet living to add another year to her number.

MRS. ORPHA C. DINSMOOR.

Marked surprise and profound grief were felt in the city yesterday December 18, 1889, when it was announced that Mrs. Orpha C. Dinsmoor, wife of Dr. Charles M. Dinsmoor, had been stricken down by apoplexy. Only a day or so ago, in what apparently was her usual health and especially high spirits, Mrs. Dinsmoor had been greeted upon the streets; hence the report that she was no more seemed beyond belief. Inquiry revealed, however, that the report was true, and that one of the most prominent, notable, and good-doing women in all the state had indeed passed away.

A representative of this paper called last evening at the family residence, northeast corner of Twentieth and Dodge streets, and found all, as may well be imagined, deep in the gloom of the terribly sudden and bitter visitation. The bereaved husband seemed inconsolable and thoroughly prostrated.

"I can give you the particulars better than any of the others," remarked the aged and kindly physician to the reporter, as the latter entered. Proceeding, the doctor said, though with much effort: "Mrs. Dinsmoor had a slight stroke a year ago and has been ailing ever since, occasionally feeling slight tinges of apoplexy in her left side, yet at the same time she had been very active in directing her household affairs, as well as her charity work. About three months ago paralytic symptoms became more noticeable, and during that time I have called as counsel a specialist of this city, under whose treatment she has practically remained. During the past three weeks she has seemed much better, and attended to her domestic affairs with less difficulty. Last Monday she was at the woman's suffrage convention, and in the evening attended the reception in the Paxton hotel and returned home in good spirits. Wednesday evening she seemed in usual health and Thursday afternoon attended the Ladies' Unity Club at Mrs. George A. Joslyn's. Returning home from Mrs. Joslyn's she appeared in better health and spirits than ever. She retired Thursday night feeling well, having been unusually cheerful while sitting with myself and several callers. This morning she arose at the usual

hour, breakfasted with the family and appeared to be in good spirits. Soon after breakfast she complained of numbness in her left side, and the servants assisted her to her room. On being asked how she felt she said that her left limb had given away, but that her head felt all right. After remaining with her for a time I went out to see about my horses, and upon returning found she had left her bed and gone to the front parlor, and was lying on the lounge. On inquiring why she left her bed she replied that the telephone rang and added that one of my patients wanted me to come to Kountze place immediately. I sat down beside her and almost immediately she became paralyzed throughout her left side and was unable to articulate for several minutes. In the meantime my partner came into the room and she conversed with him soon after in her usual manner and apparently had recovered from the shock of a moment previous. She insisted on my going to make the call, notwithstanding I urged that I had better remain. Placing her in the special charge of a trusted servant I left her. This was at 9 o'clock. Soon after I left the house she arose from the lounge, seated herself in an easy chair, and dictated to Miss Helen Copeland four quite lengthy letters to persons with whom she was in correspondence regarding charity work. She then commenced a letter to a cousin who resides in Decatur, Ala., and among other things said therein that she never expected to see her again in consequence of age and infirmities. At this point, and all of a sudden, Mrs. Dinsmoor gave a scream and called for a stimulant. Miss Copeland at once saw that she was suffering from a stroke of, as she supposed, paralysis, but which proved to be apoplexy. I was immediately called by telephone, and came at once, accompanied by my partner, Dr. Humphrey. Upon our arrival we found her reclining in an easy chair, pulseless and unconscious. We lifted her to the bed where she expired within thirty minutes from the time she was stricken."

After this recital, which will certainly be much appreciated by the many thousands of people, especially by reason of its coming from the doctor himself, Dr. Dinsmoor referred the reporter to old and intimate friends present for other particulars.

Mrs. Dinsmoor was born in Randolph, Vt., December 2, 1828— and by the way visited her native town and slept in the house where she was born last April. She was married in June, 1875, and with her husband came to Omaha in March, 1878. So very prominently

identified was she in all charity works, public and private, during her residence in this city, that it seems almost needless to go into details regarding her in that, her best known capacity. There is scarcely a charitable institution in the city or state which has not been benefited by Mrs. Dinsmoor's open and ample purse, her admirable executive ability and notable leadership. She also personally championed the interests of charity before the state legislature. Two years ago she appeared before that body in the interest of establishing a state home for dependent children, similar to the one located at Cold Water, Mich., and she had all her arrangements made to go to Lincoln on Tuesday next to look up matters in connection with another effort in this same direction. She was signally interested in the Milford, Neb., home for unfortunate girls, and was very active in planning an enlargement and general improvement of the institution. She was very active in establishing the Creche, a well known charity institution of this city. She was also an active member of the Nebraska Humane Society, and the Woman's Suffrage Association. As a member of the latter she gained national honors in the campaign six years ago. Hardly a day passed that three, four, or a dozen poor people were not fed and clothed at her own private home. She was the teacher of people of all degrees, and the most learned were wont to seek her advice in state as well as home affairs.

GEN. O. FUNKE.

Otto Funke has for years been a familiar figure in our city and state. Few men, if any, of his nationality were more widely known and more highly esteemed throughout Nebraska. It has been known for more than a year with sorrow to his friends that he was failing in health and that his demise was a sure matter of time and the cruel ravages of relentless disease. Two years ago a cancerous growth began to form on the base of his tongue, and it was not long until its character and inevitable result were clearly understood. To the sufferer the prospect of death brought no terror. With a conscience void of offense he calmly awaited the hour of dissolution. His last days were made as cheerful as the untiring ministrations of love could

render, and at last he sank peacefully to rest. The final moment was at 2:41 yesterday morning, the 27th of November, 1885.

Otto Funke was born at Bourcheid, near Cologne, Germany, in April, 1833, and was, therefore, at the time of his death in his fifty-third year. His early life was spent in the fatherland, where he learned the printer's trade.

In 1850, when but a lad of seventeen years, the deceased bid farewell to the land of his birth, and friendless and alone, sailed for America to seek his fortune in the new world. Landing in New York city he sought employment at his trade, and for six or eight months worked as a journeyman printer. He enlisted shortly afterwards, and served a term in the United States regular army, after which he gradually drifted westward and finally located at Peoria, Ill., where he was engaged in business until the opening of the rebellion, when he responded to the call for troops and entered the three months' service as a private. At the expiration of this time he returned to his home and raised a company of cavalry, which entered the service under his command as Company A of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. General Funke rose successively through the different ranks in the military service from captain to colonel, and on March 13, 1865, received an honorable discharge as brevet brigadier general.

At the close of the war the deceased returned to Peoria, and for a time was engaged in the hotel business. Later on he was appointed a government gauger at one of the distilleries, which position he held until a short time before his removal to Nebraska in 1869, when he settled, and has since resided in the city of Lincoln.

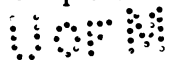
In April, 1875, he was appointed postmaster under the administration of President Grant, and held that office until 1881, when he was succeeded by General McBride, since which time he has engaged in mercantile pursuits until the period at which his health failed him.

General Funke was married in 1856 near Pekin, Ill., to Miss Katherine Miller, the result of the union being ten children, five of whom survive him, all residing in this city. They are Mrs. Sarah Outcalt, Miss Emma Funke, Mrs. Tillie Baum, Oscar Funke, and Miss Annie Funke.

Besides these, the only blood relatives of the deceased in this country are Fred and Carl Funke, brothers, both prominent business men of this city.

JOEL T. GRIFFIN.

Entering the avenue at Fairview farm to-day, the winds among the waving branches of the tall cedars which line it seemed to be sighing a requiem for the dead, a dirge for their dead planter, who, life's labor finished, was lying cold and still, surrounded by the grand monument, grander than marble, which he had in life erected to his memory, and which nature will maintain long after he is dust. Joel T. Griffin was born in Otsego county, New York, May 22, 1817. In 1835 he came with his father to Washtenaw county, Michigan, which was then considered in the far west. He was married in 1840 to Miss Juliet C. Griffin, of Onondaga county, New York, and in 1847 removed to Oakland county, Michigan, where he resided until 1856. In May of that year he came to Nebraska, and after looking over the almost uninhabited prairie, he located on the highest hill without tree or shrub. His family arrived July 20th of the same year. In the prime and vigor of life, confident of his success and of the future of the region he gave his best energies to opening a farm, which was soon beyond any other in the country. His example was of great benefit to those around him, and more especially his forest planting, about the success of which the public were in doubt. Now a grand, tall forest covers sixty acres, which in 1856 was bare prairie, swept by the fierce winds of winter and scorched by the hot suns of summer. Mr. Griffin has held prominent positions in public affairs, having been a member of the territorial legislature. He was elected to represent Douglas county in the first state legislature in 1867, and again in 1869. Omaha owes him a debt of gratitude for his efforts to secure the donation of Capitol square for school purposes. He was postmaster of Omaha during 1870 and 1871. His business transactions were stamped with honesty; he was generous to a fault, always ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed a lift, and ready to push forward any public enterprise. He always enjoyed the pleasures of home and looked forward to some years of quieter life. Still devoted to agriculture, he said a few months ago he was going to show by skillful management that 100 acres could be made as profita-



ble as 600. For some years he has been successfully engaged in stock raising. His domestic afflictions seemed to have a marked effect on him. The loss of a son in 1856, his daughter Etta, a very bright and promising girl of eighteen, in 1875, and the recent sad death of his son Jay, who was killed on the Utah & Northern railroad last November, each in turn bowed him down with a burden of grief and years. There remains of the family, Mrs. Griffin, who, in this great affliction, has the tender sympathy of all who knew her; two sons, Joel A. and Alfred; Mrs. Egbert, wife of the general superintendent of the Colorado Central railway, and Mary, all of whom were with him when he died. His last illness led to general debility, and he quietly passed away at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. As one after another of the pioneers who aided in bringing a great state into existence pass away we regret they were not allowed to see more of the great future in which their early prophecies are being so grandly fulfilled. Yet a few days and the last of those who saw the first days of this city will have passed into that unknown land and be lost to mortal view.

JOHN McCORMICK.

John McCormick, the particulars of whose illness were announced Sunday morning, died at his residence in this city at 4 A. M. yesterday. Mr. McCormick was stricken with apoplexy Saturday evening, and was confined to his bed but about thirty-one hours, most of the time in a comatose condition. His sudden death is not only a sad affliction to his family and immediate friends, but also to a large circle of acquaintances with whom he had social or business relations, for he was one of the most active and best-known men in the city. For many years Mr. McCormick was to a great extent at the head and front of affairs in the then young city of Omaha. Public-spirited, liberal, and progressive, he stood high in the councils of those who fought the battles of our early existence. He was a great believer in Omaha and its future, and by his example in making permanent investments, did much to secure that stability which has been the secret of our success. As a business man he was safe and reliable; as a friend, always staunch and true; and in his family relations most devoted and kind. His re-

moval from the scenes of his hardest commercial labors leaves a void that will be difficult to fill, as there are but few men who could exert the same influence and shape affairs so successfully as Mr. McCormick. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock Wednesday (to-morrow) afternoon, from the family residence, corner of Dodge and Eighteenth streets. Following are a few points in the life of the deceased, which will be read with mournful interest:

John McCormick was born at Johnstown, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1822, his father soon afterward removing with the family to Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Mr. McCormick received his business training in a general country store, and about 1845 embarked in the same line on his own account. This he carried on prosperously until 1856, when he moved to Omaha, and engaged in banking and real estate operations. In March, 1859, in company with Mr. J. H. Lacey, still a resident of this city, he started the first exclusively wholesale grocery house, the firm being Lacey & McCormick. They did a large and lucrative business, and shortly afterwards the partnership was extended, two of Mr. McCormick's brothers taking equal interests in the concern, and the style being changed to John McCormick & Co. Mr. McCormick was married twice; his first wife being a Miss Miller, by whom he had a daughter, Miss Woodie McCormick. The second wife was Miss Elizabeth Miser, a sister of Mrs. J. H. Lacey; two sons, Charles and John, being the fruit of the union.

In the business and social circles of Omaha the deceased was always a prominent character. When, in 1859, the present town site of Omaha was bought from the general government, John McCormick was the man selected to hold it in trust, and the entire property was deeded to him. At the proper time he transferred the title to D. D. Belden, then mayor, and from this source all our real estate titles start. Mr. McCormick was also quite prominent in the political affairs of the early days. He represented this district in the senate during the close of the territorial time, and was a member of the first city councils. He was largely of a speculative turn of mind, and took heavy ventures in government contracts for supplies and transportation, and also in city real estate, all of which resulted profitably. Omaha's first grain elevator, which stood near the spot now occupied by the B. & M. freight depot, was built by John McCormick. At the time of his

death he was an active partner in the elevator company at the Transfer, and the owner of valuable real estate on Farnam and other streets in the heart of the city, besides several tracts of land outside the city limits.

ALEXANDER REED.

Alexander Reed was born in Genesee county, New York, April 28, 1832, and at the time of his decease at Eureka Springs, Ark., was nearly fifty-seven years of age. When he was eleven years of age his parents removed to Walworth county, Wisconsin. There he grew to manhood, sharing in the pleasures and privations of that then new country, attending school with Miss Mary L. Dodge, to whom he was married February 21, 1856. The young couple moved to Nebraska in June of 1857, locating on a farm little more than two miles west of Fort Calhoun village. It was there that he commenced to lay the foundation of future usefulness and extended business associations and acquaintance which covered over one-third of a century, terminating with his death. The early settlers were not slow to recognize his modest worth, correctness in business, and incorruptible rectitude of character, and in the fall of '63 he was elected county treasurer and removed to the county seat at De Soto, and held that office for twelve years in succession. In this age of popularity, courting, and trickery, that would seem simply impossible. Of such arts he was guiltless as a child. Genuine, simple in habits and speech, true to his friends and singularly happy in his home life, charitable to the needy, he gained friends and esteem by simply deserving and holding them by his correctness in office or out. The value of such a man to the community cannot be estimated, and his decease is a loss greatly to be deplored. Men of his stamp are rare. Without making any profession he was a good Christian in all the essentials. He lived and died calmly and philosophically, "setting his house in order" before what proved to be his last journey, devising jointly by will a moderate fortune to his faithful wife and four surviving children, as follows: Edna M. Getty, Louisa S. Sheen, Julia L. and Mary A. Reed.

We should have mentioned above that the family removed to Blair in 1869, and in that year he built the home occupied by the family

ever since. Eight years ago the family suffered a heavy bereavement in the death of Byron L. Reed, eight years of age, and a child of great promise.

GUY A. BROWN.

After an illness lasting for many months, Hon. Guy Ashton Brown, state librarian, clerk of the supreme court and official reporter, died yesterday morning, October 27, 1890, at 8 o'clock, of consumption, at his residence in Lincoln. He went to sleep at 5 A. M., and did not again awake. His death has been daily expected for the past ten days, and when the end came he was surrounded by all the members of the family.

Guy A. Brown has been clerk of the supreme court since 1868, and was one of the best known men in the state. He was born at Batavia, N. Y., in December, 1846. His father was Joshua Lawrence Brown, judge of Genesee county. The son received his education at a village school and neighboring academy, finishing at a New England military academy. In 1862, when a lad of sixteen, he joined the Twenty-second battery of New York. This company being consolidated with the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth New York volunteers, became Battery M of the Ninth New York artillery, and Guy Brown was made sergeant-major of the largest regiment in the army of the Potomac. In this capacity he performed, in a great degree, the duties of the office of adjutant, while on duty, building and guarding the defense to Washington. When the regiment was ordered to the front the young sergeant-major was promoted to the office of adjutant over forty-eight ranking subaltern officers. Soon he was offered a position on the staff of his commanding general, but declined, preferring to fight in the line with his comrades. Upon re-enlistment he was commissioned captain for meritorious services, and assigned to Company M, of the Second New York artillery. He served in the campaigns from the Wilderness to the close of the war, participating in the battles of Cold Harbor, the attack of Ream's Station, the disaster of Monocacy, which made possible the preservation of the nation's capital; the victories in the Shenandoah valley, and the numerous other engagements. He was never absent a day from his command until he

fell severely wounded at the beginning of one of the last battles of the war. Captain Brown was brevetted major for gallant services in the field, and, returning home at the close of the conflict, he engaged in the crockery business at his native place. In 1867 he removed his establishment to Nebraska City, this state, and after a short mercantile career he was appointed clerk of the district court for Otoe county. Upon that position becoming an elective office, he entered the office of James M. Woolworth, in Omaha, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1868 he was appointed clerk to the supreme court, removed to Lincoln, and performed the labor of editing one of the early volumes of the Supreme Court Reports. He was also librarian of the then law division of the state library; he was made executive clerk of the house of representatives at its session of 1873, an office created by the exigencies of the time, never existing before or since. The same year he prepared the General Statutes of Nebraska. In 1875 he was chosen secretary of the Constitutional convention, and, under the new *régime*, became the first reporter, clerk of the supreme court, and state librarian, which triune office he held until his decease.

Ready in a remarkable degree with his pen, more so than with his tongue, his first hurried composition of a paper was as complete as he could make it, interlineations and erasures were rare. His work on the twenty-three volumes of reports, his five various publications of the Annotated Statutes, his several editions of Index Digests, his labors as secretary of the committee of revision of 1877-9, the many public and especially legislative documents he drafted, to say nothing of those of a non-official character, attest his ability and industry in his special walk of life. He was wedded to work. He was never so unhappy as when he had nothing to do. A conscientious believer in the doctrines of the Episcopal church, he gave much of his time and also of his purse to its establishment and support. A lay reader, he held services in its earliest missions, and as vestryman of the parish of his residence did very much for its maintenance, while his advice, counsel, and assistance contributed materially to the spread of the church throughout the state, nor were his charities confined to his own denomination. His works followed his belief, and as far as his conscience directed, his life kept even pace with its dictates. He was married to the second daughter of Arba Holmes, Esq., of Nebraska City. He had four sons, three of whom are now living. He was of a nervous

constitution, zealous in advocating his convictions, but avoiding quarrels, choosing rather to compromise than to fight, incur enmity, or stir up bitterness. He was essentially a man of peace; of few intimates, he was possessed of many friends; very affectionate to the few, most loving to his family. He was young in number of years, but in view of what he had accomplished in private life, in the church, and in the state, it cannot but be said that he had lived a long life—longer and of more benefit to his fellow men than it is the good fortune of many of more advanced years or wider experiences to have attained.

COL. LORIN MILLER.

Col. Lorin Miller, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Omaha, quietly breathed his last at 5:20 yesterday afternoon, July 31, 1888, at the residence of Mr. F. E. Sanborn, 813 South Nineteenth street. He had lived to the ripe old age of eighty-eight, and knew scarcely pain or sickness up to the day of his demise. The immediate cause of his death was the failure of heart action, caused by senility. His life has been a long and useful one.

His ancestors lived for a number of generations in the state of Vermont. He first saw the light in Westmoreland, Oneida county, New York, in the year 1800. In early life he was a surveyor, and he has been an engineer in New York, Wisconsin, and other states. About 1830 he was married and three children blessed the union. He has seen many of the most thickly populated western states when they were in a state of nature and unmarked by the ax or the plow of the white man. When he passed through Illinois to Wisconsin at an early day he drove over the present site of Chicago when nothing was there but Fort Dearborn and the swamp.

He came to Omaha October 19, 1854, and at that time the prairie grass swayed in the breeze where now stand the most stately buildings in the city. He first stopped at the Bedell house, which stood then at the corner of Harney and Eleventh streets. He was already past the meridian of life at the time, but his wife's health had been failing for some time and he hoped that a change to the prairies of the far, wild west would benefit her. But in this he was most bitterly disappointed, for in less than a year she was dead. It was a terrible blow to him.

As the village of Omaha commenced to grow he took an active interest in all matters relating to her prosperity. He surveyed Jeffrey's addition and also the addition of Scriptown, which included a tract extending from Cuming to Fort streets. In this addition he purchased a block on Twenty-third and Charles streets, which is now valued at \$50,000. In 1866-7 he held the position of mayor of Omaha and performed at the same time the duties of police magistrate. During his later years he did considerable newspaper work. The market reports in the paper were his particular hobby, and he took great interest in maintaining his department of the *Herald*. He also wrote the political history of seventy years ago. He had met nearly all the prominent men in public life in his day and in his wonderfully retentive memory were stored away a perfect cyclopedia of facts relating to their personal characteristics. He was a Jeffersonian democrat dyed in the wool, and when General Jackson became president he rode clear to Washington in a stage coach to congratulate him. When Cleveland was inaugurated three years ago he again made a pilgrimage to Washington, but this time by rail. He is one of a very limited few who have called upon both Jackson and Cleveland. His three children are all living, the eldest, Dr. George L. Miller, being a well-known citizen of Omaha. His other two children, Mrs. Lysander Richardson and Mrs. Johnson, live respectively at Athol, Mass., and Geddes, N. Y. His wife was buried at Cardiff, N. Y., and in compliance with his expressed wish his remains will be laid by her side.

STERLING PARKER ROUNDS.

The angel of death visited the *Republican* yesterday, Sterling Parker Rounds, its president, and one of its editors and managers, died of heart disease at his residence on Farnam street last night at 8 o'clock, surrounded by his devoted wife and family.

Mr. Rounds took sick first on Saturday evening a week ago. He had been at the office during the day, but returned home in the evening feeling ill. About 8 o'clock he had a severe rigor, and by 4 o'clock in the morning there was no doubt but that he had an ugly case of pneumonia. Dr. Oscar Huffman was immediately called in,

and his attentions were unremitting to the end. On Monday evening pleurisy set in, and the doctor remained at the house all night. He got the pneumonia under control, and by Friday morning had conquered the pleurisy. Then a heart trouble, with which Mr. Rounds had been affected for years, began to make itself manifest, and helped destroy his sinking vitality. Everything that was possible was done to stimulate the action of the heart, but in vain. On Saturday it became evident that he was dying, and the members of the family were hastily called upon. The pneumonia and the pleurisy had been entirely overcome, and but for the latter complication there is no question but that the skillful medical attendance which Mr. Rounds received would have accomplished its purpose.

At 6 o'clock his extremities began to get cold. They were bathed in alcohol and thoroughly rubbed, but at 7 his finger nails had turned purple. At a quarter to 8 he died. He had not been in pain for hours before his death. He passed away as peacefully as though he had fallen into a sleep.

The remains will be taken to Chicago for burial on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Charles H. Smith, his daughter in Denver, was telegraphed for, but she was sick in bed and unable to travel. Mr. Rounds' father, Lester Rounds, is still alive in Eureka, Wis. He has a sister in Illinois and a brother in Milwaukee. Mrs. Julia Bishop, Mrs. Rounds' sister, Mrs. O. H. Rothacker, his daughter, and his three sons, were present at the death bed.

Funeral services will be announced hereafter. It is probable that brief services will be held at the family residence, 2413 Farnam street, after which the body will be taken to Chicago for burial. Mr. Rounds was a member of the Chicago Apollo commandery, Knights Templar, and the funeral will be conducted by that organization. The Rev. Dr. Ryder will preach the funeral sermon.

The following brief history, which appeared some four years ago, will be appropriate at this time. There were few more useful men in this world, and none more charitable to mankind or loyal to his friends:

Mr. Rounds was born in the town of Berkshire, Franklin county, Vermont, on the 27th day of June, 1828, being now in his fifty-ninth year. The founders of the family in this country were two brothers Englishmen who came over in the early colonial times, both settling in

Rhode Island, one of whom removed to New Hampshire, and afterwards a portion of his family to Vermont. The descendants of the other brother removed to another New England state, and from them the descendants of both families gradually became a portion of the emigration which settled in the great west, a few of them going south.

The great grandfather, grandfather, and several uncles of Mr. Rounds owned adjoining farms, and were the principal citizens of the town of Richford, Franklin county, Vermont, and all a healthy, large bodied, and liberty loving race of patriotic men, members of the family having been officers and soldiers in the revolutionary war, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, and later the rebellion, in which latter, whether soldiers or citizens, were true and loyal supporters of their country. It is rather a singular fact that all, or nearly all, were originally abolitionists, later whigs and republicans, and "stalwart" in physique as they are in politics.

The lad was kept steadily at school until he was twelve years of age, proving a remarkably earnest and successful scholar, being at that age markedly proficient in all the branches of a good high school education, when his father and family moved from Vermont to what was then Southport (now Kenosha), Wis.

Here he went through a course of study in higher mathematics, the languages, etc., at the academy of the lamented Governor Harvey, of Wisconsin. His father was anxious for him to become a member of the legal profession, but the lad had already formed that love for the "art preservative" which had grown with his growth and raised him from the lowly position of "ye printer's devil" to the honorable and important one he now occupies—the head of one of the most important departments of our government, and beyond all comparison the largest printing and binding establishment in the world. His whilom tutor, Governor Harvey, having purchased the Southport *American*, as the first move in a long and successful political life, which elevated him to the gubernatorial chair of the state (and indirectly to his death at Pittsburg Landing, as one of the patriotic war governors during the "times that tried men's souls"), the youngster became an apprentice in that office, and for a period of five years carried papers and acted in all capacities of "devil," and during the last year of his time as foreman of the office. His name as a good printer having traveled to the capital of the state, he was offered the fore-

manship of the state printing office, then owned by W. W. Wyman, at Madison, Wis. Being

"A youth resolved to see the world,
Set out on foot to go,"

and traveled to the capital, where, a boy himself, he found as his roller boys, helpers, and journeymen the two sons of the proprietor, one of whom is now the assistant treasurer of the United States, and the other the general western agent of the Ætna Insurance Company.

He worked here until the first daily paper of Wisconsin was started at Milwaukee, by the popular "Sons of Temperance" called the *Old Oaken Bucket*, which under his peculiar skill and a marked literary turn as a writer, and with the accomplished Rev. A. C. Barry as editor-in-chief, became a literary and pecuniary success.

Every newspaper in the land knows the baneful influence of intemperance, and the readers of the *Cabinet*—clippings from which frequently appeared in the *Index*—know that some of the strongest and most far-reaching appeals in behalf of temperance ever written to the "craft" were indited by the hand and heart of S. P. Rounds.

We should have said that when he purchased the material for this office, he also added a "job" department, and at this time he established a reputation as being the finest printer in the west, and did work in this (then) little village far superior to anything west of Buffalo.

Enjoying this reputation, and being ambitious for a larger field, he was induced to remove his office to Milwaukee, and consolidated it by purchase with the *Commercial-Advertiser* (now the *Daily News*) of that city. Here he increased his renown as a first-class printer, but having been unfortunate in his choice of a partner, through whom he became involved in pecuniary difficulties, he turned over his interests and office to him, taking his bond to pay all debts (which, by the way, he had mostly to discharge later on); and removing to Chicago, he placed his skill as an equal offset to the capital and business of James L. Langdon, then the largest printing house in that city (1851), and in less than one year had more than doubled its business under the firm name of Langdon & Rounds. After a few years of marked prosperity the office was sold to Cook, Cameron & Sheahan, who, with it, started what is to-day the *Chicago Times*. At this juncture Mr. Rounds purchased a new office, establishing at the same time the

nucleus of his afterwards extensive "printers' warehouse." This business to-day, under the name of his successors, the Rounds Type and Press Company, extends from the Ohio to the Pacific coast, and is familiar as household words in every printing house in the great northwest.

Right here an incident connected with the terrible conflagration of 1871 may not be amiss. The fire destroyed all the newspaper and printing offices in the city. Mr. Rounds had just completed seven power printing presses, which, with the accompanying type, were marked and ready to ship to different customers in the west. He at once had them all unboxed and put in working order, and for several weeks, until new material could be got from the east, he printed the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Post*, *Journal*, and all the other principal publications; an act of neighborly accommodation and energy that was gratefully acknowledged by the entire press of the city. Indeed, it can be truthfully said that his whole life has been marked by such acts of kindness to his fellow craftsmen, with such aggregate of real loss and expense to him as would alone make him a very wealthy man; and this was one cause of the magnificent and unprecedented endorsement that the entire press of the north, west, and many from the east and south, so heartily gave him for the present exalted and honorable position as United States public printer—the head of a department on the management of which the working and success of so many other departments largely depend. When Garfield was elected president, some of Mr. Rounds' friends, without his knowledge, announced him as a candidate for this office, and the nomination was at once taken up and spread like a wild prairie fire among the press of the west, until nearly one thousand of its principal papers had strongly endorsed him.

From this date up to the great fire in Chicago on that memorable 9th of October, 1871, his business was a steady, forward march of success, until it was swallowed up by the fire fiend, and the labor of years went flying heavenward in the storm of fire which clothed the glorious western metropolis in sackcloth and ashes.

Here his superior professional skill, his thorough practical education, his innate energy and business aptitude for the first time had a fit field for its exercise and development, and the result soon began to appear. His printing business yearly doubled and trebled, until it became the largest and most noted one in the northwest. His print-

ers' warehouse department kept pace until it extended to every village and city from the great lakes to the Pacific, one result of which was the complete fitting out of over 4,000 newspapers and hundreds of job printing houses.

In 1856 he added the "Pioneer Electrotpe Foundry," which is now one of the largest and most successful in the west. The same year he established the *Rounds' Printers' Cabinet*, now twenty-six years old, and universally acknowledged by the craft of this as well as foreign countries to be not only the largest and finest, but the most useful printers' journal in the world, and one which has done more to educate the taste and advance the standing of printing than all others combined.

In 1868, in company with the lamented George W. Taylor, son of the printing press inventor and manufacturer, A. B. Taylor, Esq., of the well known "Taylor press"—he added the Pioneer Printing Press Manufactory to the northwest, which has grown into a heavy business, and the Chicago and New York "Taylor" presses are now running in almost every village from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In 1865 he added a complete book bindery, and from that time to the great fire his was the only house west of New York that could furnish the type and material for a book, print, bind, and electrotpe it all under one roof. At this point of his history came the

"Winter of his discontent."

He had successfully weathered the financial crash of 1857-58, the bank failures of 1860-61, and many very heavy losses; but the great holocaust of 1871 swept away his extensive and well-equipped store and establishment at 45 State street, causing him a loss of over \$125,000, and leaving him nothing but his press manufactory on the West Side. Hundreds of Chicago's plucky men succumbed to the blow; but Mr. Rounds, after a brief hour's indulgence in the "blues," sustained by one of God's greatest blessings to man—a true and devoted wife—again buckled on the armor, and when the "hard times" of 1873-'74-'75 came on he had once more fairly got his head above water.

And it is a fact that President Garfield left among other nomination papers with his bosom friend, General Swaim, a written memoranda in his own hand to appoint Mr. Rounds to the position. Not only was Mr. Rounds backed by the entire power of the press, but by the

solid influence and petition of all the state officers, senators, and representatives of his own state, by the business men, bankers, city officials and judges of Chicago (where he has been in daily business for thirty-one years), but by prominent men, his entire state delegation, and a host of senators and members of congress from the country, all making in reality and truth the strongest indorsement any one applicant for a position at the capital ever received.

During his experience as a citizen of the city he has seen it grow up from a village of 30,000 inhabitants to a grand metropolis of 600,000; once meanwhile almost entirely destroyed; he has occupied many stations of trust and responsibility, and among them president of the Illinois State Press Association, and one of its leading members and officers for years. He was president of the Northwestern Type Founders' Association, and also of the Chicago Employing Printers' Association, and for many years an active, now "exempt," member of the fire department; he was also a member of Apollo commandery of Knights-Templar, and during all these years he has gained the solid respect and friendship of all with whom he came in contact, either in a business or social way, and even in a temporary absence from the city of his love he will be regretted by all. While he never has been an active or "ward politician," he has always been a most hearty and uncompromising republican, and his political ideas can be summed up by the record of his vote for president—Taylor, Scott, Fremont, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield; and the fact that in all the thirty consecutive years he has voted in Chicago he has never "scratched" the straight-republican ticket.

When the war broke out he was for some years a sufferer from rheumatism, and though his heart was in the field, his body was forced to abide at home, but he was ably represented by twenty-six men he helped fit out from his large establishment, and his only brother, and this fact should, as it did, merit the hearty support of Generals Grant, Logan, Sheridan, and very many other officers and soldiers of the lesser degree, for the position fought for and won! In his private, social, and business life he has ever been generous and liberal to a fault. With a large heart commensurate with his sturdy frame—no man or woman "under a cloud" ever appealed to him for aid without success, and to-day hundreds of successful editors and publishers now owning happy homes and a thriving business, owe it to his gen-

erous aid and forbearance in times of trouble. Cordial, genial, and possessing a rare magnetism of mind and manner, he has built around him a bulwark of true and hearty friends, and it is without doubt that he enjoyed the personal acquaintance with and the lively friendship of more editors and printers than any other man in America. And while they all know he is an uncompromising republican, in the magnificent press endorsement he received for the position he now occupies—and will no doubt most acceptably fill—among the heartiest and strongest may be found the leading democratic journals of the west, alongside those of his own strong political faith. In social life the warm heart and open hand of Mr. Rounds has won him countless friends all over the great west.

Mr. Rounds served as public printer during President Arthur's term, and from March, 1885, until September 12, 1886, under President Cleveland. When the former retired from office he paid him a very high compliment for the splendid record he had made in the government printing office. Quite naturally, when the democratic administration came in Mr. Rounds expected to retire. But the months passed away and there was no indication of a change. Mr. Rounds finally called upon the president and told him that he was ready to retire at any time he would select a successor. But President Cleveland said that he had never considered the matter. In the following July Mr. Rounds and the writer visited Omaha and made a contract for the purchase of the *Omaha Republican*, and subsequently organized the Omaha Republican Company. Returning to Washington he tendered his resignation as public printer, but was not relieved from duty until September 12, when he became a resident of Omaha. During his term as public printer he handled over \$13,000,000, and within a few months after his retirement he received official notice that his accounts had been examined and every cent accounted for as expended, in accordance with law.

For many years Mr. Rounds has been a sufferer from palpitation of the heart, as it is commonly called. Last June he gradually grew worse, and in July went to Manitou Springs. Finding no relief, he finally went to Denver, where he consulted an eminent physician, who pronounced the disease diabetes. After about six weeks the disease yielded to treatment, and he returned to Omaha in improved health. The weather was very unfavorable week before last

and he was suddenly taken with pneumonia and pleurisy, Saturday, December 10. That was the last time he visited the *Republican* office. After a hard struggle his physicians carried him through the crisis, but his old heart trouble reappeared, with fatal result.

There were few more useful men in the world than Sterling P. Rounds. He was a very industrious man, with generous impulses, which reached out to his fellow man and bound him as with hooks of steel. His residence in Omaha being brief, his personal acquaintances were necessarily limited. But those who knew him intimately were drawn to him by friendship's tenderest chords. He was a big hearted, honest, manly man, and one of God's true noblemen.

CHARLES MORTER, SR.

Mr. Charles Morter, Sr., who resides in the family of John Clements, is undoubtedly the oldest man in Burt county, and will make a close race for being the oldest man in the state. His life would make a romance of no little interest. He was born in Kiddminster, England, in April, 1796. When a boy of but nine years he was apprenticed as a sailor in the English transport service. These ships are manned and supplied by the British government to furnish supplies for their armies during wars, and are of the greatest importance, and consequently subjected to the most danger from the enemy. He was in this service nine years, during which time they were engaged in furnishing supplies for the armies who were opposing Napoleon Bonaparte. Many was the yarn he was wont to spin of the long chases, of desperate hand to hand encounters to repel boarders, and of the terrible dangers they were subjected to in landing supplies. At the age of sixteen he weighed 200 pounds and was as lithe and supple as a cat. After quitting the sea he learned the trade of silk weaving and became one of the finest workmen in the city in which he worked. He came to the United States in May, 1849. He lived three years in Ohio, came to Wisconsin, and was one of the early settlers of Burt county, Nebraska. He has always been accustomed to hard physical labor, is abstemious in his habits, and an extensive reader. When eighty years of age he was engaged in digging ditches and other

equally hard labor. At that age he was able to read the finest print without the aid of glasses. He has never been unwell in his life, has always been a hearty eater and a man of inexhaustible strength. He has lived a life which for length, for health, and for purity is the lot of few. He has seen generations come and go. He has seen empires fall in pieces and republics spring up in their places. He has seen the United States grow from a few feeble colonies into the wealthiest, mightiest nation of the globe. He has seen all the phases and struggles which we have been through and of which we learn by history.

He has been married three times and his descendants number fully one hundred. He has a son in Wisconsin, and Charles Morter of this place is his son, Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Walters, mother of the Southwell brothers, are his daughters.

Of recent years he has been wont to express himself as ready and willing to meet the Silent Reaper. The friends of his youth and the companions of his maturity have long since returned to dust, and he sees an age peopled with a people so different from those with whom he grew into life that there is nothing common between them. The ways, the styles, the costumes which he knew as a boy and loved as a man have long since vanished, and he looks upon a world so changed in aspect, upon a people so different in their views and aims that he realizes that he is the lone representative of the dead past. One man of this age will by the aid of machinery perform as much as could be accomplished by five hundred when he was a boy. A journey that then consumed several days is now accomplished in as many hours, and this whole age moves, to him, in a like manner. Within the last year his faculties are beginning to fail, and the strong physique, which for nearly ninety-five years has battled with life, is beginning to succumb to the resistless attacks of nature. His mind, which has always been as clear and bright, is now like a dying ember, slowly growing dimmer, but occasionally flashing out some of its former light. He will soon join those companions of his youth whom he has so far outstripped in the race of life. Few of this generation can hope to attain the eminence of life on which he is now perched. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

MRS. ELIZABETH REEVES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reeves, mother of Mrs. Alfred D. Jones, and one of the pioneer settlers of Omaha, died at her son-in-law's residence, 2018 Wirt street, at noon yesterday at the age of ninety-two.

The deceased had always enjoyed good health up to a week or so ago, and death was caused by the gradual breaking down of an unusually strong constitution. Mrs. Reeves was born in October, 1799, in Grayson county, Virginia. She had always been a very active woman, and endured the hardships of the times in which she lived, and for more than fifty years had been a practical female physician.

The deceased came to Omaha in 1854, and since that time has made her home with Mr. Jones. Many times Mrs. Reeves has asserted that she would live until 1892, but the angel of death traveled more rapidly than she had reckoned and her life went out only twelve hours before the bells rang in the new year.

Deceased was a very kind and sympathetic woman, and leaves many friends, especially among the poorer classes, to mourn her death. It was the special life work of Mrs. Reeves to administer to the suffering poor, and her kindly face and helping hands were frequent visitors to their homes.

MEYER HELLMAN.

The ranks of the old settlers are fast being depopulated by the reaper whose name is Death. The latest to respond to the summons is Meyer Hellman, who, calmly and peacefully, like a child asleep, passed away at 3:20 yesterday morning, after an illness of three weeks. For a week past it was thought that Mr. Hellman would recover from his throat affection, as he had at other times, for he has been a sufferer for years from the malady which finally refused to yield to the ministrations of the physicians, but he grew gradually worse and sank into unconsciousness an hour and a half before dissolution set in.

At the time of his death his bedside was surrounded by the mem-

bers of his family, his wife; Blanche, his eldest daughter; Mabel, Selma, Lillian, Clarence, and his youngest child, Gracie, in addition to the attendants, who watched the growth of the disease from the moment he was compelled to take to his bed.

Meyer Hellman was born at Mühlhausen, Germany, November 9, 1834, and was therefore in his fifty-eighth year at the time of his death. He came to America in May, 1850, and located in Cincinnati, where he entered business for a clothing house as its traveling representative. In his travels through the country he observed the growing power of the west, and believing that the "star of empire" was to the westward, finally decided to cast his fortunes in Omaha, then a very young village, and he located in the metropolis of Nebraska in 1856.

Where the First National Bank now stands a modest store was erected by M. Hellman & Co., the company until 1886 being Mr. Aaron Cahn, his brother-in-law, and for ten years the firm continued in business there. With their success came increased property interests, and not a great while after the firm had started in trade they had purchased the corner lot at Thirteenth and Farnam.

In 1866 a disastrous fire swept away the one and two-story frame houses in the block where the Hellman store originally stood, and for a time the block was unoccupied. But the different lot owners got together and decided to build a brick block, M. Hellman & Co. taking the southeast corner of Farnam and Thirteenth streets for their site.

On August 15, 1871, M. Hellman was married to Miss Maria Rau, of Louisville, Ky. In addition to a wife and six children, Mr. Hellman leaves a brother and two sisters to mourn his demise—Mr. Ben Hellman, of Cheyenne, who is now in the city, Mrs. Aaron Cahn, of Omaha, and Mrs. David Wise, of Cincinnati.

He was one of the members of Capital lodge No. 3, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, and for many years a member of the Royal Arch Chapter, of which bodies, as well as of the Temple Craft, he has been treasurer. He was also a member of the Veteran Free Masons of Nebraska. He was also a member of the Hebrew Benevolent Association.



III.—COUNTY HISTORIES.



THE HISTORY OF BUTLER COUNTY, 1876.

BY GEORGE L. BROWN.

It is to be regretted that so little attention has been paid, among the nations of the earth, to domestic history.

Of the exploits of war, the ups and downs of religions, the shiftings of dynasties, we have had no lack.

Poetry, prose, mythology, allegory, and romance have vied with each other in relating the *great* occurrences among men, covering a period of some thousands of years.

If we choose to read we may learn what heroism, cunning, or cruelty were displayed by the great captains and soldiers; what wisdom and learning by the philosophers; what tenets and doctrines by the popes and bishops; what statesmanship by the lords, senators, and diplomats; or what discoveries by the adventurers; but where are we to go for the social manners and habits, and neighborhood doings of your ancient county, or patriarchy of England, Ireland, France, Germany, or China, from the earliest glimmerings of civilization down to the present? An incomparable addition this would have been to our present stock of historical knowledge.

Pity it is that some sufficient interest or inducement were not now present which should persuade or enable our generation and the succeeding ones to inaugurate and continue such a system of historical record as we are thus seen to be in need of, for the profit and pleasure of posterity.

A step in that direction has been suggested in connection with this, the centennial or one hundredth year of our national life, and has received the sanction of our president and the governors of all the states.

Without the expectation of receiving any pecuniary or other return for his labor and painstaking, save the personal gratification of having thus contributed his modest mite toward the accomplishment

of this glorious work, the writer here presents what is intended to be a correct and impartial account of the brief political existence of Butler county.

GEOLOGICAL.

Though perhaps a little out of the usual way, a hint or so in reference to our geological position may be of interest. According to received theories this portion of the continent we live on has been three times under water—or more accurately, through three water epochs. First, in common with the whole earth, under a universal briny ocean; next, beneath an immense North American inland sea, formed by the “bulging” up of the Rocky and Appalachian mountain systems, and finally, under a lake a few hundred miles long north and south, and rather narrower east and west, formed by the general upheaval of the entire continent. Anterior to all this, however, an island had existed in the universal ocean, whose western shore was not far east of this locality, so that, as it transpires, ancient “Butler county” occupied a position of honor near the wave-washed shore, in the old, original “Pacific,” the inland sea and the “lake,” their shore-line being common and running in a north and south direction through “Saunders county.” (May not the subsidence of these bodies of water have left standing in depressions pools of water containing concentrated solutions of saline, alkaline, and other matters, which, drying up, became the “alkali patches,” “dry ponds,” etc., scattered over this region; or, penetrating the earth, gathered in reservoirs and subterranean streams, as shown by the Lincoln artesian well?)

The soil of the Platte valley is a rich, quick, sandy loam; that of the tables and higher lands a clayey loam (the famous loess soil of central Europe), of great depth, superposed by a thick stratum of mellow vegetable mould; while the broad creek bottoms are composed of “black soil” of marvelous fertility.

The surface of the table-land is, approximately, 120 feet above the level of the Platte valley or bottom, and overlies the great common sand bed of the ancient sea or lake alluded to. This quicksand stratum is frequently struck and penetrated by spade or well-auger in the extreme western portion of the county—always at a depth of about ninety feet—showing that twenty or thirty feet of this old sand level was cut out and carried down (from bluff to bluff) by the ancient Platte before it sank into its present narrow channel.

The black mould of the table-land extends about twelve inches from the grass roots, followed by three or four feet of darkish clayey soil, which exhibits a tendency to crumble into pea-sized cubes and other shapes on exposure to the sun and atmosphere. A soft yellowish clayey drift commences here and extends downwards about thirty feet, terminating in a thin stratum of blue, soapy, water-clay, which forms the bottom of our wells, except in the western townships, where it is frequently barren of water, in which event none is found short of the Platte level or thereabouts.

Immediately overlying this "water sheet" is another "soil," exactly similar to the surface mould, and plentifully interspersed with snail and mussel shells, and fragments of rotted wood, unmistakably pointing to the existence of an ancient swampy forest thirty or forty feet beneath us.

Thence downward to the sand bed we pass through a stretch of whitish-yellow earth, full of chalk, lime, and coarse gravel seams, etc., with an occasional small boulder.

Forty feet through gravel and sand fetch us to the immense blue-black clay stratum, where the second water sheet is found, and over which are scattered boulders and stones from two inches to two or three feet in diameter. In the next fifty feet, as shown by shafts at Skull and Deer creeks, the clay develops into shaly soap-stone, after which, thin strata of fossiliferous lime-rock, more soap-stone, some scales of half-formed soft coal, and here our geological knowledge awaits the further good offices of the spade, the drill, and the blast.

The above, of course, includes a description of the Platte bottom, except as modified by the "wash" from the ridges and ravines adjacent to the table-lands and by rotted vegetation. Under the bluffs the "made soil" is marvelously rich and productive.

It is by no means settled among scientists that this is not a carboniferous region, Prof. Samuel Aughey, of the State University, having substantiated his position in relation to the existence of coal measures in the permian (flatly disputed by eastern geologists); besides, the known coal formations of Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas certainly extend some distance into southeastern Nebraska. The railroads bring coal to our doors too cheaply to warrant the expense of going down into the earth far enough to solve this problem, but some day it will nevertheless be done.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Butler is located in the eastern part of the state of Nebraska, lying about fifty-one miles west of the Missouri river, three hundred and fifty miles from the western limit of the state, and about midway north and south. Its northern border is washed by the celebrated Platte river, which separates it from Colfax and Platte, and it is bounded on the east by Saunders, on the south by Seward, and on the west by Polk.

Climatically considered, its location is rather southward from the central portion of the north temperate zone, on the foot of the great Missouri slope of the Rocky mountain system, its isothermal position affording a climate mild enough for the growth of the tender vegetables and fruits and coarser cereals indigenous to southern localities, and yet cool enough for wheat and other northern productions.

Its altitude, 1,500 feet above sea level, and the contiguousness of the great plains, guarantees the continual presence of a clear, pure, and constantly moving atmosphere, thus rendering the existence of malaria and stagnant conditions impossible.

A healthier country does not exist.

This county is quite regular in shape, being "square" in all but its northern face, where the high-water mark of the Platte's southern shore forms the legal boundary line, as before stated. It comprises about 377,600 acres of land, about 500 acres being wild forest, and upwards of 10,000 tame forest and fruit trees, every square foot of the whole being tillable and fertile in the highest degree (creek beds excepted), since nothing in the nature of a swamp, marsh, lake, or other waste exists within the county lines.

It is watered by the Platte, the Blues, the Oaks, Skull, Bone, Wilson, Deer, Plum, and other minor streams, together with their numerous branches. Well water is generally attainable at a depth of ten to sixty feet, and the construction of canals and mill-races from the Platte into the bottoms is only a question of time, capital, and public spirit.

In an irregular line, from four to six miles south from the Platte river bank, the bluffs or breaks spring suddenly and boldly up from the floor-like plain, affording a landscape spectacle of surpassing beauty, and one peculiarly different from any view east of the Mis-

souri. After pitching and tossing about promiscuously, these ridges—which constitute natural winding turnpikes or highways—and the interjacent ravines, abruptly cease, blending all at once in the perfectly level and beautiful table-land, acknowledged by all visitors to be unsurpassed for loveliness in this or any other state. Indeed, the contrast thus presented is most enchanting to one just arrived from the wood-and-meadow counties of the east.

Away to the southward and eastward lie the charming valleys of the Big Blue and the Oak, marked in summer time by a thread-like continuation of green groves and plum thickets winding through the nude plain. Approaching these—after crossing the table-land proper—you behold a moderately rolling surface stretching away to the southward, a region most admirably adapted to pasturage and agriculture, and handsome to look upon withal.

On the southern part of the slope lies the famous Speculators' Tract, including the greater portion of four townships, especially prominent in Richardson precinct, or ranges 3 and 4 in town 13.

These beautiful high prairie lands were purchased from the government at various times during the years 1868 and 1869 with agricultural college scrip, military land warrants, etc., etc., and are yet quite largely held by the original owners, although eight years have sped by since the beginning of these speculative investments in real estate "futures." These acres are held at cheap figures (\$2.50 to \$5.00), and in a few more years will be brought under tillage by home-seekers from the east, who indeed have already begun to make inroads thereon.

They at present form excellent pasture grounds for the herds belonging to the citizens who now thickly inhabit the adjacent territory, and have been a material benefit to the homesteading community in the way of local revenue. It is to this source, and to the rather reluctant donations of a celebrated railway corporation formerly owning the alternate odd sections contained in the northern three tiers of townships that the county owes many of her fine, elegantly-furnished school houses, and no inconsiderable share in the maintenance of its schools.

Scarcely one-fourth of Butler county's area was government land at the date when the great influx of immigration set in, and it may be supposed that the residents of this minor fraction exercised the preroga-

tive of elective franchise somewhat generously as regarded by the foreign possessors of the major.

Several long and expensive litigations ensued, notably, several with the Union Pacific Railway Company, wherein was involved the collection of nearly \$6,000 for 1872, and upwards of \$9,000 for 1873. Nevertheless the most part of the tax was collected, but not until the latter suit had meandered vexatiously through the various tribunals up to the supreme court of the United States.

Of course the equities of these tax controversies are on the side of the citizens, notwithstanding apparent causes for complaint on the part of the various corporations and individuals whose ownership only awaited the arrival of the first purchaser, and who naturally fretted at the improvements not likely to enhance the value of their interests before such purchaser might arrive.

OCCUPATION.

Thence westward roll away thy fertile plains,
That yield such bounty to the farmer's pains;
Vast prairies sweep in seas of turfy soil,
Where grasses spring without the aid of toil.

Nineteen years ago, that portion of the earth's surface which we have been attempting to describe had never yet been cumbered with human habitation save the dismal "tepee" or wick-ee-up."

Conjecture would be a mild name for any attempt to historicise its previous existence. Only the meager gleanings from the great Book of Rocks, and the snatches of tradition from the unreliable and fast disappearing Pawnee are given us. What thousands of cycles and seasons its grassy carpet may have flourished and withered—what millions of years the floods and winds have been occupied in carving out the valleys, ravines, and basins, and fashioning the hills and plains—what infinite geological periods and forces were consumed in producing and disposing the material of which it and its substructure are composed, are matters not entirely within the ken or research of inferior intelligences.

As remarked, what tribes or people may have existed here from that period of time when this region first became fitted for human existence down to, say 1750, we have not the benefit even of the mildest conjecture. But that this county, with the surrounding terri-

tory, has been known and traversed by wandering bands of aboriginal beings for many ages is at least probable.

While prehistoric Britain was yet peopled with hairy, long-armed savages, glimmerings of the slowly-rising sun of civilization had appeared in southern Europe and northern Africa. But in that era the western hemisphere was enshrouded in the blackness of darkness so far as the knowledge of any history-preserving people might have been concerned. What little has been gleaned regarding the ancient life of North and South America pertained only to a few isolated points; our predecessors made no sign.

I believe the first people of whom we have any account as having been inhabitants of the tract now designated Butler county was an Indian tribe, known to us as Pawnees, of whom I shall therefore proceed to give such meager facts as are at my command.

THE INDIAN RACE.

So far as may be learned from any vestiges now remaining, and from tradition, only three villages, or permanent homes of the aborigines, were ever located within the above described limits; and of these none were on the table-lands, and none on any of the tributary streams, except very near their exodus into the Platte—these being the only places where water is always obtainable in mid-winter by a people who dig no wells.

Traces of temporary residence are, however, plentiful along the line in which the Platte bluffs or breaks meet the table-land. These consist in an abundance of fragments of rude pottery, manufactured, presumably, from the peculiar blue clay outcropping from and underlying the south bank of the Platte, together with shells, pebbles, pieces of flint, and arrow heads.

The Paw or Pawnee nation, with its subordinate branches, was certainly a strong and numerous people but a hundred years since. What are left of the Paws now live in Kansas; of the Kittikoraks band, in the Indian territory as do also the Pawnees proper, who, however, were only removed to that locality in 1875, having for many years occupied their fine reservation near Columbus. These latter anciently lived on Skull creek, near the spot where Linwood now stands, where they were frequently pounced upon by their murderous and outnumbering foe, the Sioux, their wick-ee-ups [demolished, and their

squaws and papposes strewn around the village mangled and dead; though it was said by the "old men" of the Kittikoraks that, not many generations ago, the Pawnees were more powerful than the Sioux, and held the latter in abject terror and subjection, which lets in the supposition that these fiendish slaughterings, perpetuated in the name of Skull creek, may have avenged equally cruel precedents, dating many years back.

Kittikorak's band lived for many years on the present site of Savannah, which might have been chosen because it was a watering-place for buffalo and other game. A very aged Pawnee once said to Mr. D. R. Gardner, that Kittikorak's band went south when he was but seven years of age. This fixes the final desertion of the ancient city at about ninety years since, or near the year 1785, about the close of the Revolution—a period when Ohio and western Pennsylvania were about as thickly populated as western Dakota now is; hence Kittikorak may have been entirely oblivious of the white or Cherokee man at the moment when the "emigration fever" unsettled the contentment of his dusky followers, and caused them to give up those hundred or more smoking, long-tenanted lodges to the solitary revels of the little flea, and the muttering gibe of the wandering Sioux.

No certain evidences of battle exist in or around the village; indeed, the site seems to have been selected with an especial reference to preventing surprises—the inevitable concomitant of Indian warfare—as the steep river bank formed its northern face, while the level bottoms extended four miles to the south, and to the eastward and westward indefinitely.

The crumbled remains of the ancient lodges present an appearance similar to the common circus ring, only somewhat smaller.

Half-rotted remains of upright posts may be found by digging in any of the old wells, and the interior or floor, for several feet beneath the surface, is a conglomeration of bone fragments, pieces of pottery, pebbles, large stones, etc.

The door-way is plainly marked in each case, and was evidently a covered entrance or projecting hallway. The streets and play-grounds from long use are beaten deep into the earth, and wind around through the village without any regularity or system.

According to living Pawnees they were a playful people, their games consisting of racing, wrestling, dancing, playing ball, arrow-

shooting, and throwing the lance—the latter sport being a great favorite.

The lance was a straight ash rod, wound with a rawhide thong and pointed with a stone or bone. The ring, from three to six inches in diameter, was also made of an ash sapling wound neatly with a green leathern string. In play, the ring was rolled swiftly along the smooth street by a fellow at the head; arranged in line along the side were the contestants, each of whom tried to throw his lance through the ring as it passed him.

A large rock, having a smooth depression in its upper surface, and which must have been brought from a distance, is pointed out as the corn-grinder, or city mills, over which many a squaw has crooned her melancholy airs, in years gone by.

I suppose, of course, nothing is known of the origin of the Pawnee, nor of his first settlement in this portion of the Platte valley, nor of his previous wanderings up and down the earth; whether his ancestors straggled from the parent tribe in some far-off recess beyond the great mountains, down along the grassy banks of the sand-ridden Platte, to build up a new nation, new tongue, new customs, and new thoughts, flourish after their manner, and finally to be overpowered and reduced by the slaughterings of their enemies to a feeble, timid band, and, through the aid of bad whisky and worse tobacco, sink into the earth, hated, despised, and forgotten.

Traces of that universal companion of the Indian—the bison, or buffalo—still remain in the “wallows” and crumbling bones on the prairies, and faint lines which mark the direction of their ancient trails along the hillsides, notwithstanding the obliterating effects of the perpetual recurring autumn fires and spring rains.

CIVILIZATION.

Probably the exploring party of Gen. John C. Fremont were the first whites who stepped upon Butler county soil.

The Mormons next came, on their long, weary, and perilous journey to Salt Lake, leaving their footprints in the shape of a winding, deeply-beaten roadway, familiarly known to early settlers as the “Old Mormon Trail.”

This historical trail enters the county in the southeast part of section 25, town 13, range 4, on the east, thence following up one of the

continuous divides (peculiar to the "slope") to the table-land, and thence around its northern edge to the point where Deer creek leaves the hills, where it descends another short divide to the Platte bottoms.

Subsequently the overland travel to California, and later to Pike's Peak, and the mountains generally, threw an immense travel across the northern part of the county (as now bounded) and established two great trails, of which perhaps the most remarkable was first traveled by the military, and is now, as then, called the "Old Government Road."

This road also entered the county on the east, at a point near the line dividing Skull and Oak Creek precincts, winding in a very crooked manner along the divide to section 6, town 14, range 4 east—the site of Dave Read's Ranch, established 1862, and operated for five years thereafter—where it took up and followed the Mormon trail.

The "Old Fort Kearney Road," or "Pike's Peak Trail," hugged the Platte, passing through the old sites of Waverly on Skull creek, and Ellsworth on Bone creek. "Gardner's Ranch," established in 1859 by Mr. David R. Gardner, and afterwards the site of Savannah. In 1859 an addition was made to the travel on this famous overland thoroughfare by the location of "Shinn's Ferry" at a point midway between the county limits east and west, near the present residence of Mr. Tennis Hoekstra on section 6, town 16, range 3 east.

On the portion of the old government road, between Deer creek and the county line west, and dispersed along the foot of the bluffs, or divides, were McCabe's ranch on Deer creek (1859), Thompson Bissell's on Elm creek (1859), and Simpson's, afterwards Grant's, a few miles west of Bissell's (1859).

Mr. Thompson Bissell subsequently removed to Saunders county, where he still resides. Messrs. D. R. Gardner and David Read yet claim Butler for a home. They are among our very oldest citizens, and have been frequently vested with positions of honor and trust, by those who have since followed them into this prairie domain.

Several graves of "Forty-Niners" may yet be seen on the hill points near McCabe's ranch, but of the latter little is visible beyond a profuse growth of gigantic weeds.

Ranch life in Butler county covered a period of ten years, beginning with 1858, and ending about 1868, when the county was organ-

ized, and "freighters'" customs and road laws gave way to legislative enactments.

Although no longer traveled, these comparatively ancient roads are still plainly visible in their entire length, running at random through meadows, groves, and grain fields, always marked by clumps of huge wild sunflowers, endless patches of yellow Mayweed, cockle-burr, plantain, and other domestic growths, fetched from the trans-Missouri country by the cattle and mules of the freighters and emigrants.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.

The county of Butler was organized June 26, 1856, by a proclamation of Governor Cuming. It is therefore just twenty years old in this centennial year.

Its name was given in honor of Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, who was appointed by President Pierce to be territorial governor of Nebraska. He, however, declined, and Frank Burt, of South Carolina, was named for the place. Burt was an invalid, and lived but a few months. He was succeeded by Cuming, who, by proclamation, set off and named a large number of counties in the eastern part of the state. Butler, Burt, Cuming, Cass, Pierce, Douglas, etc., were prominent democratic politicians, and hence very naturally became patronymics of our earlier counties. It will be seen that our county name is commemorative of the famous attempt to fasten slavery upon the territories—Kansas and Nebraska being the main battle ground—which resulted in the overthrow of slavery by the civil war, and the re-establishment of our national government on the one great principle of liberty enunciated in the celebrated instrument given us by Thomas Jefferson and his fellow members one hundred years ago.

In 1857 the Waverly Town Company, from Plattsmouth, arrived upon the banks of Skull creek—so named from the surprising number of Pawnee skulls found strewn about near the ruins of an ancient village of that tribe, which once flourished near the spot where Linwood now stands. This was the first *bona fide* attempt to settle in this region, still, really in possession of the murderous, thieving Pawnee, not to speak of an occasional visit by marauding bands of Sioux.

Hultsizer, Barker, Garrison, and nine others were the members of this pioneer company, which, however, was short lived, owing to the

Pike's Peak excitement of the next year (1858-9). These erected the first house in Butler county, about a half mile above the Linwood mills, on the west bank of Skull creek. At this date no white man had broken a permanent trail through the grass upon the Platte bottoms (south side) exclusively, but the Mormon trail, and old government road had wound their lonely lengths in dusty majesty along the table-lands for many years prior.

Soon after the advent and exodus of the Waverly company the families of Solomon Garfield and James Blair followed, and took up their lonely but rather romantic abode in the house alluded to. Both families still reside in the county, though Mr. Garfield has been dead some years, leaving Mr. Blair and Mr. D. R. Gardner to divide the honors appertaining to the responsible position of oldest citizen.

In 1858 "Mahala City" was made the county seat by a special act of the legislature. What vaulting ambitions and prospective fortunes were bound up in this little parchment city may never be known, as I cannot ascertain that it was even tangibly located.

In 1859 an attempt was made to effect a county organization, in which the following named persons participated, viz.: John Beecroft, Thompson Bissell, William Bissell, James Blair, Solomon Garfield, William Earl, J. W. Seeley, Simpson, Beardsley, and McCabe; but this organization was never perfected.

On August 3d, 1860, a patent was issued, following the first entry of land, which was made by Josiah W. Seeley by the "laying" of a military land warrant issued to one William Bryant, on account of services in the war with Mexico—save an entry on the fractional southeast quarter of section 6, township 16, range 3, by S. D. Shinn. No other portions of Butler county soil were subjected to individual ownership by patent, deed, or otherwise, until the summer of 1867. During 1867-68, the "speculators' tract," previously alluded to, was entered. In 1869, the United States government passed over into the control of the Union Pacific Railroad Company about 97,000 acres, or nearly one-fourth of the entire county. One-sixteenth of the whole was set apart by congress for school purposes. In 1872, 5,760 acres, lying south of the Blue river, were donated to the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company.

PERMANENT SETTLEMENT.

These, then, were the videttes, the outposts of civilization, who, with a few persons subsequently arriving, held lonely possession of this county from 1858 to 1868—ten years. The skirmish line of permanent settlers penetrated this region about the latter date, ten years since. As is usual with first comers, they avoided the high, broad prairies, tables, and benches, preferring to distribute themselves along the valleys of the various streams—snuggling into the little groves and nooks under the protection of the hills, in the vicinity of those prime necessities of frontier life—water and wood, each new arrival venturing a little further up the stream to the next thicket or spring.

Thus such portions of the valleys and bottoms along the Platte, the Blues, Oaks, etc., as are within this county were first selected and occupied while the highlands were yet a howling wilderness, inhabited only by the antelope and coyote, with an occasional herd of buffalo.

In August, 1868, Butler county was permanently organized, and the first election held, showing a poll of seventy votes, indicating a population of about two hundred souls; for it must not be forgotten that at this early day a large percentage of the population were unmarried young men. The county seat was located at Savannah, on the banks of the Platte.

In 1869–1870 the advance columns of the great army of occupation swarmed in, entirely absorbing the valleys, and soon after the tables and rolling lands beyond the Platte bluffs and breaks. The immediate cause of this remarkable influx of immigrants was, of course, the completion of the Union Pacific railroad, affording both an outlet and inlet to this heretofore isolated territory.

During the summers of 1869–70–71–72 inclusive, rather more than 2,500 persons pitched their tents in this recent Canaan—a billow of human souls as it were, transforming it, as if by magic, from a mere uninteresting parallelogram of the "Great American Desert" into a very garden, with a population containing all the elements and conditions found in communities which have been generations growing up to their present estate. More than 40,000 acres of prairie sod were overturned by the plow, and hundreds of dwellings and school houses erected.

Twenty years ago we were a blank—a lonely, silent region of grass-covered hill, hollow, and plain, whose time-old solitude had been forever unbroken save by the whistling of the winds, the tramp of the bison, or the twang of the red man's bow-string.

Five or six years later, a dozen or so persons had straggled hither, scattered at intervals along the old wagon-trails to the mountains; in 1868 the number had increased to about 200; in 1870 to 1,260, by the census; in 1873 to 3,800; in 1874 to 4,440; and in 1876 the assessor counted 4,695.

Below is the census for 1875 and 1876 by 'precincts, viz. :

PRECINCT.	1875.	1876.	PRECINCT.	1875.	1876.
Linwood.....	724	753	Oak Creek	245	262
Bone Creek.....	404	385	Center	269	258
Savannah	239	256	Union	284	252
Pepperville.....	357	358	Reading	315	349
Summit.....	200	220	Read	182	198
Olive.....	350	277	Ulysses	107	216
Franklin.....	357	428	Richardson	57	67
Skull Creek	390	416			
			Total	4,480	4,695

Gain in one year 215

Gain in three years 895

The following is the nativity of the inhabitants :

NATIVITY.	No.	NATIVITY.	No.
Alabama.....	1	Maine.....	36
Arkansas	2	Maryland	7
California	8	Massachusetts.....	20
Colorado.....	1	Michigan	200
Connecticut	39	Minnesota.....	23
Dakota	1	Missouri.....	58
Delaware.....	1	Nebraska	959
Georgia.....	1	New Hampshire.....	8
Illinois	622	New Jersey.....	19
Indiana.....	214	New York	310
Iowa	388	North Carolina.....	7
Kansas	6	Ohio	295
Kentucky	50	Pennsylvania	193

NATIVITY.	No.	NATIVITY.	No.
Rhode Island.....	9	Ireland	60
Tennessee	10	France	4
Texas.....	2	Austria	1
Vermont.....	25	Germany	196
Virginia.....	55	Belgium	1
Wisconsin	150	Bohemia	563
Canada	44	Holland	29
New Brunswick.....	1	Switzerland	1
England.....	43	Denmark	1
Wales.....	11	Sweden	6
Scotland	13	Australia	1

Probably nine-tenths of those set down as natives of states and countries other than Illinois, Iowa, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio have really lived in those states many years before coming to Nebraska. It is doubtful whether a solitary individual has emigrated to this county from Virginia or Kentucky direct, and certainly none from Ireland or England.

Neither do the above figures convey a correct knowledge of the comparative numbers of the different nationalities; since, for example, scarcely one-half of Irish name and descent were born in Ireland.

This exhibit affirms the maxim that emigration goes in straight lines along the parallels of longitude, that more people go south than north, and that people from the prairie seek prairie homes.

It will also be seen that nearly one thousand, or more than one-fifth of the above-recited population, were born beyond the ocean.

The Bohemians are congregated in the northeast, among the hills and ravines of Skull and Bone creeks, and, as is generally true of foreigners, are industrious and economical to a fault.

The first white child born in Butler county was Amanda Simpson, November, 1860.

The political subdivisions are precincts, commissioner, and school districts.

Originally the county was divided into quarters, each quarter constituting a precinct. They were called Skull Creek, Pepperville, Ulysses, and Oak Creek.

On April 16th, 1872, the county was redivided into nine precincts, each eight miles square, except as interfered with by the indentations

of the Platte. These were named, commencing at the northeast and proceeding west, then east, etc., as follows: Linwood, Savannah, Pepperville, Summit, Center, Oak Creek, Richardson, Ulysses, and Road.

On March 3, 1874, the county was again rearranged into precincts by calling each surveyed township a precinct, except Richardson, which includes two townships.

Their names are as follows, following the order indicated above: Linwood, Bone Creek, Savannah, Pepperville, Summit, Olive, Franklin, Skull Creek, Oak Creek, Center, Union, Reading, Read, Ulysses, and Richardson.

The origin of the several names is generally apparent. Three of them are in commemoration of old residents; three are named for streams passing through them; Linwood for the presence of linn or basswood—very rare in Nebraska; Savannah for an eastern town of that name; Summit for the former Wisconsin residence of C. C. Cobb, Esq., who established a mercantile business here in 1872; Center, from geographical position; Reading, for a Michigan town of that name; and Ulysses, for Gen. U. S. Grant.

The commissioners' districts are necessarily three in number—at first formed by setting off a strip on the south, eight miles wide, and dividing the residue of the territory by a north and south line running centrally through it. On October 1st, 1872, they were changed by setting up three equal divisions, each eight miles wide and running east and west. They are numbered first, second, and third, commencing at the north.

The first public house of any description was erected in the summer of 1867, on section 4, township 16, range 3. The materials used in its construction were small, unhewn logs; the roof—as was the rule in those days, and indeed, until quite recently—was of poles, covered with sod; its dimensions, about ten feet by twelve. In this unpretending edifice the first commissioners' meeting was held, and the first school taught, Miss Ada Vanderkolk (now Mrs. J. V. Wood) being teacher, and the juvenile members of the families of D. R. Gardner, James Blair, Wm. Butler, James Green, and Mrs. Solomon Garfield, pupils. This was a "subscription school," and the wages were set at \$20 per month.

In 1869 the present school system was inaugurated by blocking out

nine school districts. At the first enumeration there were found to be 153 children of school age (five to twenty-one). In 1870 the pupilage had increased to 204. In this year the first apportionment of state school moneys was made, the sum distributed to the several districts being \$1,114.50. The number of school districts, number of children of school age, and yearly apportionment are as follows, viz: In 1871, apportionment, \$1,598.26; school districts, 27; children, 605. In 1872, apportionment, \$3,563.16; school districts, 49; children, 600. In 1873, apportionment, \$3,746.41; school districts, 55; children, 1,300. In 1874, apportionment, \$4,195.27; school districts, 56; children, 1,600. In 1875, apportionment, \$5,084.64; school districts, 62; children, 1,756.

It will be seen that Butler county, during the last six years, has been the recipient of \$19,302.24 from the general school fund of the state—a fund derived from the sale and lease of school lands, fines, dog-tax, etc., a fund which, though already munificent, is yearly increasing; a fund, it might in passing be remarked, which, if kept intact, constitutes our most *solid* safeguard against the sly encroachments of church, serfdom, bondage, aristocracy, moneyed or otherwise, and all the other invidious enemies to the true genius of republican-democratic government, having their birth and growth in the darkness of popular illiteracy.

There are now sixty school houses, fifty of which are neat and commodious modern frame structures, valued at about \$27,718.99, or an average of about \$550 each. A feature of these schoolhouses, hardly to be expected in a pioneer country, is the elegant furniture and apparatus with which upwards of forty of them are supplied, averaging \$180 each.

The school revenue, from all local sources, for 1875, was \$24,289.69—slightly under \$14 per scholar. The average tuition was \$5.89. There were eighty-eight qualified teachers, whose wages ranged from \$20 to \$40; averaging—males, \$30; females, \$26.50.

There are thirty-four sections, or 21,760 acres, of school lands donated to the state by the national government for school purposes. About 1,400 acres are timber and the remainder prairie. The prairie lands are valued at \$7 per acre, and the timber lands \$10 to \$25; the whole being worth \$154,210, approximately. Not more than six sections have yet passed into private hands. The manner of disposing of these

beautiful and valuable lands is by sale or lease. Cash may be paid, or purchasers may have ten years in which to obtain title by the payment of one-tenth in hand, and ten per cent yearly, in advance, during the remainder of the series, at the expiration whereof the residue must be paid, when the deed will pass. The purchaser has, however, the right to "pay out" the whole, or any less sum greater than the interest, at any stage of the purchase.

Leases run for twenty-five years at six per cent of value yearly, in advance, the lessee having the privilege to purchase at any time.

At the first assessment for taxation in 1869, the county valuation (including Polk, Hall, and Merrick counties, then unorganized) was fixed at \$1,546,716; in 1870, \$1,540,526; in 1871, \$973,814; in 1872, \$1,059,388; in 1873, \$942,168; in 1874, \$1,380,834; in 1875, \$1,192,644, and the present year (1876) the number of acres returned for taxation was 269,199, valued at \$1,223,925; town lots 534, valued at \$14,230; money invested in merchandise, \$11,780; in manufacturing, \$4,335. The horses were in number 1,915, value, \$77,349; mules 168, value \$8,320; cattle 3,704, value \$51,987; sheep 266, value \$296; hogs 2,575, value \$5,600; polls 807, and dogs 663; making the grand total of valuation \$1,207,890, of which \$75,240 was exempted on account of growing trees, according to the provisions of a very sensible legislative enactment of some years since. This, however, does not accurately indicate the extent of forest tree planting, as only a certain proportion is, for that purpose, taken into the account. There are in the neighborhood of 10,000 acres of trees, fruit and forest, growing in Butler county at this date.

The grasshopper raid of 1874 made slight inroads upon the personal property valuation; besides this, the valuation per acre of lands was considerably reduced; otherwise the figures for 1876 would have largely exceeded the above. The valuation per acre of lands was formerly uniform at three or four dollars, but in 1875 there was inaugurated the more logical and legal system of assessing realty in accordance with its *bona fide* values.

An enumeration for the year previous to the locust raid would have shown a much larger exhibit in the way of stock, particularly swine, of which there were certainly a five times greater number than that expressed in the above figures. The great preponderance of dogs over sheep is rather humiliating, especially in a region so admirably calculated for the latter—a few years will see the order reversed.

The long debated question, "whether it is better to fence crops in and stock out, or *vice versa*," was solved here by severing the Gordian knot with the keen-edged sword of necessity. There being nothing to build fences with, fences were not built, and lo! it is forthwith discovered that we can do very well without them. Such few animals as are required for immediate domestic use are retained in the desired locality by means of a lariat, one extremity of which is fastened around the neck or horns of the animal, and the other to a stake which is firmly driven in the ground. But much the greater portion of the cattle are gathered in herds, from 50 to 300 or 400 in number, and placed under the control of a boy with a pony. This system of caring for stock is found to be every way superior to the costly and cumbersome affairs of pastures and lanes.

Only a few years since an occasional one of the immense Texan or Cherokee herds was driven as far east as Butler county, passing to and fro, from creek to creek, to the imminent danger and frequent destruction of the small but precious corn fields and gardens by these lank, long-horned, fierce-natured creatures.

It fell upon a certain well-remembered day in the summer of 1872 that these chivalrous, freckled-faced sons of the sunny south were put to utter rout and confusion, since which time the voice of the Texan herder has been heard in the land no more.

An intensely dismal, blinding fog had succeeded a fearful night-storm, which had the effect to stampede several thousand "steers," and disperse them over the plain and hills in every conceivable direction. The word was passed from mouth to mouth, steeds were mounted and caparisoned, and then ensued such a carnage as one might wish not soon again to see. In short, several hundred of the aforementioned creatures were ruthlessly slain, butchered, and packed away in various receptacles, the flesh to be eaten and the hides to be sliced into lariats at some convenient season. In valley, on hill, and all over the plain they fell at the hand of the exasperated settler.

Suffice it to say, arrests, prosecutions, and threatenings followed in due course of business, but for some occult reason no one was convicted, and although the strict morality of the proceeding is questionable, it had the effect to rid the community of an abomination, both as regards the fierce, unruly nature of the cattle, and certain disagreeable propensities of the "herders."

Next to the vast saving in the matter of fences was that of cheap house building. Nature seems to have provided some accessible means for the shelter of the moneyless man in every clime—the Esquimaux had his hut of ice and snow, the Hottentot his bamboo and palm leaf, the North American Indian his capacious robe from the back of the plentiful bison—so the Nebraska pioneer, coming to a country where lumber was not to be had for the getting, finds that the sod beneath his feet has but to be plowed in strips and separated with the spade into oblong blocks, laid up into thick walls, smoothly plastered with a mixture of clay and ashes, and covered in an equally inexpensive and simple manner, whereupon he possesses a serviceable dwelling—*sans* mortar, square, plumb, or—greenbacks.

More than nine-tenths of the citizens of this county have at one time or another since their arrival lived in a “sod-house” or “dug-out.”

These have now generally been replaced with neat frame dwellings, and in a few years the sod-house will only be remembered for the invaluable service it rendered that large class who came hither with no shelter but a wagon-cover, and no capital except two willing hands.

BUSINESS CENTERS.

Savannah was the first *bona fide* county seat, and during the years of 1869-’70-’71-’72 was a thriving village, containing a court house, hotel, two stores, blacksmith shop, and a dozen or so other buildings. The site was owned by D. R. Gardner and Samuel Woodard. Among the residents, besides the above named, were B. O. Perkins, H. Pepper, Captains Samuel W. Roys and Andrew B. Roys, merchants; Dr. D. H. Dickison, Dr. J. F. Gilbert, E. G. Paige, D. Bresee, blacksmith; M. Porter, shoemaker, etc.

Here the courts and councils were held during the above specified years, and many a soul-thrilling episode of a political, social, or other nature transpired within the confines of this little prairie hamlet ere its dismantlement and removal to its successor, David City.

Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village” is chock-full of true poetical sentiment, and has had many greater or lesser exemplifications all over the earth. Born in hope, nurtured in faith, and strangled in friendship while yet a lisping infant—green be her memory forever!

Linwood was begun in 1870-’71, on the old Waverly town-site.

This village is beautifully located on the east bank of Skull creek, on a little bench or plain under the bluffs, which lie to the south. Linwood has a fine school house, grist mill, several stores, groceries, etc. Here several considerable efforts to find coal have been made, but none of the shafts have been sunk deep enough to test practically the presence or non-presence of this valuable mineral, although the superficial indications are said to be quite favorable. Fred. Johnson, Josh. P. Brown, S. O. Crawford, Jehiel Hobart, Gilbert Hobart, John L. Smith, William Spring, and James McBride were some of the older citizens in and around the place.

The following named are now engaged in the several pursuits indicated: Zuloff & Robinson, millers; G. E. Richardson, J. Key, and A. Mares, merchants; J. Ellelek, blacksmith; Wm. Husenetter, pumps and lightning rods, etc.

In June, 1868, Ulysses was laid out in a romantic little nook among the trees, on the south bank of the Big Blue river, and has steadily improved during each succeeding year, being now second in size and importance. J. M. Palmer was the original owner of the town-site. An excellent grist mill has been in operation here for several years. J. N. Batty, and H. Ellsworth, merchants; F. H. Dawes, blacksmith; Godfrey & Reyhardt, livery stable; Dr. S. W. Thrapp, J. M. Palmer, Thom. Shields, P. G. Dobson, George and Robert Read are among the earlier inhabitants of that vicinity, and further up the Blue were P. C. Patterson, W. C. Wills, J. H. Sisty, Col. A. Roberts, W. N. Thomas, etc.

After a protracted and bitter struggle involving four elections, two under the general statutes (the second of these was discovered to have been held without legal authority), and two by virtue of a special act of the legislature, at the fourth and last election "*the east one-half of the southwest one-quarter and the west one-half of the southeast one-quarter of section 19 north, of range 3 east, of the 6th principal meridian, in Butler county, Nebraska,*" was found to be the successful contestant, by a majority of thirty-nine votes.

The new town was christened Davids City, in honor of Mr. Davids, a friend and relative of Mr. Wm. Miles, patron and part owner of the site. The ground was immediately surveyed into blocks and lots, and a neat and commodious court house erected, to which the records and archives of the county were at once removed (August 6, 1873).

David City (the "s" is dropped for convenience) soon became a stirring town—the metropolis—business, political, and social center of a splendid young county.

It now numbers about 160 inhabitants, and has a weekly paper, the *Butler County Press*. Its first number was issued September 25, 1873, under the auspices of G. W. Rutherford and Chas. D. Casper, but Rutherford presently retired from the firm in favor of Wm. J. Evans, and under this management the paper has since been conducted. Its political tone was originally republican, subsequently independent, and now favors democracy. This paper has been kept alive through all conceivable vicissitudes by the indomitable will and energy of Mr. Casper, added to the pecuniary and other assistance of Mr. Evans, and though erratic often and somewhat uncertain in its political tenets, the *Press* has exercised an influence in moulding and developing Butler county, and particularly David City, into their present condition of prosperity, second to no other one establishment or individual.

Butler county has withstood fire, flood, devastating insects, snow, hurricanes, exorbitant ferry and railroad charges, and numerous other disheartening evils, insomuch that the marvel is, not how she has nevertheless never faltered nor fainted in her successful pursuit of prosperity, but how she has managed to escape utter annihilation ; and through all this went the little paper, never hesitating, never swerving—a course well deserving the mere tribute of praise from any source.

Myers Bros. (John T. and Thornton B. Myers) were the pioneer mercantile firm in David City, at once removing their storehouse and contents from its old location in Savannah to the new town. Messrs. F. H. Angell and Hubbel Pepper soon followed, as also did Dr. G. H. Peebles, J. Dean & Son, W. Y. Turner, Wilmot & Thomson, and others. The following are names of some of the business men and citizens of David City besides the above, at this writing, viz.: B. O. Perkins, hotel ; Wm. Turner, hotel ; Arthur J. Evans, county judge ; Horace Garfield, John T. Myers, and H. C. Barnes, attorneys ; Drs. C. C. Cook, county clerk, and S. L. Brown, coroner ; G. H. Peebles and T. B. Myers, practitioners ; Jno. B. Morgan, agent for machinery ; John Harper and Thomas Dowling, blacksmiths ; H. T. Hawes, harness, etc. ; A. Wilde, shoemaker ; William Smithson, E. R. Manley, and J. C. Browning, carpenters ; O. W. Strond,

painter; Wm. M. Bunting, county treasurer; J. C. Wonderlich, meat market; B. F. Rolph; A. Hill, sheriff; Geo. L. Brown, Lewis Brown, H. Boydston, A. J. Combs, superintendent of schools; J. D. Van Tassel, Frank Davis, Frank Flynn, P. Murphy, and John Bos, saloon.

In 1874 David City was legally incorporated, and a council and other proper officers chosen. The first board under this corporation was made up of the following persons, viz.: B. O. Perkins, C. D. Casper, Geo. L. Brown, H. Pepper, and Wm. Turner.

Lodge No. 31, I. O. O. F., was established at Savannah, 1872; Fidelity lodge, A. F. and A. M., first chartered in 1875; a fine church building was erected by the M. E. Church Association in 1874; the Baptists, Catholics, and Congregationalists, etc., are numerous represented, and efficiently organized.

A County Agricultural Society was organized here under the provisions of the General Statutes, October 18, 1873. The following named officers were chosen, viz: O. H. Ford, president; J. Winship, D. P. Haynes, vice presidents; Geo. L. Brown, secretary; E. M. Perkins, treasurer; board of managers, Miles Warren, Jas. Blair, J. D. Brown, David Read, and G. McCarthy. The first annual fair under its auspices was held near David City in October, 1875. Though holden on the open prairie, with no enclosure save a single rope stretched around the stand and articles on exhibition, it was largely attended, and in all respects creditable and successful, the display of vegetables being especially remarkable. Corn was exhibited by Dr. S. L. Brown, grown within one-half mile of the fair grounds, of which fifty-three ears weighed a bushel—many of the ears grew from the stalk at a point eight feet above the ground. J. Y. Diemer, Esq., had on exhibition a squash weighing 239½ pounds, one of six grown from two single seeds which weighed 1,100 odd pounds. The present officers of the society are Capt. A. F. Coon, president; John T. Myers (successor to H. C. Barnes), secretary; managers, John Tannahill, David Read, John France, S. C. Allen, and J. D. Brown.

For two and a half years this young society has struggled on under circumstances most discouraging, but through the patience and persistence of a few individuals it has been landed upon a foundation of usefulness and success, and the writer has no more fervent wish than that the next (and better) centennial historian may find it still vigorously alive.

The order of Patrons of Husbandry has been represented by granges in every neighborhood, but has not yet been as effective in practical results as it deserves. No protective association ever had a better right to succeed. Its day will yet come.

Temperance lodges have been organized and sustained in various parts of the county, as also have lyceums and other social organizations.

With a view to securing the seat of justice, upon its removal from Savannah, the village of Butler Center was founded on section 8, town 14, range 3, in 1870, by S. L. Russell and S. J. Olliver. Several stores and other business structures were erected, and Butler Center became the leading commercial and social point for the table-land country, which position she retained until the location of the county seat at David City, a few miles northwest, when her foundations were broken up, and her people, with a few exceptions, pulled up their stakes and set their faces toward the new made city.

S. L. Russell, S. J. Olliver, J. L. Warner, John Merchant, Dr. J. J. Welch, Charles Wrede, W. Y. Turner, Thomas Dowling, Joseph Stevens, etc., were among those who resided here.

In the following year Henniganville, afterwards "Ollie" (better known as "Section 6"), named for Peter Hennigan, planted her towers on a high hill, two miles westward from "Old" Butler Center, and lifted up her wee small voice in solicitation of the suffrages of the people touching the relocation of the county seat—becoming in very deed a most formidable rival in that long-to-be-remembered contest; in fact, receiving at one time (November 5th, 1872) a majority over all other points; but the election proved an egregious blunder on the part of the officials and everybody else, arising from a misconstruction of an ambiguous clause in the statute then in force concerning the relocation of county seats.

This "bloodless war" brought out many amusing incidents, and not a little rancor of feeling. Several of my readers will recall the sudden appearance of a train of wagons, a mile or so in length (the "train") slowly creeping over the table-land in the direction of Savannah. This cavalcade of determined citizens proved to be a deputation in the interest of "Section 6," proceeding to that city in quest of the "archives." A "big council" followed, resulting in a truce, though many months ensued before all were convinced that there was a "job" in the transaction.

Messrs. J. D. Brown, Willis T. Richardson, John Groves, Richard Brooks, Thomas Riggs, Grove Disney, George Clapp, and a few other families had settled on Oak creek prior to the organization of the county in 1868.

Two years later than this (1870) the first settlement was made upon the table-land proper.

O. H. and J. C. Ford, George Fox, J. Zimmerman, Jacob Kleinhahn, Thomas Dowling, William M. and John Bunting, J. D. Van Tassell, William Jackson, Thomas Preston, E. Ackerman, L. Ham, J. and E. Shotwell, Milo Yaw, and Lewis Brown came during that year, followed in the spring of 1871, by the "swarm" previously spoken of, including the writer.

There are at this date seventeen postoffices in Butler county. They are: Linwood, Savannah, Patron, at the store operated under the auspices of the Grangers, on section 31, Savannah precinct; Alexis, at the residence of A. Gerrard on section 22, Pepperville precinct; Summit, at the store of J. C. Paxton on section 26, Summit precinct; David City; Appleton, on section 6, Skull creek precinct; Skull creek, at the residence of George Wilson on section 22, in Skull creek precinct; Urban, at the residence of H. Allen on section 23, Oak creek precinct; Salona, at the residence of Thomas Logan on section 10, Oak creek precinct; Hiawatha, at the residence of P. M. Morse on section 18, Oak creek precinct; Carmel, at the residence of R. M. Hawley on section 10, Center precinct; Cottonwood, at the residence of Wm. Roberts on section 18, Read precinct; Ulysses; Ora, at the store of J. W. Latta on section 20, Reading precinct; Butler Center, at the residence of H. Moon on section 26, Center precinct; and Lone Star, at the residence of J. C. Kerr on section 21, town 13, range 4, Richardson precinct.

Eight mail routes intersect the county at various angles; three of the most important converging at David City.

The grange store referred to has been in successful operation for several years, under the management of Messrs. George W. Steele, D. R. Gardner, O. Wright, and others.

During eight years of organized political existence the following named persons have filled the several county offices, to-wit:

DURING THE YEARS 1868 (FRACTIONAL)—1869.

H. Pepper, Clerk.	J. A. Taylor, Coroner.
D. R. Gardner, Treasurer.	W. T. Richardson, Surveyor.
C. C. Loomis, Probate Judge.	James Green, } Commissioners.
William Butler, Sheriff.	Henry Wilson, }
H. Pepper, Superintendent.	David Read, }

DURING 1870-71.

H. Pepper, Clerk.	J. A. Taylor, Coroner.
D. R. Gardner, Treasurer.	W. T. Richardson, Surveyor.
B. O. Perkins, Probate Judge.	James Green, } Commissioners.
H. Garfield, Sheriff.	Henry Wilson, }
E. G. Paige, Superintendent.	David Read, }

DURING 1872-73.

H. Pepper, Clerk.	W. T. Richardson, Surveyor.
E. M. Perkins, Treasurer.	Henry Wilson (1872), } Commissioners.
B. O. Perkins, Probate Judge.	David Read, }
James Darnell, Sheriff.	A. F. Coon, and }
W. J. Evans, Superintendent.	F. P. Steele (1873), }
S. L. Brown, Coroner.	

DURING 1874-75.

C. C. Cook, Clerk.	W. T. Richardson, Surveyor.
W. M. Bunting, Treasurer.	A. F. Coon (1874), } Commissioners.
J. M. Wilkinson, Probate Judge.	F. P. Steele, }
P. Murphy, Sheriff.	Adam Hall, and }
W. J. Evans, Superintendent.	T. B. Myers (1875), }
S. L. Brown, Sr., Coroner.	

AND FOR THE YEARS 1876-77

the following have been selected, viz. :

C. C. Cook, Clerk.	P. C. Patterson, Surveyor.
W. M. Bunting, Treasurer.	Adam Hall (1876), } Commissioners.
A. J. Evans, County Judge.	T. B. Myers, }
Abel Hill, Sheriff.	Wm. Butler, and }
A. J. Combs, Superintendent.	———, }
S. L. Brown, Coroner.	

Col. A. Roberts represented the thirteenth representative district in the legislature for the years 1871-72.

George L. Brown, of David City, was made chief clerk of the house for the legislative session beginning January 7, 1875, and was elected state secretary of immigration February 24, 1875.

Originally, 1871, Butler county formed a part of the thirteenth-representative district, comprising eight counties; also being a member of the ninth senatorial district, containing fifteen counties and an immense extent of unorganized territory. In the five years following this arrangement, an unprecedented immigration swelled the population of these and other western districts to such an extent that the existing apportionment became utterly inadequate to the proper representation of the widely separated interests growing up under the new order of things. In 1875 a new apportionment was set up (but not without some opposition from the eastern counties), and made a part of the new constitution, adopted in that year. By this system Butler county elects one representative in her own behalf, has a senator in conjunction with Polk county, and assists Platte and Colfax counties in the election of a float representative.

By the same instrument the office of probate judge was abolished and that of county judge erected in its stead, and endowed with a somewhat larger and more varied jurisdiction.

GENERAL REMARKS—INCIDENTS.

People who traversed these parts in the old ranch days, and previously thereto, believed the soil to be totally destitute of crop producing capabilities, and the country worthless for any of the ordinary purposes of civilization. Within the space of fifteen years, corn has been carted over these prairies—at this very moment “checkered o’er” with thousands of maize fields and wheat fields, waving in all the wealth and beauty of luxuriant growth—to Kearney, from Plattsmouth and points below, and sold for four and five gold dollars per bushel.

An occurrence not one whit more remarkable, however, takes place in Nebraska every day—I allude to the eating of New York cheese, Maine sweet corn, Connecticut tomatoes and pickles, and the wearing of Massachusetts flannels in a land where vegetables yearly rot on the ground, ungathered, sufficient to supply any New England state, and where more acres of nutritious grasses annually wither and crackle in

the autumn fires than would suffice to feed all New England's flocks for a score of years.

Within a few hours of this writing I have partaken of "canned sugar corn" prepared on the Atlantic coast, and sold here for seventy-five cents per pint, or \$16 per bushel, which can be grown in Butler county at a fair profit for twenty-five cents per bushel.

The first session of court in the county was held in the court house at Savannah, May 20 1871. As may be supposed, the docket was not cumbered to any great extent with the names of litigants and attorneys. One case only was brought on for trial. This was in reference to the murder of one Edward McMurty (a citizen of what is now known as Pepperville precinct) by some Pawnee Indians. For some fancied insult to certain members of their tribe, who were in the habit of begging and pilfering among the settlers on the south side of the Platte, a party of the red-skinned assassins lay in wait for their victim at a secluded spot on the Stage Company's island, two miles south of Columbus, and upon his appearance riddled him with bullets and arrows, dragged his body to an out-of-the-way place, and anchored it out of view in a water-hole by means of a forked branch.

A change of venue was had on account of some supposed unfriendliness of the deceased's relatives and neighbors, and the culprits were placed in the Omaha jail. Several trials were had, but the county officials ultimately wearied of drawing warrants for the payment of huge imaginary doctors' bills and other manufactured expenses on behalf of the prison officials, and the incarcerated braves were turned loose to join their dusky comrades in further noble and humanitarian exploits!

Much shorter and more satisfactory were the proceedings in the case of one Robert Wilson who killed Ransal B. Grant, proprietor of Grant's Ranch, a year or so previous, Wilson being hung to a neighboring tree and subsequently dropped into the Platte by way of burial.

April 10, 1871, and April 14, 1872, are remembered as the days of the great snow storms, the like of which has not been known in this locality before or since. The former was the more tempestuous of the two, but of only twenty-four hours' duration, hence no considerable losses were sustained. The latter raged and "screamed" during days and nights. Out of the nor'-nor'-west came the hurricane,

laden with snow particles as fine as flour, penetrating the slightest crevice and searching out the remotest corner. Stables which were ordinarily sufficient for purposes of shelter were thus filled more compactly and solidly than could have been done by hand. Cattle and horses were led into dwelling-houses, and thus saved to the owners, which otherwise must certainly have perished.

In many cases farmers found it impossible to go to their stables but ten or twelve rods distant, and upwards of two hundred head of stock perished from suffocation and exposure.

In this country snow in quantity is the exception rather than the rule, wheat being frequently sown in February and March, hence the appearance of a "blizzard" at this season of the year is purely phenomenal, and but a few hours elapsed after its close before the snow had entirely disappeared, and the springing grass had come out none the worse for its cold bath.

Next to the grasshopper scourge of 1874 the autumn prairie fires have been most destructive. Several sweeping conflagrations have spread terror among our farmers in years gone by—notably one which occurred in October, 1872. This great fire came into Butler county from Polk, swept south, then north, and finally south again, literally singeing over the entire county, reaching out its fiery tongue over impossible spaces, jumping hedgerows a hundred feet in width, and licking up in its unimpeded course hundreds of acres of standing corn, more than five thousand bushels of wheat, and other grains in granary and stack, two hundred cords of wood and poles, one thousand tons of hay in stack, many reapers, mowers, plows, etc., while scores of horses, cows, and hogs were roasted alive in pens and stables, and even in the fields.

This transpired in the famous fire year (1872), when the very atmosphere seemed laden with flame, as Chicago, Peshtigo, and other unfortunates can testify. The entire loss in Butler county was variously estimated at \$15,000 to \$20,000—a loss ten-fold more damaging, as destroying the pioneer's little all. It is a dampener on a man to look round over a blackened home—the melancholy remains of one, two, or three years of garnering, saving, and suffering upon the prairie. To be thus landed, as it were, back upon the bed-rock of original pioneer helplessness and destitution, after having labored in season and ought of season to obtain a genuine start on the road to

competence and comfort, is one of the buffetings of life which men find it hard to "silver o'er" with æsthetic philosophy and "try, try again" maxims. Happily, a recurrence is now rendered impossible by the greatly extended cultivated area, and precautionary measures.

The grasshopper plague of 1874 was an occurrence which marked an era in the history of this county, and in the lives of all its inhabitants. Of course it is painfully fresh in the memories of the present readers of this little book, how the countless millions of lean and hungry insects came down in great dark clouds upon us with not so much as a whisper of warning; how, save the ripe and half-harvested wheat, they devoured every green thing reared by the hand of man, stripping the leaves from the trees, great and small, laying bare as bean poles the thrifty half-grown corn-stalks, necessitating the absolute slaughter of the swine—fat and lean; how the famous "Aid Society" came with its remarkable exhibitions of disgusting selfishness and open-hearted generosity, well paid chicanery and faithful labor unrequited and unthanked; how the ensuing winter wound its dreary length along, while the infrequent dribblets of "relief coal" were lengthened out by the substitution of hay, weeds, corn-stalks, etc.; how eagerly, upon the approach of spring, the first appearance of the tender grass was watched and waited for in behalf of the starving horses and cattle, and the first fruits of the garden and field, by their bean-and-meal fed masters. And then followed the abundant rains, the luxurious grass, and the marvelous prodigality of vegetable growth, insomuch that corn, in six months, fell from two dollars to fifteen cents per bushel, etc., etc. All this it would be satire to term history, so far as relates to those who will first peruse these lines; and let us fervently hope and pray that the recollections of it may grow dimmer and yet more dim as the months and years recede, and never, never be quickened by a similar event.

Having written these few paragraphs concerning this little quadrilateral of earth, only a score of years since a silent, unpeopled plain, but now the chosen home of nearly five thousand souls, each of whom has torn his heart and heritage from some bright particular spot in the direction of the rising sun to fix them firmly and finally in this new and beautiful land, I will close by saying that I have lived to see it pass, in this brief while, from that lonely and fruitless state into an industrious peace-loving community, whose thousand cottages glisten

on the prairie's bosom, though later, not less brightly than the older, and perhaps grander, ancestral abodes scattered far asunder among the forests of Ohio, the hills of Pennsylvania, the inlets of Maine, or the hamlets of Bohemia. I have seen myriads of groves spring up and grow as luxuriant and beautiful, though perhaps not yet so stately and strong, as the sycamore or cypress of Indiana ; broad fields of wheat wave as proudly, and of maize tassels as gracefully bend in the summer breeze as ever they were known to do in Illinois or Tennessee ; and here on this modest page, in this centennial year, when the orators, poets, and historians of this great republic are dividing their eloquence, inspiration, and research between complacent retrospect and hopeful forecast, let me record this prophecy—that, so surely as season follows season, to fair Nebraska, always slandered and often chastened, *prosperity will one day come.*

TRIBUTE TO THE MOTHERS AND WIVES OF THE
PIONEERS—CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER-
ISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY W. W. COX.

[Extract from the History of Seward County.]

The mothers and wives of the pioneers are justly entitled to kind remembrance. They were devoted and self-sacrificing beyond measure. The labor they performed and the hardships they endured should live in the hearts of the people to the remotest generation. Here is a picture not overdrawn : A young bride of twenty has left her father's home of comfort and luxury in the east, and with her young husband has turned her face towards the setting sun with the determination to assist in hewing out a new home in the wilderness of the west. With no capital except a strong resolution to win and strong faith in the future, they bid adieu to friends and kindred, and with a steady eye fixed upon the star of empire they penetrate the wilderness. A little log cabin or a dug-out has been hastily built for shelter. A parlor, sitting room, kitchen, and bedroom are all combined in one. The bare walls of this rude home are brought in contrast in the mind of

this young wife with the beautiful home of her childhood, but in her young breast "hope is like an anchor to the soul." When the first Sabbath dawns she may listen in vain for the sweet chimes of the church-going bell, but looking out on the broad expanse of prairie all is solitary. Sometimes with heaviness of heart she labors on and on, and cheers the faltering heart of her husband in his endeavors. The little means that they have brought are rapidly melting away before any return for their labor is in sight. The beautiful garments of her youth are fading and becoming tattered. By and by she becomes a mother, and while the beautiful gift of heaven may bring joy and gladness, yet in the same train it brings anxieties and sorrows, a constant care by day and night. The young father must sometimes go long distances from home to be gone days at a time, to a mill fifty or hundred miles away, or to a city far away, and the young mother and her darling must stay weary days and long nights in a lonely home, with no protector but her God. And now comes a strolling band of hungry Indians to frighten and annoy her, and while her child is screaming with fright she must stand in the door and face these ferocious wild men. She must frequently leave her child to cry while she goes long distances after the cows, or to a distant spring for water, or carry the baby on her arm and a heavy bucket of water with the other. Then again harvest time comes, or something else occurs, when several work hands must be provided for, when with scanty means at command she must perhaps carry the babe upon her arm and with the other do the work of cooking for the hands. And again when night comes she must divide her bed and make beds upon the cabin floor for the men. As her husband keeps a "free hotel" for all strangers she must deny herself and little ones ease and comfort to wait upon strangers, and frequently make her children wait at meal time while strangers eat their bread, and the mother and children make their meal from the scraps. This is no fancy sketch; it has occurred ten thousand times, of which there are plenty of living witnesses.

Oh, who but a mother can tell of the weariness of a mother's life on the frontier, so often struggling to keep the wolf from the door, so often beset with dangers, so often overworked with slavish labor, and so often over-wrought with anxious care. No wonder that untimely gray hairs appear, and that her cheeks are furrowed while she should yet be in the prime of her womanly strength and beauty.

Young men and maidens of Nebraska, you have such pleasant homes to-day, will you please remember what it cost your mothers in the years gone by to prepare these homes for you. In your grateful hearts will you in a becoming manner reverence and love them? If you can fully realize what they have done for you in your imagination it will surround their gray heads with grace and beauty, intermingled with a halo of holy light.

The clothing of the people during the first years of the settlement should perhaps receive some notice. It must be borne in mind that clothing was extremely high in price from 1863 to 1868. The commonest calico was worth from forty to fifty cents a yard. A pair of brogan shoes cost five dollars; common domestic was worth from seventy-five cents to one dollar per yard, and all articles at about the same rate. Fine clothing was entirely out of reach of the common people, and was unseen in this country. The men were usually provided with a (condemned) soldier's overcoat, which were the cheapest garments in the market. Condemned soldiers' blankets were also used to considerable extent. We have seen them made into over-shirts, and then made over into undershirts. We have also known them to be made into pants. Our hats and caps were just what happened to come handy—sometimes caps of coon or badger-skins; at other times some old garment would be ripped up and made into a cap; occasionally a chip hat was seen, but usually in a weather beaten condition, and frequently it was minus a large part of the rim. A gray horse blanket frequently served as a coat. Mittens were made rudely of the skins of animals—elk, coon, or whatever came handy; sometimes they were made of old bits of cloth, and faced with pieces of old meal sacks, and meal sacks were frequently converted into pants. Strips of bedticking furnished us with suspenders. Our feet, perhaps, had the hardest time of it, as they were brought more directly into contact with frost and snow. The man that had a pair of good cowhide boots was fortunate, but he was an exception. We improvised moccasins, which, at times, we were fortunate enough to trade for with the Indians; then we would make them ourselves out of elk hides, or of cloth or sheep skins. Our poor feet were often in a sorry plight.

If our wives were fortunate enough to have two calico dresses in one year, they were truly thankful. Sunbonnets of calico were com-

monly worn to church, as well as the faded shawls of other years. Cloth slippers frequently served for shoes or moccasins. We have known the old chests to be rummaged, and old bed-spreads, such as the dear old grandmothers wove, brought out as a last resort and made into skirts and worn. In summer, men, women, young men, and maidens went barefoot to a great extent.

Such clothing as we wore, even the best of us, would now be a laughing stock for you all, but then it was no laughing matter; now it's no matter how much you laugh. Should you see one dressed in the usual garb of 1864 and 1865 you would certainly think it to be a scarecrow, yet we were powerless to have it otherwise. We all felt the sting of the situation. We had many of us been used to better fare. We had just as noble aspirations as any of our present people. We all wanted to do better, and just as soon as possible we did do better.

Our food was usually plain and healthful. We used as a matter of necessity a great amount of corn bread and lye hominy. We generally had a good supply of wild fruits, such as plums, grapes, gooseberries, elderberries, and raspberries. We made sorghum molasses for sweetening. Our new ground produced melons in grand profusion, and when we were fortunate enough to keep the Indians from stealing them, we enjoyed eating melons such as a king might admire. Our wives were almost universally good cooks, and they would come nearer getting up a good dinner out of poor material than most women do out of a well-supplied larder. At times our tables were supplied with delicious meats of antelope and wild turkeys, frequently of elk, and occasionally of buffalo. Then again we would have to depend upon smaller game, such as prairie-chickens, rabbits, squirrels, etc. After the first year pigs began to accumulate, also domestic fowls, and occasionally a beef would be slaughtered, and also vegetables were produced, and the skies became brighter.

Later comers usually brought a little money, and we proved a blessing to them, as we usually had something to sell them that they most needed, such as grain, hay, poultry, a pig, a cow, perhaps, some potatoes for seed, and we welcomed them heartily, for they brought us some money, which we sorely needed, and they brought us society, which we had longed for so patiently. They brought us hopes of schools and church privileges, for which we were hungry indeed.

We began to renew our dilapidated clothing and live more like folks, and our lives were brighter and more cheerful for their coming.

Visiting on the frontier was a feature worth noticing. With all our poverty, we enjoyed visiting one another. We made no fashionable calls, just to show what fine clothes we could wear. We were all ragged alike. When we went, we aimed to put in the whole day, and took the whole family, and we invariably had a good time. One feature of these visits was that our good wives all knew one another's circumstances. If the neighbor to be visited was out of butter or meat, or any other article necessary to make a square meal, it was never an offense to look the cupboard over and take such things along as would supply a deficiency. That would now be considered an insult. Then it was a most common thing to take a roll of butter, a piece of meat, a few eggs, or anything that parties were fortunate enough to have, and that was known to be lacking at the place to be visited. People were always welcome at their neighbors' hearths.

We are a mixed multitude. We have drawn our population from nearly all of the southern and eastern states—have representatives from Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas. We have drawn more heavily on Illinois and Iowa than other states. Of our foreign-born people the Germans, perhaps, exceed all others, although we have quite a respectable number from England, Ireland, and Sweden, with a few from France. We have drawn from the best blood of all localities from which we have emigrated. It certainly is the best class of people of any state or country that have a longing for a home of their own and that have the courage to break away from old home and old associates and face the dangers of the wilderness and all the privations of the frontier for the sake of a home, and of such are the masses of our people. Our Germans are principally thoroughly schooled in American ways of life in Illinois and Iowa, where they had a long residence prior to their coming here, and it is rarely that we find one that cannot talk our language fluently and has not an intelligent idea of our institutions. They are most universally an energetic and thrifty people, stepping to the front as farmers and business men. They have done much towards developing and enriching the county. They sustain in their various denominations ten churches, each with a creditable house of worship. There are quite a number of English people who are among our most thrifty and valuable citizens. The same

may be said of many Irish families, also Swedish, Danish, and French. All are represented by the intelligent and valuable of their respective countries. They are all here with a full purpose of becoming Americans and identified with the institutions of their adopted home. They are all making rapid progress in adopting American ways and methods, and we are fast becoming a homogeneous people. There are a very few families of colored people, probably not to exceed six, and they are very worthy and industrious people. So far as we are advised, all of them had been slaves when young, and it certainly is to their credit that they are doing so well.

The Americans of course largely predominate in numbers, and they are universally intelligent and progressive, and a great mass of them are prosperous. There are hundreds who came to the county with little more than their bare hands and with large families, who now have beautiful homes and a great abundance of this world's goods. Their children have grown up intelligently and the old folks are enjoying the fruits of a well-spent life.

We have in all parts of the county great numbers of the old soldiers, and it is a matter of pride that they are so universally respected and honored for the honorable part they had in saving for us a home and a country, and for their sterling qualities as citizens.

The first marriage in the county as shown by the records was that of John W. Pitt and Miss Elva S. Long, at the residence of Samuel Long, on the 12th day of November, 1866. The ceremony was performed by C. J. Neihardt, justice of the peace.

The first marriage in G precinct and city of Seward was at the house of Lewis Moffitt, on the 20th day of March, 1867. The contracting parties were David P. Imlay and Miss Mary Moffitt, W. W. Cox, justice of the peace, officiating. On the 20th of April, 1867, the second wedding in G precinct was that of James A. Brown and Miss Sarah Imlay, at the residence of the bride's father, one and one-half miles northeast of the present city. We had the honor of officiating on that occasion.

We glean from the probate court records that the first letters of guardianship were issued by Judge Henry Wortendyke, on the 29th of January, 1879, to Sarah C. Wilcox, in matters of guardianship of the minor heirs of Syril Tift.

The first term of the district court was held in Seward county, at

Milford, November 15, 1869, Judge Geo. B. Lake presiding. Frank M. Ellsworth was appointed district attorney. First case on the docket was John W. Shields v. J. L. Bandy. The only state case was against W. H. Tuttle for an assault on Jonathan Gordon. Mr. Tuttle got clear of the charge, but the prevalent impression was that he ought to have been fined for not doing a more thorough job.

J. C. Cowin, of Omaha, was the first district attorney of the district who attended our court, which was held in the year 1870, at Milford. The first term held at Seward was in the spring of 1872, Judge Lake on the bench. T. L. Norval was appointed district attorney. At that term the famous Courtwright injunction case came up, in which Judge Lake made the injunction against the Midland railroad and the county commissioners perpetual.

Judge Lake held the office of judge of this judicial district until the year 1876, when the districts were changed and the sixth district was formed. Geo. W. Post was elected, and was re-elected and served until the spring of 1883, when he resigned, and T. L. Norval was appointed by Governor Dawes to fill the vacancy. Judge Norval was elected in the fall of 1883, and has held the office since that date, and was re-elected in the fall of 1887. M. B. Reese was elected district attorney, and held the office until 1882. Thos. Darnall was elected to the place in the fall of 1882, who held the place until January, 1887, when the law took effect making county attorneys, at which time R. P. Anderson was elected to the office of county attorney.

Prior to 1879 the county clerk performed the duties of district clerk. H. P. Lewis was appointed in 1879, and elected in 1880, and re-elected in 1882, after which Geo. A. Merriam was elected, and was re-elected in November, 1887.

The first meeting of the reunion of old settlers was held in the public square at Seward in October, 1884, with W. W. Cox, as president. The meeting was not largely attended, but was of great interest. Many touching incidents of early times were related. In 1885 there was no meeting, but in October, 1886, the society was re-organized and placed on a more permanent basis. Officers elected were: W. W. Cox, president; Geo. A. Merriam, secretary, and Mrs. Thos. Graham, treasurer. The society that year opened a registry of the old settlers, giving name, time of settlement, where located, age, etc. Great numbers availed themselves of that privilege. A very large

and enthusiastic meeting was held in Robert's grove, west of the city. The officers for 1887 were: J. H. Culver, of Milford, president; Geo. A. Merriam, secretary, and Mrs. Thos. Graham, treasurer. In October, 1887, the annual meeting was held at Milford, was very largely attended, and a very enjoyable meeting was held. Governor Thayer made the address of the day. Many new names were added to the registry. Officers elected for 1888 were: W. R. Davis, president, and Geo. A. Merriam and Mrs. Graham were again re-elected, and Seward was chosen as the place of meeting for 1888. These meetings bid fair to grow in interest from year to year, and in the long years to come the registry will become of priceless value. The four counties of Butler, Polk, York, and Seward have held conjointly three reunions at Lord's grove near the four corners, where vast numbers of people of all these counties have held very profitable meetings.

At the meeting in 1886 it was estimated that over four thousand were present. The meeting of 1887 was postponed on account of a heavy rain storm, and the adjourned meeting met with the same obstacle, when it was determined to defer the meeting to the summer of 1888.

IV.—PROCEEDINGS.

SECRETARY'S RECORD, REPORTS OF OFFICERS, THE CONSTITUTION,
AND LIST OF MEMBERS.



ANNUAL SESSION, JANUARY 13-14, 1891.

TUESDAY EVENING, January 13, 1891.

The Society met in the chapel of the State University at 8 P. M., pursuant to the call of the Secretary, President Furnas in the chair. A quorum was found to be present. The call for the meeting was read by the Secretary, who also read the record of the preceding annual meeting, which was approved. President Furnas then delivered a short address on the progress and general condition of the Society. A detailed report was made by the Secretary, submitting several recommendations for consideration. On motion, the report was referred to a committee consisting of Rev. E. H. Chapin, Albert Watkins, and J. S. Kingsley. The Secretary also presented a classified list of the members of the Society. On motion, the Secretary was instructed to enter on his record as charter members the names of the following persons, who, possibly through some error, are not credited in the Treasurer's books with payment of the admission fee: J. H. Ames, William Adair, J. H. Brown, J. J. Budd, E. S. Dundy, Silas Garber, E. N. Grennell, William Gilmore, J. Q. Goss, A. G. Hastings, F. J. Hendershot, Geo. L. Miller, Theron Nye, and C. H. Walker.

Likewise, on motion, it was voted that the name of James W. Savage be placed on the list of members. The membership, therefore, at this date stands as follows :

Active members, 97 ; corresponding members, 3 ; honorary members, 4.

The Treasurer then submitted his report, which was referred to a committee of audit consisting of Lorenzo Crounse and A. B. Show.

Mr. Watkins, sub-committee, made an informal report on the matter of the Historical Block, to the effect that it is doubtful whether the Society can show title to the block.

A committee consisting of J. M. Woolworth, Lorenzo Crounse, and George L. Miller was appointed to prepare a memorial of the late James W. Savage.

The following persons were nominated as active members of the Society: J. A. Barrett, Mary Tremain, J. S. Kingsley, and D. R. Dungan, of Lincoln; Leavitt Burnham, of Omaha; J. P. Dunlop, of Dwight; J. L. Edwards, of Pawnee City; D. J. Jones and C. E. Chadsey, of Crete. The Secretary was instructed to cast the ballot of the Society for each of the persons named as an active member of the Society. The ballot being so cast, the persons named were declared elected.

The chairman of the special committee appointed to consider the question of a more complete organization of the Society reported that no meeting had been held. Mr. S. L. Geisthardt then presented a draft of a new Constitution and By-Laws. Moved by the Hon. David Butler that it be referred to the special committee on more complete organization. Withdrawn. Moved by Professor Show that the proposed Constitution and By-Laws be read by the Secretary. The motion prevailed and the document was accordingly read. Governor Butler then renewed his motion to refer to the special committee, and after some discussion it was carried.

Mr. Geisthardt moved that the first section of the By-Laws be amended to read as follows: "The regular meeting of the Society shall be held in Lincoln, at such place as the officers may select, on the second Tuesday of January, the second Wednesday of January, the second Tuesdays of May, July, and October, the hour to be designated by the Secretary in the notice of the meeting." After some discussion, the amendment was adopted.

George E. Howard then moved that the following clause be added to the second section of the By-Laws immediately after the word "Lincoln": "Provided, that, instead, the call may be made at any regular meeting, with one day's notice." The motion was adopted.

The Secretary announced that the regular meeting would be held in the chapel of the State University on Wednesday evening, January 14, at 8 P. M.

Adjourned until 7:30 P. M., Wednesday evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, January 14, 1891.

Met in the chapel of the State University at 7:30 P. M., pursuant to adjournment, President Furnas in the chair, and a quorum being present.

On motion, the Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year. The ballot resulted as follows:

President—J. Sterling Morton.

First Vice President—S. B. Pound.

Second Vice President—Lorenzo Crounse.

Treasurer—C. H. Gere.

Secretary—George E. Howard.

Directors—R. W. Furnas, J. M. Woolworth. Chas. E. Bessey, T. L. Norval, J. B. Dinsmore.

On motion of S. L. Geisthardt a vote of thanks was tendered to Hon. R. W. Furnas, retiring President, and founder of the Society, for his long and faithful service.

The committee appointed to audit the Treasurer's account made the following report:

LINCOLN, January 13, 1891.

Your committee appointed to audit the report of the Treasurer of this Society would respectfully report that they have examined his accounts and vouchers, and find them correct in all particulars. They would therefore recommend that his report be approved.

L. CROUNSE.

A. B. SHOW.

A valuable paper, contributed by Hon. W. H. Woods, on "Old Fort Calhoun," was presented by the Secretary. Ordered placed on file for publication.

The Secretary then read a letter from Hon. A. D. Jones, suggesting a plan for the reorganization of the Society. On motion, the thanks of the Society were tendered Mr. Jones for his contribution. The Secretary was likewise ordered to convey to Hon. D. A. Campbell the thanks of the Society for his valuable gift of books and documents.

Dr. J. S. Kingsley, for the committee appointed to consider the report of the Secretary, then submitted the following recommendations:

The points most desirable to recall to your attention are the following:

1. Special attention should be given to collecting everything possible relating to the archæology and ethnology of the state, and your committee would suggest the advisability of taking measures at the

present time to collect the history of the Sioux uprising. The museum of the Society should contain an exhibit of the dress and accoutrements used in the ghost dance, while a full description of the dance would prove valuable material for history.

2. The Society should accept with thanks the offer of the Regents of the University, of ample and commodious quarters in the proposed library building.

3. The Secretary reports that an item of \$2,500 for the Society, in addition to the printing, was put in the author's estimates made for the present legislature. We would suggest that measures be taken to see that this item is not neglected in the committees.

4. The Secretary points out that the greatest good the Society can accomplish lies in the direction of accumulating material for history, and he further states that continued growth can be best assured by paid assistance. He suggests two plans. According to the first the Society should obtain the services of an expert librarian at a liberal salary; the second recommends the election of a competent secretary with time for the work, and that he be given ample clerical assistance, so that by either plan the rooms of the Society may be kept open each day, and the correspondence necessary for accumulating material properly conducted.

Your committee feel that the second of these plans is the more advisable. The Society is to be congratulated upon its present Secretary, who, without means and without assistance, has in six years built up a library of about four thousand volumes from a beginning of five volumes and a hundred and fifty pamphlets. They would recommend that he be given as large a salary as the Society can afford. They would also recommend that he be given such assistance as the funds will allow. They would suggest that such assistance may be readily obtained among the graduate students of history and social and economic science in the University. Such assistants would bring to the Society just the training that is needed, and while conducting the clerical work necessary they would at the same time be in the best position to advance the knowledge of our history. Such positions would be of the nature of fellowships, the return for the emoluments being made by clerical labor and by investigation, the latter being as important as the former.

E. H. CHAPIN.

J. S. KINGSLEY.

ALBERT WATKINS.

On motion of H. W. Caldwell it was voted to consider the report *seriatim*.

The first paragraph, containing the recommendation relative to the Sioux uprising, was agreed to.

The second paragraph was adopted as the sense of the Society.

The third paragraph was agreed to, and, on motion, Albert Watkins, J. S. Kingsley, and E. H. Chapin were appointed a committee on legislative appropriations.

The fourth paragraph was also approved and the committee's report adopted as a whole.

On motion, R. W. Furnas, with such persons as he should see fit to appoint, was constituted a committee to co-operate with the Secretary in trying to secure relics and other historical materials relating to the Sioux and their recent uprising.

D. A. Cline, H. W. Brown, C. N. Little, Mrs. C. N. Little and Mrs. E. L. Warner, were elected active members of the Society.

A vote of thanks was tendered Dr. S. A. Green, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Mr. D. A. Cline, for their gifts of books and pamphlets.

Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M., January 14, 1891.

Met in regular meeting pursuant to the call of the Secretary, a quorum being present. In the absence of the President-elect, Hon. J. S. Morton, Gov. Furnas was chosen to preside.

The special committee to whom at the preceding regular meeting was referred the proposed new Constitution and By-Laws submitted a report, suggesting several changes in details. The complete Constitution and By-Laws, as thus modified, were then read by the Secretary.

On motion it was agreed that the regular meeting, on the second Tuesday in May, should be held in Lincoln, notice thereof to be given by the Secretary.

Adjourned.

REGULAR MEETING.

TUESDAY EVENING, May 12, 1891.

Met in the chapel of the State University pursuant to the call of the Secretary, in accordance with the vote of the Society at the preceding regular meeting, with a quorum present. Called to order at 8 p. m. by ex-President Furnas, who introduced Hon. J. Sterling Morton, President-elect. Mr. Morton then read as his inaugural address an interesting paper, entitled "Early Times and Pioneers."

The Secretary then read a valuable paper, entitled "The Fort Pierre Expedition," prepared for the Society by Dr. G. L. Miller, of Omaha, at the request of President Morton. The Secretary also reported a second paper contributed by Dr. Miller, entitled "The Military Camp on the Big Sioux River in 1855."

On motion a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Morton and Dr. Miller for the papers submitted.

The committee appointed to secure relics and a history of the Sioux uprising of 1890 reported that they had secured a ghost shirt and certain other articles of historical interest, and that Gen. Colby had consented to prepare a history of the campaign.

W. H. Skinner, of Crete, was elected an active member.

On motion the Constitution submitted at the preceding meetings was adopted without amendment. The salary of the Secretary was fixed at \$500 a year; and the By-Laws were then adopted as a whole, without further amendment.

On motion of Prof. Caldwell, it was ordered that the Constitution and By-Laws should at once be put in force.

By vote of the meeting, Dr. G. L. Miller was requested to try to secure for the cabinet of the Society certain collections in the possession of Mrs. Gen. Crook.

Governor Furnas was requested to edit the biographical portion of Volume III of the Transactions.

Adjourned.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

I.—NAME.

The name of this Society shall be The Nebraska State Historical Society.

II.—OBJECTS.

The object of this Society shall be, generally, to encourage historical research and inquiry; to spread historical information and in particular in trust for the state of Nebraska; to establish a library appropriate to such purpose, and a cabinet of relics and antiquities with especial reference to this state, and to preserve and collect materials relating to the early history of this state. The library and other personal property of the Society and the office of the Secretary shall be located in the city of Lincoln.

III.—MEMBERS.

The Society shall consist of three classes of members: Active, corresponding, and honorary. No one can be an active member who is not a resident of the state of Nebraska. Persons distinguished for literary or scientific attainments or for the promotion of historical study, may be elected honorary and corresponding members; they shall have all the privileges of the Society except voting and holding office, and shall be exempt from the payment of fees and dues.

Members may be elected at any regular meeting. The election shall be by ballot, and three adverse votes shall reject. Active members shall pay an admission fee of two dollars, and shall be qualified as members on paying this fee and making acceptance in writing.

Any member may be dropped from the rolls or expelled at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present after not less than twenty days' notice of the charges against him and the time and place of trial by registered letter directed to him at his last known address.

IV.—OFFICERS.

The officers of the Society shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Treasurer, and a Secretary, who shall be elected by ballot at

the annual meeting, and hold the office until their respective successors are elected and qualified. The officers shall constitute the Board of Directors of the Society. A vacancy in any office may be filled by the Board of Directors for the unexpired term.

The President shall preside at the meetings of the Society, and in general shall perform the duties usually incident to the office.

The Vice Presidents, in the order of their election, shall have all the rights and duties of the President in his absence.

The Treasurer shall collect and have charge of the funds of the Society; he shall keep the moneys of the Society in its name in some safe banking house in the city of Lincoln; he shall keep a detailed account of receipts and expenditures; keep his books and accounts open for inspection by the Board of Directors; make a full report to the Society at its annual meeting, and at all times when required, and pay no moneys except on warrants drawn by the President or a Vice President and countersigned by the Secretary. He shall give a bond for the faithful performance of his duties, in the sum of two thousand dollars, and such additional sum as the Society may require, with sureties to be approved by the Board of Directors, and file the same with the Secretary.

The Secretary shall have the custody of the property of the Society and the general supervision and management of its work. He shall keep the records of the meetings of the Society and conduct its correspondence. In connection with the President he shall make the report to the governor required by law, and procure the publication of the same. He shall make a full report of his doings at the annual meeting, and perform such other duties as may be required by the Society.

The Secretary and the Treasurer may each receive such salary as the Society shall by vote previously determine. No other officer shall receive any remuneration for his services, but may be allowed his actual expenses in performing the duties of his office.

Any officer may be removed at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present.

Officers *pro tempore* may be chosen by the Society at any meeting in the absence of the regular officers.

V.—SEAL.

The Society shall have a corporate seal, of such design as it may

VI.—MEETINGS.

The regular meetings of the Society shall be the annual meetings, ~~which~~ shall be held in the city of Lincoln on the second Tuesday in ~~January~~.

Special meetings may be called under the direction of the President, for the transaction of such business as may be specified in the notice thereof, and no other business can be finally disposed of at such meetings.

Notice of all meetings shall be sent by mail by the Secretary to all active members at least ten days before the date of such meeting.

Ten active members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

VII.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present; *Provided*, That the proposed amendments shall have been submitted in writing and entered on the minutes at a previous meeting, at least three months beforehand. The By-Laws which may be made by the Society may be amended or suspended at any regular meeting, or special meeting for that purpose, by a two-thirds vote; *Provided*, That the regular order of business may be varied at any meeting by a majority vote.

BY-LAWS.

1. The Treasurer shall give bond in the sum of two thousand dollars, with sureties to be approved by the Board of Directors, and the same shall be filed with the Secretary. He shall receive for his services the sum of twenty-five dollars per annum, payable on the first of January for the year preceding.

2. The Secretary shall act as the librarian of the Society. He shall use his best efforts to promote the growth of the library and cabinets, and preserve a complete record of the articles received by the Society. Only members of this Society shall be entitled to draw books from the library; no manuscripts or articles from the cabinet shall be withdrawn from the custody of the Secretary; he shall preserve all corre-

spondence received in proper files and keep copies of all letters written by him.

He shall receive for his services the sum of five hundred dollars per annum, payable in quarterly installments on the first day of April, July, October, and January for the quarter preceding.

3. The President-elect shall appoint at each annual meeting the following standing committees, composed of three members each:

A Committee on Publication, of which the Secretary shall be *ex-officio* chairman, to select and prepare all matter for publication, and supervise the printing thereof.

A Committee on Library and Cabinet, to assist the Secretary in enlarging and preserving the Society's collections, and with him have general superintendence thereof.

A Committee on Obituaries, whose duty it shall be to prepare memoirs of deceased members, and to collect materials for the same.

A Committee on Programmes, of which the Secretary shall be *ex-officio* chairman, to arrange for suitable literary and other exercises at the various meetings of the Society.

4. The regular meetings of the Society shall be held in the city of Lincoln, at such hour and place as shall be designated by the Secretary.

5. The order of business at meetings shall be:

- (1.) Roll call, or other proceedings to ascertain the names and number of members present.
- (2.) Reading of minutes.
- (3.) Reports of officers.
- (4.) Reports of standing committees.
- (5.) Reports of special committees.
- (6.) Communications and petitions.
- (7.) Election of members.
- (8.) Election of officers.
- (9.) Miscellaneous business.
- (10.) Adjournment.

6. Cushing's Manual shall be authority on rules of order at the meetings of the Society.

REPORT OF TREASURER.

LINCOLN, January 12, 1892.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON, *President State Historical Society.*

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the receipts and expenditures of the Nebraska State Historical Society for the year ending with the present annual meeting, and to transmit herewith the books and vouchers for examination:

RECEIPTS.

Amount on hand January 14, 1891.....	\$976 77
State warrants received.....	1000 00
Membership fees.....	20 00
Interest on deposits.....	30 32
Total	\$2036 09

EXPENDITURES.

Salary of Secretary.....	\$400 00
Salary of Assistant Secretary.....	100 00
Salary of Treasurer.....	25 00
Indian relics	75 00
Books, stationery, printing, express, and labor.....	419 94
Total	\$1019 94

Very respectfully, C. H. GERE, *Treasurer.*

STANDING COMMITTEES.

On Publication, the Secretary being *ex-officio* chairman: S. L. Geisthardt and A. J. Sawyer.

On Library: A. B. Show, C. N. Little, and W. W. Cox.

On Obituaries: R. W. Furnas, George L. Miller, and J. M. Woolworth.

On Programme, the Secretary being *ex-officio* chairman: C. E. Bessey and Mrs. M. B. Newton.

J. STERLING MORTON.
President.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

ACTIVE.

Adair, William, Dakota City.	Geisthardt, S. L., Lincoln.
*Allan, J. T., Omaha.	Gilmore, William, Plattsmouth.
Ames, J. H., Lincoln.	Goss, J. Q., Bellevue.
Barrett, Jay A., Lincoln.	Gregory, Lewis, Lincoln.
Bessey, C. E., Lincoln.	Grennell, E. N., Fort Calhoun.
Bowen, J. S.	Griggs, N. K., Beatrice.
Bowen, William R., Omaha.	Hardy, H. W., Lincoln.
Bowers, W. D., Seward.	Hartman, Chris., Omaha.
Broady, J. H., Lincoln.	Hastings, A. G., Lincoln.
Brodfehrer, J. C., Dakota City.	Hendershot, F. J., Hebron.
Brown, H. W., Lincoln.	Hiatt, C. W., Lincoln.
Budd, J. J.	Humphrey, A., Lincoln.
* Butler, David.	Jones, A. D., Omaha.
Caldwell, H. W., Lincoln.	Jones, W. W. W., Lincoln.
Canfield, James H., Lincoln.	Jones, D. J., Lincoln.
Chapin, E. H., Lincoln.	* Kaley, H. S.
Chapman, S. M., Plattsmouth.	Keim, A. R., Falls City.
Child, E. P., Lincoln.	Kennard, T. P., Lincoln.
Clarke, H. T., Omaha.	La Master, J. E., Tecumseh.
Colby, Mrs. C. B., Beatrice.	Leavitt, T. H., Lincoln.
Cox, W. W., Seward.	* Lemon, T. B.
Cox, S. D., Lincoln.	Lewis, F. W., Lincoln.
Craig, Hiram, Blair.	Little, C. N., Lincoln.
Crounse, Lorenzo, Fort Calhoun.	Little, Mrs. C. N., Lincoln.
Davidson, S. P., Tecumseh.	MacMurphy, J. A., South Omaha.
Dinsmore, J. B., Sutton.	Maxwell, Samuel, Fremont.
Doane, Geo. W., Omaha.	McConnell, J. L., Lincoln.
Dougherty, M. A.	Macfarland, J. D., Lincoln.
Dundy, E. S., Omaha.	McIntyre, E. M., Seward.
Eller, W. H., Blair.	McReynolds, Robt., Lincoln.
Farnham, Geo. L., Peru.	Miller, Geo. L., Omaha.
Furnas, R. W., Brownville.	* Monell, G. S.
Gallagher, John, Falls City.	Moore, Miss S. W., Lincoln.
Garber, Silas, Red Cloud.	Morton, J. Sterling, Neb. City.
Gere, C. H., Lincoln.	Mullon, O. A., Lincoln.

* Deceased.

Newton, Mrs. M. B., Omaha.
 Norval, T. L., Seward.
 Nye, Theron, Fremont.
 *Owen, S. G.
 Paddock, J. W., Lincoln.
 Perry, D. B., Crete.
 Phoebus, J. S., Beaver City.
 Pound, S. B., Lincoln.
 Pound, Mrs. S. B., Lincoln.
 *Reed, Byron.
 Rich, E. P., Omaha.
 *Savage, James W.
 Sawyer, A. J., Lincoln.
 Shedd, H. H., Ashland.
 Show, A. B., Palo Alto, Cal.
 Shryock, L. B. W.
 Shugart, E., Beatrice.
 Skinner, W. H., Crete.

Smith, W. H., Lincoln.
 *Stocking, Moses.
 *Taggart, J. M.
 Treeman, L. B., Lincoln.
 Tremain, Miss Mary, Lincoln.
 True, M. B. C., Tecumseh.
 Vifquain, Victor, Lincoln.
 Walker, C. H., Rising City.
 Watkins, Albert, Lincoln.
 Webster, J. R., Lincoln.
 Webster, J. L., Omaha.
 Whedon, C. O., Lincoln.
 Wheeler, D. H., Omaha.
 Whitney, Edson L., Wisner.
 Williams, O. T. B., Seward.
 Wilson, W. W., Lincoln.
 Woolworth, J. M., Omaha.

CORRESPONDING.

*Andrews, Dr. Israel W. Macy, Prof. Jesse W., Grinnell,
 Darling, Gen. C. W., Utica, N. Y. Iowa.

HONORARY.

Hamilton, Rev. William. Johnson, Hon. H. D., Salt Lake
 Fletcher, Miss Alice. City.
 Platte, Mrs. E. G., Tabor, Iowa.

FORMER ACTIVE MEMBERS REMOVED FROM THE STATE.

Aughey, Samuel, Hot Springs, Ark.	Fulton, S. A., Marysville, Kan.
Bennett, C. E., Providence, R. I.	Galey, S. B., Ashland, Oregon.
Cadman, John, Los Angeles, Cal.	Howard, G. E., Palo Alto, Cal.
Chadsey, C. E., San Jose, Cal.	Kingsley, J. S., Salem, Mass.
Child, A. L., Kansas City, Mo.	Manatt, I. J., Athens, Greece.
Church, G. E., Fresno, Cal.	Mathewson, H. P., Los Angeles, Cal.
Croxton, J. H., Denver, Col.	Osborne, Geo.
Dudley, Lieut. E. S., Los Angeles, Cal.	Thompson, S. R.
Fifield, L. B., Minneapolis, Minn.	Wilber, C. D.
	Warner, A. G., Washington, D. C.

*Deceased.

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